

THE RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

TRUTH WEARS NO MASK, BOWS AT NO HUMAN SHRINE, SEEKS NEITHER PLACE NOR APPLAUSE: SHE ONLY ASKS A HEARING.

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TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

To him that hath shall be given. Rev. John Hall the millionaire clergyman of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church, who receives an enormous salary, is evidently appreciated by his parishioners. The late Mrs. Stewart left him \$30,000, and \$15,000 more for his family.

BISHOP TURNER, of the African Methodist Episcopal church, who is now in Africa, states there is a great demand for brown dolls in that country. He says: 'The African ladies who come in the city from the Bush for hundreds of miles have to buy white doll babies for their children. They want black, brown and yellow dolls. If some of our people will engage in their manufacture they can sell millions of colored dolls. England, France, etc., only send out white dolls.'

Annali del Spiritismo says in reference to Catholic Spain that, according to the latest statistic published, in the sixty-four dioceses into which Spain is divided there are, besides bishops and canonicals, 964 arch-priests, 10,869 parish priests, 14,524 suffragan churches, convents and chapels, 32,936 priests, 68 seminaries with 18,327 pupils, 164 convents of brotherhoods with 17,677 religious persons, and 1,027 convents of monks with 14,592 religious persons. Quite a compact army of more than 100,000 combating in behalf of darkness.

In Mexico, under President Diaz, hundreds of priests are imprisoned on suspicion of conspiracy against the government. In Brazil President Peixotto and his advisers are said to be threatened with ex-communication unless they take steps to restore the former relations of church and state, and in Chili it is admitted that the clericals were largely influential in bringing about the overthrow of Balmaceda and the triumph of Montt. While state and clergy are thus in turmoil among the countries south of us, here in the United States the clergy of every faith are getting along quietly and religion flourishes more than in any other part of the world.

RECENTLY a man named Coulter in Michigan during a revival conducted by Free Methodists arose and stated that the Lord had told him to confess that he murdered his aged father for which he had been tried and acquitted. As he proceeded he grew greatly excited, and he fairly shrieked out that after shooting the old man he had pounded his head almost to a jelly with the heavy end of an ax. He said that he had perjured himself on the trial and had purchased the evidence of two witnesses. He outlined every step he had taken to outwit the authorities. Coulter closed with: 'Thank God, I'm saved. I'm ready to go to states prison or to hang, but I know my sin will be pardoned. Wash me and I will be whiter than snow,' has been my prayer, and it is answered, praise God! I'm going to get heaven if I have to go through states prison to do it. I'm saved, but a murderer.' There was a scene of frenzied excitement at the conclusion of the confession. There was some talk of lynching, and Coulter was hurried out by a back door by those

in charge of the meeting. He was then placed in jail. A dispatch says that the prosecuting attorney is looking up the matter with a view toward beginning proceedings against Coulter, but as he has once been acquitted, a trial on the charge of perjury will be the only one possible.

In an interesting article in the June issue of the American statistical association's quarterly publication, we find a significant fact regarding the advantages of sanitary legislation experienced in England within the past sixteen years. In the year 1875 a general law was passed in England for the protection of the public health, known as the Public Health Act, and from that time the death rate in England has decreased for all diseases which owe their origin and growth to defective drainage and impure water supply. Typhoid fever is such a disease, and the diminution of 57 per cent. in the death rate from this malady is undoubtedly the greatest triumph for sanitary reformers.

OWING to the decline in church going in that city, the Protestant churches of Portsmouth, N. H., recently united in employing a canvasser to take a full religious census of the city. His work reveals the facts that of the 10,000 people in the place, 7,900 are Protestants, or rather, not affiliated with the Roman Catholic church, and that of these 7,900 about one-third never attend church and apparently have no relations with churches, another third never attend religious services but have denominational preferences, and the remaining third is made up of more or less regular church-goers. Substantially, then, it is shown that two-thirds of the Protestant population of Portsmouth have no relation with the churches. Having brought to light this rather surprising information, it is the plan now to divide up among the pastors of the respective denominations the names of the non-church-goers expressing denominational preferences, and efforts will be made to bring them into the regular church-going class. Presumably also the one-third without denominational preferences will not be overlooked. Some inquiry in this way has been undertaken at Dover, N. H., with the like result of revealing an unexpectedly large extra church population. The Protestant churches of Lawrence, Mass., are likewise at present having a full religious census of that city taken in the manner adopted at Portsmouth.

A CHICAGO physician, a man of recognized ability and experience gave utterance the other day to the following: Why is it that when we see a person gazing fixedly for several moments at a certain point on the floor or in the street we say he or she is thinking hard about something? Nine times in ten a person thus engaged—or rather disengaged—is thinking of nothing. At such moments, if you only know it, the mind is napping and there is no thought. Probably one of the oldest fads—and it seems to be nothing more—consists of persons when at such times they are asked what they're doing, saying 'thinking hard!' In the large majority of cases when a person is thinking hard or intently the eye roams from one object to another, and the hands and feet are moving more or less. The busiest, hardest-working brain in the country insist on taking momentary naps several times a day. Just be-

fore 'dropping off' into one of these naps the mind commands the eye to fix itself upon some one object and stay, thus usually insuring the holding of the head and probably every part of the body quiet. Then the mind catches its little nap. These little mind-naps or flashes of rest may never be more than twenty seconds long, and yet they have been discovered to do the mind a wonderful amount of good. They never come to the deranged mind, and it has also been discovered that the supposedly sound mind which does not take them is on the verge of insanity.

EX-REV. HUGH O. PENTECOST still advocates anarchy or the removal of all government, but that is evidently with him an ideal condition to be realized only in the distant future; for he lately announces that he has commenced the practice of law. He says: 'I have become a lawyer, but I have not humbugged myself nor do I wish to humbug any one else by the cant phrases of my profession. I became a lawyer because I thought that in that way I could make a good living. If, as a lawyer, I can save any one from prison, or the gallows, or oppression in any form, there will be pleasure in that, but what I am really after is as much money as I can make by contracting with those who employ me.' Certainly this is a very frank statement. There are moral dangers in the profession of law as well as in the ministry which Mr. Pentecost left. The temptation to defend injustice and wrong when it pays to do so, is quite as great as the temptation to preach so as to please the wealthy supporters of the church. When the thing a man is really after is as much money as he can make by contracting with those who employ him, whether he is in the pulpit or a member of the bar, he is very liable to become an intellectual prostitute.

MENTAL telegraphy, since the issue of one of the magazines of the current month containing a paper on the subject, says the *New York Times*, has been more or less talked about. Nearly every one finds in his experience an added illustration of the author's theory that at times and on simple commonplace matters mind communicates with mind, without words and regardless of geographical distances. A particularly striking instance is related by a Normal school teacher. One day last week she asked her class, composed of thirty grown girls, a question. Having done so she began at one end and requested an answer in turn. One after another replied in what seemed an irrelevant manner. 'Why,' she said, 'you are not on my line of thought at all.' As she continued the rotation she felt that the corner girl, the thirtieth, would reply correctly; she was a bright pupil and one seemed peculiarly responsive to her teaching. Sure enough No. 30 replied intelligently and thoroughly. But instantly there was a protest from the other twenty-nine. 'That was not your question, Miss C.,' one asserted and the others confirmed, and with but one dissenting voice the class gave the question as they had heard it. Their answers fitted this question, and Miss C., in the face of this testimony, was forced to believe that her lips had formed one question while her mind was intent upon another. And No. 30 had caught the thought behind the words and she had fitted the question to it.

TOO HASTY.

The letter published below portrays some of the difficulties of long-distance teaching. The worthy brother assumes too much and is too hasty in his conclusions:

TO THE EDITOR: In THE JOURNAL of January 23d, under the heading "Independent Slate-Writing" I notice this statement: "The editor of THE JOURNAL, though far from being an expert, can write on the inside of a pair of slates which have the frames screwed together at each end and the screw heads sealed and stamped.... This trick is very simple, etc." Taking this statement to mean literally what it says, I would like to know what reliance can be placed upon any phase of independent slate-writing. If the writing between slates securely screwed together is a "very simple trick" it certainly knocks the bottom out of the whole business. Of what avail is the oft-repeated statement of "test conditions."

It is not possible to fasten slates any more securely together than by screwing the frames together. If this will not prevent fraud what would tying the slates together with strings or in a handkerchief amount to. The statement is made without any qualification that the slates are "trick slates."

If I mistake not the editor has cited messages received under "test conditions" of this kind as evidence of spirit communion, but now says "it is a very simple trick" to write messages on the inside of slates, even when the frames are screwed together.

For years I have been trying to hold on to the so-called spiritual philosophy relying mainly on the statements of others as to what they claim occurs under what they term "test conditions" as I have had no opportunity to investigate for myself. I had regarded independent slate-writing on slates securely screwed together by the investigators, as one of the best tests; and as one proof after another was knocked out, I still held on to this rope hoping I might pull myself aboard the boat, but the editor takes his "little hatchet" and cuts the rope and sends me adrift by showing that all this is a very simple trick. Well, I begin to conclude that perhaps they are right, who maintain, that the whole claim of Spiritualism is a humbug—only another man-made ism—another off-shoot of religious fanaticism. M.

Mr. M. is mistaken in supposing "it is not possible to fasten slates any more securely (against trickery) than by screwing the frames together," as we can easily show him if he will call at our office. Two slates wrapped in a paper or cloth, the wrapping securely fastened, make a better test. Mr. M. is mistaken. We have never editorially cited messages received on slates screwed together "as evidences of spirit communion." Neither did we say in the editorial of January 23 that all slates are "trick slates." However, it is one thing to devise a fraud and error proof test and quite another thing to carry it out in a practical experiment. There are many ways in which the attention of the investigator is distracted and diverted by the skillful operator. A message received on slates securely screwed together may or may not be "one of the best tests." All depends upon the circumstances preceding and the conditions at the time the message is written. It would take a volume profusely illustrated with cuts and diagrams to give an exhaustive explanation of the various methods of simulating independent slate-writing, and this we cannot undertake to do in THE JOURNAL. We desire, however, to assure Mr. M. that the editor only "cuts the rope" of delusion and deception, endeavoring at the same time to stimulate the discriminating powers of his readers and strengthen their confidence in the claim that back of all that is doubtful or manifestly fraudulent there is a solid foundation of genuine, well-attested phenomena, classifiable under the head of pneumatography, of which independent slate-writing is one phase.

We commend to Mr. M. and any others in a similar attitude Epes Sargent's "Scientific Basis of Spiritualism" also "Psychography" by Stainton-Moses. In both of these books will be found good evidence going to establish pneumatography. We specially invite attention to the experiences of the late Baron Louis Guddenstubbé, widely known as a psychical researcher and who departed this life a few years prior to the formation of the English Society for Psychical Research. Baron G. is spoken of at some length in both the books referred to, and some account of his remarkable experiences given. Independent writ-

ing through his mediumship occurred thousands of times, and was witnessed by I. H. Fichte, Robert Dale Owen, Rev. William Mountford and many members of the learned professions and the nobility of continental Europe. Baron G. was not a professional medium nor a public medium in any sense. He lived a retired life, devoted to his chosen work. He came of a renowned family noted for its loyalty to convictions, two of his ancestors having been burnt alive in 1809 by order of Pope Clement, the Fifth. There can be no reasonable doubt as to his thorough honesty, sincerity and devotion to truth.

We have personally witnessed independent writing in the presence of Henry Slade, though we regret to have to couple with this statement the assertion that Slade is tricky and will cheat whenever opportunity offers and the inclination seizes him. We also know that independent writing has been repeatedly obtained in the presence of Mrs. R. C. Simpson against whom no well-grounded charge of duplicity was ever made. In spite of his notoriously bad character there is strong evidence that Charles E. Watkins is a psychic capable of exhibiting the pneumatographic phenomenon at times. On the testimony of Mr. W. E. Coleman one of the most critical researchers among Spiritualists, Mrs. Francis of San Francisco obtains independent writing under unexceptionable conditions. Lately Professor Elliott Coues witnessed astounding demonstrations in her presence, an account of which he will soon furnish THE JOURNAL.

We implore Mr. M. and all others when in the cave of doubt and gloom to read D. D. Home, than whom no purer or more gifted psychic ever lived; then let them refresh their memories as to the crucial experiments of Prof. Crookes; and, coming down to the present day, study the work and published statements of F. W. H. Myers, Minot J. Savage and others of the Society for Psychical Research. From these researchers and many others that might be named, and from the testimony of thousands as to spontaneous phenomena occurring in the privacy of the home, the candid seeker, however skeptical, cannot avoid reaching a firm and unalterable conviction of the verity of continuous personal life and identity beyond the grave, and of the intercommunion of the two worlds.

CREEDS.

Rev. Joseph Waite in a sermon on "The Unitarian Attitude Toward Creeds," preached in the Unitarian church, Troy, New York, said: "Unitarians have never derived salvation from belief, but always from character; consequently this, and not a creed, has always been our cornerstone and basis of church organization. Where the average Christian organization puts creed we put deed; and we are gratified to remember that nearly all the spiritual seers of both the old and the new testaments are with us in this particular."

Mr. Waite here defines the present attitude of Unitarians toward creeds; but there was a time when Unitarians emphasized belief as the essential condition of salvation. Another passage from Mr. Waite's reported sermon is the following: "The first effect is to shut off intellectual growth. The first canon of the council which framed and imposed the first authoritative creed runs as follows: 'The creed of the 318 bishops assembled at Nicea shall not be made void, but shall remain forever.' In this guise they all go forth, assuming or boldly asserting infallibility and finality. The effect, I say, has been to dwarf the mind, to put a cast-iron band about the plastic, growing head of young humanity, to perpetuate the barbaric both in thought and feeling."

Mr. Waite says further: "Every creed has been adopted not by a unanimous but only by a majority vote—often a small majority, too; which majority again has expressed, perhaps, as much compromise as concurrence of conviction, many of those voting for it sacrificing uttermost sincerity to peace and harmony. Such is the history of every creed that has a history. The effect has been pernicious in the extreme. Power Cobbe, I think it is, tells us that she once called the attention of an eminent Episcopal lady to the fact

that she was expressing sentiments utterly at variance with those she had just expressed ere leaving her church pew. 'O, yes,' she replied with sweet simplicity spoiled by only a little impatience, 'O, yes, that was in church, and you know one never says what one thinks in church.' That is about how it is. 'One never says what one thinks in church,' and the dead formality, cant, hypocrisy and general intellectual rottenness which the foreign critic affirms, too truly, is the most conspicuous feature of existing Christianity, is, I hesitate not to say, the specific and almost exclusive result of the creed. Close beside this comes another—the exclusion from the church of many of its most sincere, heroic souls. The creed has ever tended to make church membership a survival of the unfittest. The man of easy intellectual ethics remains and keeps on mumbling the old, musty, meaningless lie, but the man whose soul cannot brook even the shadow of a lie steps out, perhaps indeed to step into another, but more commonly to stay out, not finding any creed to which he can conscientiously subscribe; and thus his moral influence is lost to the church and largely even to society. For while it still exists it exists in isolation, and power results chiefly from organization."

This is very true, except the statement that the moral influence of the person who leaves the church and stays out of it is largely lost to society, a statement from which THE JOURNAL dissents. An Emerson, a Garrison, a Phillips and multitudes unknown to fame outside of all churches, have exerted a wider moral influence than would have been possible had they remained members of any sectarian organization.

SOUTHERN LITERATURE.

SOUTHERN literature since the war has been making its dent even on critical Boston as well as on Philadelphia and New York. Some good is coming out of Nazareth; and the South to-day is illustrating what suffering may do in the evolution of the finer traits often exhibited in the refinements of genius. This marked characteristic has recently found a valuable recorder in the person of Mr. Page in "Lippincott" for December. Mr. Page is himself a Southerner and this fact may explain some of his partialities for the literary outcome of his own section. He gives in his records the work of some sixty or seventy men and women who have distinguished themselves as writers of books, notably novels and magazine articles since the war. Among the poets he considers Hayne the most distinctly Southern, but Lanier, he holds, is the greatest of the post-bellum poets, and second only to Poe in the whole range of Southern poetry. Among the fiction-writers he would perhaps rate highest Miss Murfree, Cable, and James Lane Allen, though he is careful to make no invidious comparisons, and has warm praise for Joel Chandler Harris, Amélie Rives, and Richard Malcolm Johnston. He praises Professor James A. Harrison and Professor Woodron Wilson as excelling in the more serious lines of scholarly writing. On the disputed question of dialect he remarks that generally the Southern writers have used it merely as a vehicle to convey local color, and that dialect properly used has never been a drawback to literary success. He wisely admonishes his fellow-laborers that to yield themselves to the flatterings of fugitive popularity is fatal to the further progress of an author; and he notes, and with just grounds, that during the past three or four years there has been a falling off from the merit of the preceding years, "an apparent tendency to copy old works, to utilize old timber, to produce a great deal, —in a word, to fall from the standard of artistic and literary excellence to that of magazine availability."

REQUISITES OF A SPIRITUALIST.

The most trying obstacle THE JOURNAL has had to deal with in its persistent demand for scientific methods, is the depressing and skeptical feeling such a course and all it implies produces with many. Desiring to be at rest in their convictions, they involuntarily protest against anything obliging them to reinforce their conclusions or revise expressed opin-

ions. More interested in maintaining their present belief, and better satisfied with explanations already adopted as final, than in pushing forward to the grounds of scientific exactitude and methods from which all sources of error have been eliminated, they grow either impatient or discouraged.

Was anything good ever gained by man without struggle, and has not the struggle been in proportion to the magnitude of the good?

In the almost untrodden realm of psychics where pioneers are but to-day blazing paths, where hidden loadstones deflect their compasses, as it were, and the goal lies so distant that only a trained imagination can picture it, it is not strange that the Slough of Despond and the Hill of Difficulty should retard their way, nor that savage beasts in the guise of human beings must be encountered and overcome. Those who expect through Spiritualism to be

"....Carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
Whilst others fight to win the prize
And sail through bloody seas,"

are sure to be sadly disappointed. If they have not the strength of mind and disciplined will, the courage and the moral fibre necessary in traveling the new-old route they had best not undertake it. It is not the route for weaklings and poltroons.

A Spiritualist, especially a Spiritualist who assumes to impress the world, must have

Courage,
Moral fibre,
Love of humanity,
Unswerving devotion to truth,
Well trained powers of discrimination.

THE following taken from a volume of essays by Noah Webster, published in 1790, over a hundred years ago, gives the original reasons for introducing the Bible into the public schools as a reading book and the author's unfavorable opinion of the practice: There is one general practice in schools, which I censure with diffidence, not because I doubt the propriety of the censure, but because it is opposed to deep-rooted prejudices. This practice is the use of the Bible as a school book. There are two reasons why this practice has so generally prevailed. The first is that families in the country are not generally supplied with any other book. The second, an opinion that the reading of the scriptures will impress upon the minds of youth the important truths of religion and morality. The first may be easily removed; and the purpose of the last is counteracted by the practice itself. If people design the doctrines of the Bible as a system of religion, ought they to appropriate the book to purposes foreign to the design? Will not a familiarity contracted by a careless disrespectful reading of the sacred volume weaken the influence of its precepts upon the heart?

SAYS the *Montgomery News* (Hillsboro, Mich.): "Masked hugging parties are coming in vogue again in some localities and are a drawing card at church sociable. By paying 15 cents, a man is allowed to hug a girl, but he is first blindfolded. It is pleasant for the rest of the company to see how mad a married man gets, when on removing the bandage from his eyes, he finds that he has been hugging his own wife and 15 cents gone for nothing, except as the revenue to the church." The friend who sent to THE JOURNAL the paper from which the above is taken, wrote: "Hillsboro is literally overrun with churches. Kissing festivals, hugging parties and the mode of amusements herein described are considered 'innocent amusements.' Dancing is condemned by every church in Hillsboro."

THE writer on the mistletoe bough in *Cornhill* for December has the following interesting paragraph: The myths of the race are comparatively few taking form and shelter under different names and in accordance with the customs and genius of peoples. Here is an instance: In many primitive tribes, when the chief or king dies, there ensues a wild period or general license, an orgy of anarchy, till a new king is

chosen and consecrated in his stead, to replace him. During this terrible interregnum or lordship of misrule, when every man does that which is right (or otherwise) in his own eyes, all things are lawful, or rather, there are no laws, no lawgiver, no executive. But as soon as the new chief comes to his own again, everything is changed; the community resumes at once its wonted respectability. Now, is it not probable that midwinter orgy is similarly due to the cutting of the mistletoe, perhaps even to the killing of the King of the Wood along with it? Till the new mistletoe grows, are not all things allowable? At any rate, I cast out this hint as a possible explanation of saturnalian freedom in general and kissing under the mistletoe in particular. It may conceivably survive as the last faint memory of that wild orgy of license which accompanied the rites of so many slain gods—Tammuz, Adonis, Dionysus, Attis. Much mitigated and mollified by civilization and Christianity, we may still see in it, perhaps, some dim lineaments of the mad feasts which Herodotus describes for us over the dead gods of Egypt.

By the provisions of a certain bequest enjoyed by Harvard it is necessary that one lecture be delivered "exposing the idolatry of the Romish Church, its tyranny, usurpation, damnable baseness, fatal errors, abominable superstitions, and other crying wickednesses in their high places." Last May fifty-eight members of the Harvard faculty sent a letter to the President and fellows, protesting against the sectarian character of such a lecture, and asking to have this one omitted as being indecent and unjust. The petitioners thought it would be better to surrender the trust rather than continue such an offensive attack on Catholicism. The matter was carefully considered by the corporation, and two months ago it was decided to continue the lectures. This decision was based on the belief that the suppression of one of the four lectures provided for under the bequest of Chief Justice Dudley would be a breach of trust; which might amount to a termination of the whole trust. It is expected, however, that the subject will be treated, not as it would have been in the times of the testator, but rather in a broad, scholarly, and magnanimous spirit.

ALBERT A. MICHELSON, professor of physics at Clark University, has received and accepted an invitation from the international bureau of weights and measures to spend the summer at its establishment at Breteuil near Paris to determine a new standard for the metric system based on the vibration of waves of light. The present meter, one ten-millionth of a quadrant of the earth's circumference was determined from a measure of the earth's circumference by that bureau many years ago. Prof. Michelson has planned the machine he will use. It will be costly, of delicate workmanship and intricate construction. The contract for the construction of its parts has been given to the American watch and tool company at Waltham. The working plans have been made by F. L. O. Wadsworth of the university. The wave of light is taken at a given line in the spectrum and Prof. Michelson's apparatus will measure the small part of a single light wave with exactness. Prof. B. A. Gould of Cambridge, who engaged Prof. Michelson to design the apparatus for the bureau, has written a congratulatory letter to President G. Stanley Hall.

La Ilustracion Espirita, of Mexico, for January, 1892, reports a meeting of the Sociedad Espirita Central de la Republica, of last December, in which the officers for 1892 were elected, Senora Laurena Wright de Kleinhans being elected president and Senora Rita Tena being elected librarian, with other officers. The retiring president reports considerable activity in the past year of the Spiritualist Society. On the 31st of March was celebrated the advent of modern Spiritualism which attracted the attention of the secular press of the city. A thousand tracts, "Hojas de Propaganda," published at Barcelona, Spain, were circulated and a reading room established where spiritual publications and books are to be found. Certain so-

cieties and circles in different parts of Mexico are recognized and aided by this society. Much is attributed to the zeal of Senora Kleinhans, who invited the editors of the secular press who disputed the reality of spiritual phenomena to her house where her daughter Margarita, a notable mechanical writing medium, gave irresistible proofs of spirit communication. There was produced some remarkable physical effects so that those who were present were convinced of the reality of the phenomena and some converted to the doctrine of Spiritualism. The same journal announces that the savant, Dr. Porfirio Para, worthy successor of Dr. Gabino Bareda, founder of Positivism in Mexico, has passed over into our camp with baggage and arms. Rev. Dr. Thompson and Sr. M. Saenz Cortes were announced to have a discussion on the question "I, Jesus God?" Dr. Thompson taking the evangelical view and Sr. Cortes the spiritualistic view, on the 6th of last November, at the hall of the Evangelical Church in Buenos Ayres.

Neue Spiritualistische Blaetter of December 24th last contains an account of a prosecution in Bohemia of some mediums and Spiritualists, and at the hearing before the magistrate some curious evidence was adduced. They were accused of using disrespectful expressions in regard to the Catholic Church and declaring that spiritual teachings were the only true ones, etc. The accused showed in their defense that about thirty members of a circle were in the habit of meeting twice a week, that on coming in they shake hands and say, "Praised be Jesus Christ!" then the medium begins to preach without her being conscious of it. This lasts about half an hour when the medium communicates to those present messages from their relatives, etc. At the close the medium takes two glasses of water, covers them with a cloth, blesses them and then sprinkles all present with the consecrated water whereby they are regarded as purified. All were discharged except one who was condemned to fourteen days imprisonment. Dr. Cyriax advises more discretion in the propagation of Spiritualism.

ONCE more we have the official report of the surgeons who attended the execution by electricity of the last murderer who thus suffered the penalty of the law, says the *New York Independent*, and once more the sensational reports in the papers are absolutely and authoritatively contradicted. They tell us that the man was instantly killed, and that there was absolutely no attending horror of any sort beyond a very slight and superficial action of the electrode upon the spot where it was applied, not reaching through the skin. And yet the inventions of reporters and of those who are interested against this method of capital punishment have made half the people believe that it was a terrible and most brutal execution.

DR. LESLIE E. KEELEY, who has been engaged in reforming drunkards by the bichloride gold cure, announces that he has discovered a specific for the grip. He says: "Assafoetida, in doses of sixteen grains administered four times a day, will completely break up the worst case of grip at any stage of its development." Assafoetida is very common and easy to procure, and the value of Dr. Keeley's recommendation can be very quickly tested. If it should prove to be a sure cure he will be entitled to the gratitude of the world, at least of that large part of the world which has been subject to this very harassing disease.—*Independent*.

In reply to those who say that the laws of nature are inviolable, Rev. Dr. P. S. Henson, of this city, said in a recent sermon: "But see, I raise my foot from the floor; I interpose my personality and break the law of gravity. If the laws of nature can be set at naught by man much more are they at the mercy of the omnipotent." And the "Rev. Dr." really imagined that by raising his foot he broke the law of gravity. A child in physics could have corrected his mistake and shown him that if the law of gravity had been broken but for a moment the universe would have been wrecked hopelessly.

A DREAM AND DEEP PROBLEMS.

BY ELIZABETH A. DOANE.

I dreamed a dream of darkness.

Impenetrable obscurity, profound silence, even such obscurity and silence as we associate with the grave, reigned. Then a voice solemn and impressive made itself heard. "When God wills that a man shall die, He imposes on him His hypnotic sleep." Dense darkness and preternatural silence—darkness and silence unutterable—again ruled supreme, and slowly my consciousness faded into a dreamless sleep.

Only a vision of the night. Only a fantastic combination of thoughts familiar to the waking hours. Yes, but, nevertheless starting those thoughts on new tracks, leading them towards those dim regions where we hope to find the boundaries of the world where dwell "the living dead."

Hypnotism and death. Death is God's will power manifested through hypnotism, a profound sleep induced to facilitate the unconscious separation of the body and soul, to preserve the secret of the mystery of mysteries. What a great and solemn conception! What a simple and merciful explanation of a seemingly cruel phenomenon. What a new light on the words, "He giveth His beloved sleep."

Only a vision of the night; but my thoughts have dwelt on it with awe. Those words so few for the grandeur and vastness of meaning conveyed, remind me of those words of similar simplicity and profoundness of import. "And the spirit of God brooded over the waters."

Hypnotism as we understand it, is the will of man arbitrarily exercised to produce some of the phenomena of death. The deep, involuntary sleep, the insensibility to physical pain, the awakening of the mind to some of its higher latent powers, the visions not unlike the visions of the dying, though suggested by creatures in lieu of the Creator, the before unsuspected resemblances to other members of the same family that dawn on the face of the hypnotized as on those of the dead, draw a singular parallel between these phenomena.

With whetted interest I seek the last words of science on the subject of hypnotism, and am confronted by the theory of sub-consciousness, secondary personality, multiple personality or consciousness, etc., etc., a theory which if proved to be true, would destroy all sense of individual integrity, personal responsibility and human dignity, striking at the same time a death blow to all hope of a conscious life beyond the grave. "Felida X and her submerged soul," "Madam B. and her three souls," "Léonie I. II. III." pass before me a ghastly procession. Three souls, all differing in essential qualities! Which Madam B. which Léonie, is answerable to her Creator for the trust implied by future reward and punishment? Or, are we to believe that there is no Madam B. no Léonie, only an apparent, delusive ego, the result of a combination of independent, loosely bound together "subs"? Absurd, illogical and dangerous are these heresies that reduce us to something lower than the dog, who following mere brute instinct, preserves the majesty of his entity.

The germs of many of the deepest secrets of nature and science, lie buried in the intuitions of uncultivated minds. Let us ask what those say, to whom hypnotism is an unknown word. When a child, naturally sweet-tempered, under some unusual strain suddenly displays before unsuspected violence, grandmother sitting before the fire, looks over her spectacles and calmly announces, "That is his Uncle John all over again." When Mary Jane indifferent and callous, melts in tenderness over a broken-winged bird, Aunt Sarah looks askance at her and murmurs: "That is her mother coming out in her." Grandfather says repeatedly of the boys, "There, his father spoke," or

"He has something of my father in him." Thus they recognize that in every human being, Uncle John, mother, father, and even grandfather dwell more or less complete "subs," sometimes asserting their existence in characteristic actions. Do we not all of us confess that hereditary traits form part of the very web and woof of our beings, when we say, "The Quaker in me is too strong to allow me to do thus, or so," "The Dutchman in me rebels," or "I feel the blood of my ancestors stirring in me." Marie Theresa asserted herself in Marie Antoinette on the scaffold. Strong emotions as often as hypnotic sleep, bring out hereditary characteristics. Perhaps the names of most "subs" are hereditary and atavism. Perhaps Léonie II. and Léonie III. might be discovered among the progenitors of Léonie I.

These, of course, are mere suggestions, mere gropings in the dark.

Hypnotism brings out latent characteristics, by suppressing active ones. So an artist if he could wash the blue out of the violet would reduce it to carmine. Or, if he washed the carmine out of violet, would see blue assert itself triumphantly. Violet is a complex color, the result of mixing blue with carmine. Take an India shawl. Through all its complicated tracery threads of scarlet predominate. But, pick those out with a needle and blue may preponderate in turn; yellow and green in their turns, if the operator with the needle so wills it. Who, however, would say that three shawls lay concealed in the one, because three possible phases of the shawl have been brought out and made visible by the agency of partial destruction?

Though whenever we say, "I have half a mind to do thus, or so," we tacitly acknowledge that the other half of the mind is on the Opposition-bench, still as Opposition versus Government, or Opposition and Government, evolve a wise, strong and stable administration, we ought humbly to thank our Maker for establishing in each of us this Parliament, making each of us responsible for the moral laws that we enact for our guidance, responsible, also, for the breaking thereof. Man must stand single-minded, as to the ultimate results of his thoughts and actions, before God, or life and death mean nothing to him.

These vague and disjointed promptings—children of a dream of darkness—I drop into the vast ocean of earnest speculation.

"A single drop of rain fell from the skies,
None saw it on that day so bright and fair,
It slid into the ground, to nourish there
The acorn of an oak that lived for centuries."

WHY I AM A SPIRITUALIST.

BY F. H. BEMIS.

I have been asked to state how I became a Spiritualist. This would seem to imply that there was a time when I was not a Spiritualist; and that at some particular time I was converted to a belief in Spiritual philosophy and spirit communion. It would be difficult to determine just how and when I became a Spiritualist. I cannot well conceive how any one can have religious convictions, which imply faith in continued existence after the change we call death, and not in some substantial sense be a Spiritualist. As for myself, I cannot ante-date the particular time when I became a Spiritualist. Hence it would be a much easier task to state why I am a Spiritualist, than how and when I became one.

First then, I am a Spiritualist because I believe in the spiritual origin of things. In the December number of the *Cassadagan* I made the following statement in an editorial.

We believe in a supreme, intelligent, all-controlling Power, which we call God. We believe that natural law is but the consistent, orderly, immutable and external expression of this power.

We believe that this universe exists as the necessary and eternal consequence of the divine existence. It is because God is.

We believe, then, that there is an absolute, unconditional source of life and intelligence, which is the parental fountain of all being.

We do not believe that the human soul was evolved out

of the elements of ponderable matter; because its attributes are not involved in these elements. Hence, it is unthinkable that there can be an evolution of that which is not involved.

All things, including this material universe, have a spiritual origin. They are but spiritual phenomena. I cannot think of the seventy or more elements of matter as existing of themselves, objectively to God. Each in its order, it seems to me, is but a necessary, immutable and eternal expression of the ultimate power. The same might be said of the atoms. The laws and forces which govern atomic relations, are but the fixed and unchangeable expressions of an infinite mind. So also, are the laws and forces which govern and control worlds, systems and the universe. All come from one central source—ever-proceeding, ever-returning in rhythmic order and harmony they bear witness to one and only one all-embracing, all-controlling Power. This universe then, in which we see the play of infinite forces, is but a visible expression of the ultimate Power. It is the realm of effects—the region of spiritual phenomena. God, then, is the central source of all life. We do not, with some, believe the human soul is an "organized form, evolved by and out of the physical body." Spiritual beings, have a spiritual, and not a material origin. It is not less certain, that nothing can come from nothing, than it is that there can be no evolution when there is no involvement. Therefore, it is unthinkable that a human soul can be evolved out of a physical body. In no one or all of those elementary substances, out of which the human body is organized, have scientists discovered any evidence of an embryo evolution of life, thought, emotion, will or human consciousness. It is likewise true that scientists have not discovered in the atomic forces of the ponderable matter which goes to make up our bodies, any inherent, self-organizing capacity.

I am a Spiritualist, then, first, because I believe all things come from spirit forces, that all causes are spiritual causes, that they all proceed directly or indirectly from the one great first cause, in which all forces harmonize and unite. Let not the atheistic materialist imagine that I entertain any anthropomorphic conception of God. While I deny that God wills, thinks, schemes, plans or invents, I maintain that he infinitely and eternally transcends all such finite conceptions. Although we cannot comprehend or "find out the Almighty to perfection," we can negatively reach some definite apprehension of the nature of his being. So negatively we say God does not will, think or plan because these are finite capacities; and he is infinite and eternal. He transcends all such human limitations. So, if you ask me if I believe God is personal I answer, yes, but in no human or finite sense. It is because the human mind cannot rise above anthropomorphic conceptions of God, that it thinks, if there be a God, he must have finite attributes, like ourselves. He must think, will, plan, etc., never stopping to think that their status of mind implies human and finite limitations. So, they imagine, in order to be personal we must suppose a finite and limited personality. God has no conditions, no limitations. Every thing with him is unoriginated, eternal and therefore neither willed or planned. Am I asked to define an infinite personality? It is being contemporaneously cognizant of and consciously present to all his creatures in all worlds. And, if all live and move and have their being in him, why may he not be thus personal to them all? But it is an unchangeable personality. It is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. It sustains the same relation to all. It is immutable and eternal. It is universal and impartial. It does not imply the possibility of special revelations, plans, or schemes of redemption. God is no respecter of persons, knows no favored country, nation or people. Nothing can be revealed to one which is not equally revealed to all who are equally competent to receive it. Because, to say God would be personal to one, while he is not equally personal to all others at the same time, would be to deny an infinite personality and make him anthropomorphic. God speaks in nature only, and nature's book is open to all who are competent to read it. An infinite personality must be infinitely expressed.

It admits of no partiality. There can then, be no revelation from God, which is not eternal and universal. The nature of such a being precludes the possibility of a partial, particular or special revelation. Entertaining such conceptions of God, all evidences of continuity of life beyond the grave must come from secondary sources. God himself could not reveal them to one without revealing them to all. Therefore my conceptions of the ultimate Power are in harmony with the facts of spirit communion. And it follows logically and necessarily, that through all the ages, in all religions we must look for evidences of man's immortality, to spirit communion and spirit return. This is evidently the divinely ordained and only means of knowledge. In all religions the only answer to the question "If a man die shall he live again?" has been through spirit return.

Believing these things, my mind has always been open to what I conceive to be the divinely appointed method. As has been said it has been the method in all the great religions of the world. It was the method in the early Christian church. It is the method as well to-day. The spiritual laws which have been in operation in the past are not less operative in the present. It is amazing that any should question it.

"It came upon the midnight clear
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world.
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing;
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing."

OUR EDUCATION AND SPIRITUAL CONSCIOUSNESS.

BY N. B. ARNOLD.

The profession of law is the outcome of the present condition of society—an abstract of our social organization. The lawyer is probably no better or worse than those who employ him, and pay him his fees, though practically he is an intellectual prostitute. Lord Byron says:

"A legal broom's a moral chimney sweeper.
And that's the reason he himself's so dirty:
The endless soot bestows a tint far deeper
Than can be hid by altering his shirt; he
Retains the sable stains of the dark creeper,
At least some twenty-nine do out of thirty.

All know that he will for a sufficient fee, use his intellect to advocate and maintain the interest that employs him. It is not expected that he will refuse, if his fees are sure, unless the case is such that it will tend to injure his reputation.

The one who is successful in commanding large fees is simply a sharp and well adjusted instrument that the strong use to down the weak, for he is almost invulnerable on the side of the strong. It cannot be otherwise, for fees are the object of his intellectual warfare for which he is trained, and therefore, he must of necessity be moved by the greater.

Although, for centuries, the Christian world has listened to eloquent discourses concerning that gospel of love, that enjoins humanity to love even enemies, yet, it is a palpable fact that our whole system of education is founded on the idea that each individual must prepare himself for war against his fellow men, and to-day, the legal profession is the favorite of all, because it places the individual on the best fighting ground. In barbarous times the warfare was purely of a physical nature. Education was directed to the strengthening of the physical powers, and the individual who could take the greater number of lives in a personal encounter, was the one to be admired and honored above all others. We now care but little for the man great alone in physical encounter, but we

honor and give offerings in profusion to those great in intellectual warfare. If the intellectual giant uses his gifts for the uplifting of humanity, and does not selfishly appropriate the products of them for his own aggrandizement, he is at one with humanity, but if he falls into the false and sensuous reasoning that his powers are solely for the purpose of elevating him as an individual on the sensuous plane, he is false to humanity and a dangerous rebel and outlaw. These outlaws of true society are numerous and continually increasing and adding to their instruments of warfare, by the force of what we call education, for the youth of our land are taught that it is their business to contend, as it were, for their individuality in the lower basement of man's nature.

The arch enemy of humanity is animal greed; what school of learning or morals attempts to instruct on the subject? 'Tis true certain schools have taught church dogmas and at the same time sent forth their scholars to enlist on the side of greed against humanity, well-armed to make war on the gospel of love they pretended to teach. There can be no non-combatants in this great struggle. "He that is not with me is against me." Every child of humanity is in the fight.

In the end there can be but one result of this great contest, for man's higher nature is sure to gain a triumphant victory. Human thought is now more than ever directed to the wrongs that animalism inflicts on the weak, and thereby on all. "Humanity to the front and dollars to the rear," has been inscribed on the banners of a new political party; and though many can see in it nothing more than the crafty hand of the demagogue, we submit that the hand of the demagogue would not have placed it there, had it not represented the sentiment of those who marched beneath its folds.

There are many indications of reaction from that intense greed which is the sin and scourge of the present age. It would seem that spiritual consciousness is being awakened in a manner it never was before; at least it is regarded of more importance. In the past mankind has had a vague conception of its stupendous importance as a factor in his evolution. Wealth has been poured out by the millions for the purpose of propagating church dogma as a means to awaken it. It has failed. The worshiper at the shrine of creed is not to-day usually possessed of any spiritual consciousness, if he is able to make a respectable fight for animal greed. The great masses who heard the Master gladly, do not regard the church as anything more than part of the great army of greed. It can do but little for humanity. It is completely enclosed in a shell of respectable mammon, and must get out of its shell before it can obtain the blessing of a spiritual consciousness.

The man who awakens in the least the spiritual consciousness of his brother hath done a far nobler act than he who prays in a building, misnamed the house of God. If modern Spiritualism tends, as we believe it does, to invite men to look to their higher nature for freedom and strength it is doing a good work, and will hasten the day when humanity shall dwell in the higher life, and completely control the "mind-cells" of his baser self.

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

REV. W. S. CROWE'S OBJECTIONS ANSWERED.

BY GEORGE LIEBERKNECHT.

II.

But now I return to Mr. Crowe, and let him give further expression to his skeptical attitude of mind, which he does in these words:

"If the dead can literally speak to us they ought to do it. They ought to tell us many things that they certainly have learned. They ought to give warning and counsel in a thousand situations. They ought to reveal great facts, errors, truths, principles, such as, and higher than, our scientists, inventors, poets, philosophers and moralists on earth are discovering. The fact that they do not is very close to a demonstration that they cannot."

Do not? My brother, dear, the spirits have given

and are all along giving warning and counsel "in a thousand situations," but don't forget that they can do this only through mediums. They have revealed great facts, laws, truths and principles; for instance, the great fact that this life is really but one of the stages of an endless career, and that the thoughts we think and the deeds we do here will certainly affect our condition and the very form of organic expression of our personality hereafter. The various great truths the spirits have revealed, if they were only heeded, would soon metamorphose this sinning, warring world into an abode of peace, order, mutual good will and loveliness. "After the putative spirits," says Epes Sargent on this point, "have demonstrated to us the essential fact that our deceased friends are still alive—that spirits have a power over matter so great as to seem to us magical or miraculous—are we not supplied with facts sufficient to challenge our best intellectual energy for their proper appreciation and study? Would you have the spirits go on and, saving us the trouble of further thought, enlighten us on subjects coming within the province of our own mental powers and duties?" The mistake of many, even avowed Spiritualists, is in not making enough of the clearly demonstrated and demonstrable phenomena and lessons which have been given. And then, the best and highest achievements of eminent scientists, philosophers, poets, etc., will in the end be found to result from their having been open and receptive to spiritual influences, impressions, etc. I cannot leave this point without adducing more extracts from the above-mentioned collection of "Spirit-Teachings." Hear what intelligent, advanced spirits themselves have to say upon this head:

"There are divers modes in which spirits-influence is exercised. Some are selected as mediums for the mere physical peculiarities which make them the ready vehicles of spirit-power. Their bodily organization is adapted for the purpose of manifesting external spiritual influence in its simplest form. They are not influenced mentally, and information given by the spirits who use them would be of a trifling or even foolish nature, and untrustworthy. They are used as the means of demonstrating spirit-power, of producing objective phenomenal results; the instruments through whom the elementary phenomena are manifested. Their work is not less significant than that which is wrought through others. They are concerned with the foundation of belief."

"And some are chosen because of their loving, gentle nature. They are not the channels of physical phenomenal action, in many cases not even of conscious communication with the Spirit-world; but they are the recipients of spiritual guidance, and their pure and gentle souls are cultivated and improved by angel superintendence. By degrees they are prepared to be the conscious recipients of communications from the spheres; or they are permitted with clairvoyant eye to catch stray glimpses of their future home. A loving spirit friend is attracted to them, and they are impressonably taught and guided day by day."

"Others, again, are intellectually trained and prepared to give to man extended knowledge and wider views of truth. Advanced spirits influence the thoughts, suggest ideas, furnish means of acquiring knowledge, and of communicating it to mankind. The ways by which spirits so influence men are manifold. They have means that you know not of by which events are so arranged as to work out the end they have in view. The most difficult task we have is to select a medium through whom the messages of the higher and more advanced spirits can be made known. It is necessary that the mind chosen should be of a receptive character, for we cannot put into a spirit more information than it can receive. Moreover, it must be free from foolish worldly prejudices. It must be a mind that has unlearned its youthful errors, and has proved itself receptive of truth, even though that truth be unpopular. It must not be rooted and grounded in earth notions. It must be free from the dogmatism of theologies and sectarianism and rigid creed. It must not be bound down by the fallacies of half-knowledge which is ignorant of its own ignor-

ance. It must be a free and inquiring soul, one that loves progressive knowledge, and that has the perception of truth afar off—one that yearns for fuller light, for richer knowledge than it has yet received."

"Our work must not be marred by the self-assertion of a positive antagonistic mind, nor by the proud obtruding of self and selfish ends and aims. With such we can do very little, and that little must tend to the gradual obliteration of selfishness and dogmatism. We desire a capable, earnest, truth-seeking, unselfish, loving spirit for our work. Said we not well that such was difficult to find among men? Difficult indeed, well nigh impossible!"

"In communicating to your mental plane ideas which are to you inconceivable, we are obliged to use expressions which are borrowed from your ways of thought. We ourselves are frequently at fault in misusing such expressions; or they are themselves inadequate to convey our meaning. Almost all spirit utterances are typical. Especially when spirits have endeavored to convey to men ideas of the great God of whom they themselves know so little, the language used is necessarily very imperfect, inadequate, and frequently ill-chosen. But it is always typical, and must be so understood. To press to the end of literal accuracy any spirit-teaching about God is mere folly."

Hence it is that theological notions may remain very much what they were, only toned down and softened in their asperities. So men falsely say that spirits always teach that which a man has previously believed. It is far from being so. What we now teach you is sufficient proof of that. The spirit-guides do indeed work on that which they already find in the mind; but they mould and temper it, and imperceptibly change and adapt it to their ends. It is only when the views held are such as they cannot work upon, or of a positive and dogmatic type, that the change wrought becomes plain to your eyes. You find a man who has denied the existence of God and of spirit, who has believed only what he can see and feel and handle; such a materialist you see converted to a belief in God and a future existence, and you wonder at the change. But the spirit that has been tempered and chastened and softened; that has been purified and refined and elevated; whose rude and rough beliefs have been toned and softened, of this change you make no note, because it is too gradual and subtle to be perceptible to your senses. Yet such are the glorious results of our daily work. The crude is softened, the hard and cold and cheerless are warmed into loving life, the pure is refined, the noble ennobled, the good made better, the yearning soul satisfied with richer views of its God and of its future happiness.

"The opinions have not been suppressed, but they have been modified and changed. This is the real existent spirit-influence all around, of which ye know nothing as yet; the most real and blessed part of spirit ministry."

"When, therefore, men say that spirits speak only the medium's preconceived opinion, they are partly right. The opinions, in so far as they are harmless, are the previous ones, only moulded in a way not perceptible to your gaze as yet. When the opinions are hurtful they are eradicated and destroyed."

WHAT THE NEW YEAR BROUGHT.

By W. WHITWORTH.

"Oh, granny, what will the new year bring? I listened to the dear chimes so many times to-day, and every time they pealed the same glad song."

Thus little Tressie, a wee mite of a thing dancing like a fairy sprite to meet the aged dame who entered the door of their cottage home, a feeble old woman, just returned from a day's toilsome tramp about the big city in eager desire to sell of the trifling wares she carried in a basket on her arm.

A home of the poorest, a mere hovel of one room, indeed, whose scant furniture told a sad tale of poverty to the dregs. Clean and neat, though poor, the slight maiden of ten kept busy her deft fingers in setting things to rights before dear granny came home.

It is of small moment on this memorable day before the advent of a new year, by what unfortunate happenings they had become reduced to such pitiful straits. They were entirely alone in the world, and

dependent upon the weak old dame's daily quest about the city.

"What did the bells say, dearie?" was the soft spoken response to the child's eager greeting.

"They said—and, oh, in such a sweet voice!—Be of good cheer! Be of good cheer! A happy new year is coming! A good new year for you!" Saying this she clapped her hands in such exuberant glee as only a fresh-hearted child can feel.

In a voice half hopeful, half tinged with anxious forebodings, the dame responded: "Honor and glory to the dear Lord! I hope it will be so, for we shall need it bad. I've sold hardly anything to-day. If Ferritt will not press too hard 'till this bitter cold weather is past we can get along."

Ferritt was the landlord. A terrible man. Hard as flint, they said, who lived for nothing but to make cent-per-cent and hoard it in his strong box. At that very moment he strode into the cottage; did not wait to knock on the door, but pushed his way in without ceremony or warning. A black, scowling man, with projecting teeth that seemed to be in perpetual readiness to bite whatever stood in his way.

Paying no heed to the trembling terror his presence occasioned, he savagely demanded:

"Is that rent ready?" And when the frightened old woman began to offer excuses, pleading for a little more time, he shouted in his rough, domineering way, as if speaking to a dog under his feet: "Yah! I've heard enough of that canting rubbish. I want my rent. D'ye hear? If it ain't paid by noon to-morrow, out you go!" Then stamped his way out, banging the door after him as if he would shake the roof down.

"Don't cry, granny! Don't cry!" came the soft pleading of Tressie, as she clasped her tiny arms lovingly around the poor old dame's neck in a burst of soothing tenderness. "You see if the dear chimes didn't tell the truth of what is coming."

All the stricken soul could do was to press the child's soft curls to her aching bosom and whisper: "The blessed Lord grant it may be so!"

When Ferritt reached his cheerless home—made cheerless by the hardness of his heart and rasping temper—he flung himself into a chair in one corner of the fireplace, and gazed with sullen scowl where a few logs were crackling into fitful bursts of flame, as he viciously exclaimed:

"D—n them bells! I wish every one in the city was cracked into rubbish!"

Said the clear ringing bells: "You're a brute! you're a brute!"

He must have guessed what they said, for after a startled pause he still more savagely shrieked: "Yes! Crunched! Crunched! and everybody belonging to 'em crunched into the same heap!"

Just then a strange thing happened. Sitting crouched in a heap on a stool on the opposite side, there suddenly appeared one of the most decrepit, worn-out, dried-up, wrinkled cripples of a man it would be possible to conceive, whose lack-luster eyes peered out of deep sockets directly on Ferritt. Very much more startled now, Ferritt gazed in frightened wonderment on the ghostly apparition. But he stubbornly pulled himself together and bluntly demanded: "Who the devil are you?"

"I'm the last of the old year," answered a cracked, wheezy voice.

At which Ferritt spread out the whole of his projecting teeth and jocularly retorted: "You seem to be pretty badly played out!"

"As you are!" came back the deep, husky voice.

This touched Ferritt in a tender spot. He knew he was close verging on the edge of the grave, with continual increase of pains and weaknesses that foreboded swift-coming decay. To say the truth, he had a horror of it. The mere sight of a funeral procession threw him into a cold sweat, and the sight of a coffin he abhorred. He jumped up and stamped his feet to prove how strong he was yet, and tried to look defiantly into the deeply seamed face of the ancient cripple, as he said: "I'm good for many a long year yet!"

"To what purpose?" the wheezy voice demanded. "Three-score and ten have passed since your good mother clasped you to her breast with, oh, such fond hopes of the future! In all these years what burdened heart have you lightened of its weary load? What soul that you have made glad will rise up and ask God to bless you!"

Ferritt began to quake. His knees struck together, and a strange dread began to creep through his every limb. Casting back in his memory he could not call to view one soul he dared expect would bless him. But a moment later he once more defiantly demanded: "What good would that be to me?"

Said the apparition: "I will show you what you will be if you continue in the same hard, selfish groove you have chosen." And at the same moment Ferritt was certain he heard the bells chime forth: "What will be! What will be!"

Even as he listened, he seemed to stand by the side of a newly opened grave, and on the edge, in readiness to be lowered was a coffin containing his own stark body. Just as plain as the red embers of the

fire in front of him, he could see the hard lines of the face that were not softened even in death. And carelessly standing about were less than a dozen of his old neighbors. As they turned to leave, one said: "A hard man. It's mighty small loss he's gone."

"That's so! That's so! The devil will get his own, now!"

Great beads of clammy perspiration poured out of Ferritt's brow, and his fingers trembled in nerveless terror as he tried to shut out the horrible sight from his wide-staring eyes. Quick as a flash the picture vanished, and, amid a joyous peal of the great clanging bells there sprang to view another scene; and the old voice whispered: "See what might be!"

Ferritt saw himself again; but, oh, how changed! A white-haired old man, whose venerable locks of silver framed a face of such peaceful calm as was pleasure only to look at. The whole figure, despite its weakness and tottering steps, was beautiful. A look of settled restfulness gleamed in the benign eyes; and it seemed as if a perfect host of loving friends stood around pouring silent blessings on the good old man. With another glad peal the bells rang out, in such music as he had never heard in all his life; "It may be yet! It may be yet!"

Very soft and humble Ferritt asked the crouching figure: "Is there time to make the change?"

For answer came a grand figure of the new year, whose radiant face was aglow with hopeful promise, seated in the place where the old had been. In silver tones the new voice spoke: "Good deeds fill the heart with sunshine and peaceful happiness. They strew flowers about the feet, and bring blessings that will never die."

Even as the words were spoken, in merriest cadence the bells rang in the glad new year!

Ferritt shook himself, and rubbed his eyes in bewilderment. Undoubtedly he was wide awake, for the rays of the new year's sun streamed in through the window, dancing in trembling ripples across the floor. It seemed like a benediction; and, surely, the clanging of the bells pealed forth still sweeter music than before. In dead earnest they said: "Begin the good work of regeneration right now!"

"I will! I will!" he cried, a changed man.

The same glad music of the bells came thrilling to the ears of Tressie in the opening of that wonderful new year. She clapped her hands and danced as she heard them say, "Good news! Rare good news!"

The good promise was ushered in by Ferritt, his arms laden full with all the substantial food he could carry from the baker, the butcher and the grocer; not forgetting a load of coal, and pretty New Year's gift for Tressie.

"There, ma'am," he said, "make yourself and the little one comfortable." He spoke and acted rather awkwardly; the new role was so strange to him; he needed practice to get used to it. Nor could he bring himself to confess that he had once taken such unjust advantage of Tressie's father as had greatly wronged him, whereby the two helpless ones had become reduced to their present sad condition.

But now he would make such full amends as would place the poor old dame and her granddaughter out of want for the time to come. Thus much his sorely awakened conscience imperatively demanded.

"Didn't I tell you, dear granny!" the gleeful child exclaimed, as she clasped her arms round the old dame's neck. "Didn't the bells bring good news for sure and certain? The dear bells! The good bells!"

Raising her moist eyes to heaven the heart-full soul sobbed out in devoutest thankfulness: "The blessed Lord is so good! Oh, so good!"

CLEVELAND, O.

MOTHERHOOD.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell is a high authority on nervous diseases and a profound student of life. The statement of such a man in regard to motherhood will carry more than ordinary weight. He regards women as the physical trustees of the race and he says that cultivation of the brain at the expense of the body is a great evil to future generations. "Nature has her seasons of rest and her seasons of productiveness," the famous physician once said to a writer for the *Press*; "the soil, after harvest, lies fallow for a year or two or it loses its richness. You never knew a great man—a man of powerful brain and masterly energy, I mean—born of a weak woman. Superiority and strength of mind in men come almost invariably from the mother. The father may transmit traits as he often transmits weaknesses, but the mind of the male child almost always derives its real force from the mother. If she have a strong character, sterling virtues and has lived a simple healthful life, her son will reap the richer harvest of vital and mental strength, because neither has been exhausted by the mother. The father's character is apt to reappear in the daughters." The *Press*, of course, here gives the theory, not the words, of Dr. Mitchell, but the view is one of such interest and importance that every one will find something in his or her own experience and

observation that will bear upon it. The thought back of it is that women should be educated and their minds cultivated, but neither overeducated, as at some female colleges, nor overcultivated or overstrained by work or society; that their lives should be so ordered that a surplus of mental and physical strength should be stored as the ground derives fruitfulness and stores future wealth by lying fallow and producing nothing for a time.

FOOLISH CENSORSHIP.

The managers of the Boston public library have contrived to get themselves into a ridiculous attitude by their expulsion of *Puck* and *Judge* from their reading room, on the ground that these papers speak evil of dignitaries, and are read by "immature" persons. So has *Punch* always been and done, says the *Springfield Republican*; indeed, a comic paper that did not attack the existing government would soon cease to be comic. The satirist is the natural corrective of the overstretching of power; and satire always appeals strongly to the young. In the expressive Latin language with which Messrs. Abbott and Haynes are so familiar, *Vereor ne plus prae mori sint quam manducare possint*—they have taken too big a contract, when they assume to guide the readers of a great city in such a go-cart fashion. When they have got the money to finish their big barrack in Copley Square, and have moved their books into it, and have chosen a librarian, it will be time enough for them to sit in judgment on accepted comicalities, and issue an index expurgatorius in imitation of the Vatican. Nothing so sticks to a body of wise men as a little folly of this sort; it was long before the world was allowed to forget that the Concord library had excluded Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn," one of the best fragments of American history that has ever been published. Few Bostonians who get into conspicuous places can measure justly the arc of the world's circumference which they subtend—they are apt to be too long or too short for it. The incident itself is trivial, except as showing traits of character, but it will annoy these officials in their more serious work.

A LETTER BY COTTON MATHER.

The *Globe-Democrat* published the following as the full text of a letter written by Cotton Mather to John Higginson, dated Boston, Mass., September 3, 1682:

To Ye Aged and Beloved John Higginson: There be now at sea a skipper (for our friend Esasias Holdcroft, of London, did advise me by the last packet that it would sail sometime in August) called Ye Welcome, R. Green was master, which has aboard a hundred or more of ye heretics and malignants called Quakers, with W. Penn, who is ye scamp at ye head of them. Ye general court has accordingly given secret orders to Master Malachi Huxtell, of ye brig Porpois, to waylay ye said Welcome as near ye Coast of Cod as may be and make captives of ye Penn and his ungodly crew, so that ye Lord may be glorified and not mocked on ye soil of this new country with ye heathen worshippers of these people. Much spoil can be made by selling ye whole lot to Barbadoes, where slaves fetch good prices in rumme and sugar, and we shall not only do ye Lord great service by punishing the wicked, but shall make gayne for his ministers and people. Yours in the bowels of Christ.

"COTTON MATHER."

The letter is said to be the property of Mrs. Juliet Riley, of Muncie, Indiana, and was given her by a friend when in Boston last year. It is written in the peculiar style of phraseology common to the time, and is of interest, from the fact that it is concerning a man who succeeded in establishing a colony of people in this country from which developed a powerful religious sect, whose love of country, patriotism and high sense of morality have been the bulwarks of our civilization.

MENTAL TELEGRAPHY.

Lucy Hooper, in a letter from Paris, referring to the article by Mark Twain in the Christmas number of *Harper's Magazine* on "Mental Telegraphy," mentions the experience of the elder Coquelin and M. Paul Delair, who translated "The Taming of the Shrew." Coquelin was the active and invaluable collaborator of the dramatist through the entire preparation of his version for the stage. There was one scene which baffled alike the author and the great actor. One night Coquelin, after meditating long and anxiously over the difficult point, retired to rest and fell into a sound sleep. He was awakened near morning by a sudden thrill of mental activity in which the long-sought-for arrangement of the scene lay clear before him. "I have found it!" he cried in exultation, and could hardly wait till daylight, so impatient was he to bear the good tidings to his friend Delair. At the earliest possible hour he dressed himself and hastened to the dramatist's residence. He met Delair at the door, and was greeted with the remark: "Ah, Coquelin, my friend, I am glad to see

you! I was about starting for your house to tell you that I have at last solved the difficulty of that scene that has so bothered us in 'The Taming of the Shrew.' I have found it—the idea came to me in the night." Now, if one was a theosophist like Lady Caithness, continues the writer one might imagine that Shakespeare himself had "revisited the glimpses of the moon" for the purpose of helping his translator and his great French interpreter out of their quandary.

THE HERB OF PROPHECY.

Another remarkable plant has recently been added to the long list of botanical curiosities, M. Carrera, deputy of Oaxaca, having taken to the city of Mexico a plant which is known to grow only in Mixteca, called the "herb of prophecy" by the natives. Devotees of this weed take it much in the same manner that cocoa leaves are taken by those addicted to the habit. In a few moments after a dose of it has been taken a sleep is produced similar in all respects to, and it might be said identical with the hypnotic state. When under its influence the sleeper is completely insensible, but will answer with closed eyes all questions put to him.

It is further said of this wonderful plant that the pathologic state induced on whomsoever partakes of the herb brings with it a kind of prophetic gift and second sight. One who has taken this herb loses his will even more completely than does the person who is in the hypnotic state, and is so thoroughly under the control of any voice that he would shoot or stab himself at any moment if commanded to do so. When one regains his senses after being under the influence of the "prophetic herb" he remembers nothing of what he has done when in the trance—*St. Louis Republic*.

Dariex, editor of *Annales des Sciences Psychiques*, having reprinted in full the account of the investigations of Dr. Lombroso, recently published in *THE JOURNAL*, makes many observations on the extreme sensitiveness of the mediums and their friends as to the application of proper tests in the investigation of the phenomena taking place in their presence. Among other things he says: The presence of certain persons is regarded by over-sensitive spiritists as injurious to the production of phenomena, but this is refuted. These persons so much feared by the spiritists are not lacking in good will, are not exacting. More modest than some spiritists they do not require to convince them either Caesar, Napoleon, Sophocles, Corneille, Virgil, Victor Hugo, Lavoisier or Chevreul, with whom so many spiritists have the privilege of conversing at will, and report them saying platitudes if not absolute nonsense. A vulgar carter from the other world would answer their purpose, provided he proved to them survival of the soul, the continued existence of his personality and the possibility of communications between mortals and disembodied spirits. It seems experimentally established that the watchfulness of persons over mediums is what prevents spurious phenomena rather than the presence of such or such a person.

La Verite, of Buenos Ayres, mentions having received a letter signed by twenty Spiritualists, living at Medellin, in the Republic of Columbia, soliciting advice as to the best country to emigrate to, in order to escape from the intolerable odium which is heaped upon them by an intolerant, bigoted and influential priesthood. The Church of Rome has learned nothing, and forgotten nothing. It would burn "heretics" as freely as ever it did, if it only had the power it once possessed. The same journal reports what took place at a séance held by the Constancia circle in that city, at which the spirit of a priest presented himself, and in a conversation which lasted for an hour, the ecclesiastic showed that he had carried beyond the grave all the intolerance, the narrow-mindedness, the superstition, and even the bad temper which he had exhibited during his life-time in the flesh.

ONE of the stories collected by Mr. Stead is that of a "double" related by Dr. F. R. Lees, a well-known English temperance reformer. I had, he says, left Leeds for the Isle of Jersey (though my dear wife was only just recovering from a nervous fever) to fulfill an important engagement. On a Good Friday myself and a party of friends in several carriages drove round a large portion of the island, coming back to St. Heliers from Boulay Bay, taking tea about 7 o'clock at Captain —'s villa. The party broke up about 10 o'clock, and the weather being fine and warm I walked to the house of a banker who entertained me. Naturally my evening thoughts reverted to my home and after reading a few verses in my Testament I walked about the room until nearly 11, thinking of my wife and breathing the prayer, "God bless you." I might not have recalled all the circumstances, save

for the letter I received by the next post from her, with the query put in: "Tell me what you were doing within a few minutes of 11 o'clock on Friday evening? I will tell you in my next why I ask; for something happened to me." In the middle of the week the letter came, and these words in it: "I had just awoke from a slight repose, when I saw you in your night dress bend over me and utter the words, 'God bless you!' I seemed also to feel your breath as you kissed me. I felt no alarm but comforted, went off into a gentle sleep, and have been better ever since." I replied that this was the exact representation of my mind and words.

IF, as some of the ablest scientists of the day believe, it be possible to secure a scientific demonstration of the persistence of the personality of man after death, then it is impossible for a review such as this to exclude the phenomena which establish so tremendous a proposition from the calm, clear and searching light of scientific observation. It may be said that there is nothing new in this. It is as old as the world and the nature of man. It is not left to this generation to bring life and immortality to light. But all our truths need from time to time to be rediscovered, as it were, and verified afresh for each succeeding generation. And not even the most carping critic of our "Real Ghost Stories" will deny the immense importance which such an inquiry would possess if it established on scientific foundations that for the human soul there is no death.—*Review of Reviews*.

SINCE his death a first class story is told of Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby. The lamented clergyman was a manly, athletic individual, besides being a minister. Once he found a burglar in his room. With his own hands the muscular preacher captured the fellow and bound him. Then he marched him to the police station. At the trial Dr. Crosby gave evidence against the thief, and he was duly sentenced to the penitentiary for a term of years. Then it was that the sturdy Christian got in his real work. He began to write letters to that burglar, and once in a while visited him. He labored with, instructed and helped him. In course of time the doctor became satisfied that his burglar was prepared to be a respectable citizen. Then he went to the Governor of New York and secured his pardon. The ex-burglar to-day is a useful member of society.

A BRIGHT but rather strong-minded woman on one of the New York papers was so persistently importuned to write fashion articles for the Sunday edition that she at last protested. "Why don't you ask me to discuss the origin of species or bimetalism rather than clothes? I could deal with either subject more intelligently." "That's just the idea," said the editor. "You don't know an earthly thing about the fashions, and you do say such original things." Many of the hints on domestic economy one meets with in the papers must have emanated from some such cause. One item recently suggested a resource to the housewife, with an etching or engraving for which she could not afford to buy a frame. She had only to place it upon an easel and drape a handsome silk scarf over it. As though the price of an easel alone would not buy a picture frame.

THE Rev. Lyman Abbott, the successor of Henry Ward Beecher in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, is a thin, delicate, small-limbed man. Humor is not in his line, and he rarely makes his congregation smile. Not long ago, however, he involuntarily made them titter. The subject of his sermon was the obligation resting upon Christians to get out of their shells and do something for the good of mankind. "What is this wonderful body of ours given us for?" Dr. Abbott exclaimed. "Look at it! Look at these muscles." Dr. Abbott stretched out his thin arms. "Look at this strength, this adaptability, this God-given vigor." Something in the expression of the faces of the members of the congregation, and a rustling like a faint titter, recalled the preacher to himself, and with a faint smile he passed to another phase of the sermon.

THE oldest bit of slang which can be traced to a historical origin is said to be "He is a brick." Plutarch, in his "life" of Lysurgus, gives an account of the visit of an ambassador from Epirus to the city of Sparta, who saw much to admire and praise. But he wondered greatly that Sparta was not a walled town; and asked the explanation of its lack of defensive works. No answer was returned that day. Early the next morning, however—for the Spartans rose at dawn—the Epirote was awakened and conducted to the field of exercise outside the city, where the army of Sparta was drawn up in battle array. "There," said Lysurgus, "are the walls of Sparta, and every man is a brick."

ENGAGED.

The little bond that links your life to mine
Seems slight and fragile; do you think 'twill hold
And bear the changes of the coming time,
When life is dark and all is bleak and cold?
And do you think that, purified by pain,
We can take up our lives and love again?
Or when, like the inconstant skies of spring,
Our lives are clouded as her sunny air,
And we know pain that summer could not bring,
Will you not find it all too hard to bear?
And when these storms and weary hours have
Tried us,
Can we live on and let no power divide us?
Then if this little chain, so frail and weak,
It trembles when our lives are fair and bright,
Could find a voice and each small link could speak,
Would it not say 'twas frightened of the night?
If it must break, and we must humbly bow,
In pity for my weakness, break it now.
But if you think that it can bear the weight
Of fiery trials as they come and go,
We can take heart and boldly meet the fate
That gives impartially of joy and woe;
And be it summer fair or wintry weather,
We can be brave and meet all, love, together.

—EVA MACDONAGH.

Referring to the status of woman at the Columbian Exposition in his speech at a New York banquet President Palmer said: "The creation of so large a board of lady managers, was the cause of some adverse comment. The course of the board has justified the action of the commission. It was the first time that our government had in any such way recognized women. The appointment of 115 (two from each state and territory and nine from Chicago) to cooperate with the commission and promote its development, will have manifold results. It has dignified women. A responsibility has been placed upon her outside of household cares. It has given weight to her opinions. It has opened new avenues to her efforts. Women who have apparently hitherto known nothing of life but the delights of promenade, the badinage of the salon, of the *dolce far niente* of seaside loiterings, have sprung forth like Minerva from the brain of Jove, full panoplied for work. To those who believe in more varied work and better wages for women, who appreciate her artistic taste, who believe that the more women is dignified the greater the assurance of worthy sons to be given the republic, the action of the commission needs no defense." The intellectual progress of women and the widening of her opportunities in life constitute perhaps the most signal and important phase of human advancement of this century, and its greatest strides belong to the last twenty-five years. Woman's work at the World's Fair is going to be a revelation to mankind, because of the present scope and variety of her industry and also for the reason that she will be adequately represented for the first time in an international exposition, with the power to secure fair recognition of her interests.

T. W. HIGGINSON, who may be relied upon to come to the defense of woman whenever and wherever she is attacked by the writer who seeks either distinction or remuneration in this way, says, referring to Mrs. Lynn Linton of London, who has for twenty years held a contract—so to speak—for reducing her sex to lilliputian dimensions: "It is impossible to imagine any task in the way of writing so safe and sure as that of the woman who sets out to prove to her own satisfaction that her fellow-women are, as Carlyle said of his fellow-men, 'mostly fools.' Everything is in her favor; for either she must argue well or ill. In the former case she will prove her proposition; in the latter case she will illustrate it. If she is a triumphant and convincing advocate, it is well; if she is inconclusive, evasive, ignorant, so much the better. Either she is the logical demonstrator of woman's folly, or she is the terrible example; in either case, she can write Q. E. D. at the end of her proposition. No one else—unless it be an enfeebled American denouncing his country in a fashionable club-house—has the same advantage. The typical Algernon or Chollie can indeed say, 'If you doubt that this nation is reduced to a very low pass, look at me!' and can bring down the house

by that simple argument. Chollie, too, will be glad to hear that, even if his own brains are limited, those of the mother that bore him and the sister who vainly tried to coach him through college are more restricted still. So the body of ladies who argue against the brains of their own sex are sure not merely of their argument, but of their audience; and every dull youth who feels flattered and every bright girl who feels a little ashamed of her own brightness can be relied upon for applause.

THE seven stages of a woman's life from the cradle to the grave are thus given in the New Orleans *Picayune*: 1. A wee mother is carefully putting her favorite doll to bed. With tender solicitude she carefully removes each dainty garment and fastens on the tiny nightgown. Then, with a fond kiss, she hugs her little treasure to her and places it in its little cradle. After patting it gently she tiptoes out of the room as the twilight peeps curiously in. 2. A fair maiden stands before her looking-glass adding the last touches to her evening toilet. Her lover will soon be here! Her eyes are full of innocent lovelight! She looks eagerly at her reflection in the glass! How glad she is that she is pretty! She frowns a little at a wrinkle that will not stay just as it should. A ring comes at the door and she hastens away to meet her beloved. 3. A young wife sits anxiously watching for her husband. At each approaching footstep her heart beats rapturously and then grows heavy with disappointment! She will not go indoors, it is so sweet out there! The creeping shadows cheer her trembling soul—so she waits and wishes, and the shadows lengthen into darkened night. 4. A mother is rocking her baby to sleep. He looks at her gravely while they move to and fro, as if asking why the bright sunshine must leave and the ugly shadows hide her dear face from him. There is a wealth of wisdom in his great, sweet eyes! He holds tightly to her dress, as if to keep her near him! 5. When at last his eyes are closed she disengages the loving hand, kisses him lightly—he must not be awakened—and arises to put him into his crib. Then she sinks back into her chair and begins to rock again. It is so pleasant to rest in the twilight, and he is so sweet to nurse! 6. A woman kneels by a fresh made grave. The head-board stares coldly at her and seems to say over and over again the words inscribed upon it: "He was her only child and she was a widow." With tear-laden eyes she bends down lower and lower, till her lips rest upon the earth. She longs so to kiss the quiet form it is hiding from her! And the twilight seems to hurry past and lose itself in the darkness. 7. A careworn old woman sits watching the shadows come—they are friends to her—friends that she welcomes—for they always sing the same song to her, "One day nearer home." And she smiles to them her thanks. She, too, repeats, "One day nearer home." And so life—woman's life—goes on in the twilight till rest comes to her weary body and joy to her aching heart—till her spirit reaches its home, where never a shadow can fall upon it.

THE increase of women doctors in New York lately has been so marked as to attract the attention of the press of that city to the fact. A great many of them are now admitted as staff physicians to the hospitals and dispensaries, and where they are doing wonderfully good work. One great advantage that they seem to have over their rivals of the other sex is that they can tack out their sign and then go as professional nurses until business comes to them. The male doctor often has to starve through a course of a year or two and then frequently fails to make enough to keep the pot boiling. Women doctors are generally proficient nurses, and they are trained by nature and study to care for the sick. They can take a patient and prescribe for him and then watch by the bedside until all is over. At the end double fees are demanded—the regular doctor's fees for prescribing and then the nurse's salary for watching and nursing the patient according to the prescriptions made out by herself. There is no doubt but a great advantage is obtained in this way; and the nurse and doctor are both held responsible for any mistake. Among babies and women the female doctor has a field which she is gradually making a specialty, and where, too, it may be added, she is especially welcomed by those who choose to employ her.

A FRIEND writes: "Will you be kind enough to tell me in your next issue who invented the machine or manual invention

that has done the world the most good." Probably the wheel is the most useful invention that has ever been made. How many of the other inventions are extensions of it or additions to it! The primitive wheel was of course a very simple, rude instrument, but the essential principle being understood, improvements followed, with new applications and uses as men advanced in intelligence. Who invented the wheel is unknown. It was in use before men began to record their thoughts and deeds.

Will Mr. Paul A. Towne kindly send his address to THE JOURNAL. It is probably on our mail list, but we do not know where to look for it.

SOULS WITH AN AFFINITY.

(Translated from "Neue Spiritualistische Blätter.")

Where is there a family which does not possess its traditions of wonderful appearances, remarkable dreams, premonitions or sudden moments of clairvoyance?

My youth was rich in tales of remarkable incidents which had been experienced by my relatives. I remember a very strange story from the life of my grandfather as it was told to me by my mother. It concerns a fact which is better understood and explained to-day than when it occurred at the end of the preceding century. My grandfather, who was of Polish descent, fled from his native land in his youth because a friend had warned him that his life was in danger and it might very easily happen that he would be arrested and disappear in a prison, as had already happened in the case of his brother. After this news he did not let an hour pass before he was on his way to Holland. He made this last journey upon his native soil in company with his friend and lost himself in the possibilities of the unknown future which he went to meet under such unfavorable circumstances. Hence it is no wonder that the wish came to him to lift the veil and see what fate had to offer him further.

"If you wish to know the future," said his friend, "I can take you to some one whose prophecies are celebrated and whose dwelling we pass on our way. To several of my acquaintances he has disclosed their fate so perfectly that everything has been fulfilled even to the minutest details."

"Well! let us harken to the oracle once." The two young people now turned their steps to the hut of an old crippled shepherd, in whose shrivelled countenance there was not a suggestion of prophetic power.

"Can you tell us our future?" asked my grandfather.

"Perhaps, if you will trust me a little. Come in."

There was nothing at all in the miserable room which would have made one think of a magician and, pointing them to a place, without the least formalities, the shepherd began:

"Yes, yes, I see it already. You are about to say farewell to your native land and it is really high time to do so. But do not fear, you will both come out all right. In a foreign land, however, your lot will be very different. You are a very fortunate man." At this he pointed to my grandfather. "Everything will go swimmingly with you until middle life. Then come the trials, but they will not last long. You will be successful in all your undertakings and what will be the most important thing of all, you will have a very good wife and many children."

The youth laughed heartily and shook his head, with the ironical remark:

"How can you suck so much nonsense out of your thumb?"

"No, my friend," replied the shepherd, "I see it all very plainly before me. I can let you see it also."

"Then show me my future wife."

"That I will do, but you must be quite serious and quiet and leave me alone some moments. You remain sitting here, say your prayers, and direct your thoughts to the thing desired."

That he promised and the shepherd went into another very small room which seemed to be his night-quarters and out of which he returned some minutes later, with a small mirror and two candles. He hung up the mirror on the wall, placed the candles on a table directly underneath, and laid a thick book, evidently a Bible, between them.

"Now place yourself directly before the glass," he said, "and put your right hand upon the book."

"But the glass does not hang well for I cannot see my face in it."

"That you do not need to do, you will soon see something else." The old man stood behind the inquirer, and murmured some unintelligible words. Gradually the dark surface of the mirror seemed to be overspread as by a cloud and as the mist disappeared there appeared a young fresh, beautiful girl's head. Her dark blue eyes rested upon the young man. There was something in the glance which seemed to penetrate body and soul and wholly enchanted him. When his friend asked him:

"Have you seen anything?" "He replied deathly pale, "Yes I have seen her and will never forget the picture."

The prediction sounded to the friend very unfavorable. However the shepherd's words concerning both were fulfilled. My grandfather arrived at Rotterdam unharmed, obtained a position in a great commercial house and soon won the confidence of his employer to whom he rendered important services. But all his good fortune gave him no satisfaction because he nowhere saw the maiden whom he had seen in the glass and whose image ever hovered before his spirit. How should he be able to find her?

A few years passed by. He had already begun to give up hope and tried his best to drive away the vision which gave him no rest when one day his employer sent him to Utrecht to give personal attention to an important business matter. With thoughts full of his task, he went to the house where he was to fulfill his business commission and in a long corridor which led to the counting room a young girl was just coming downstairs. He greeted her politely, but it did not escape him that the young lady stood still as if startled and regarded him closely, while he on his part recognized the personality which he had seen in the glass. Time was wanting to think the matter over for he was expected in the next room. Fortunately the business matters were soon arranged and now he was to his joy invited into the dwelling-room. Thus on that day he conversed in reality with the lovely picture of his dreams.

In the course of the next year he became engaged to her. On the eve of the wedding he felt all at once an irresistible longing to tell her his adventure and said:

"I must now make a confession to you. I do not know whether what I once did was right or not but the outcome is without doubt very remarkable."

Then followed the strange story to which his bride listened with a peculiar sympathy. But how astonished he was when she now said:

"I have often been at the point of telling you something of that sort but I feared you would call me a superstitious child. One day when busy at the washboard a weariness suddenly fell upon me which completely overpowered me. Sleep must have seized me very quickly for when I woke I lay obliquely across the table and was quite stiff and only after much stretching and yawning did I become myself again. But I had a strange dream and that remained in my memory. I was upon a heath in a shepherd's hut and saw by the side of an old man—whom do you think? I saw you so clearly that upon awakening I said to myself 'That man I would know again among a thousand and that countenance I shall never forget.' When I met you for the first time in the corridor I was much confused and very awkward for I was quite overcome at recognition of the resemblance."

When the young people had reckoned exactly the time of their respective experiences it was shown that they had seen each other at the same moment, although, how it all happened remained a riddle to them their whole life through. Later it was proved through remarkable facts that they both were very sensitive and somnambulist. Toward the end of his life my grandfather made public the remarkable vision which has been communicated by me under the title "Eleven Hours or Eleven years."

A hypnotist would be very ready with the explanation that the shepherd had hypnotized the youth and had suggested to him the vision of a beautiful maiden. But how would he explain the fact that the maiden at the moment of the appearance of her picture, sunk in a deep sleep or trance, had, on her part, seen the young man and the company where he was?

Editor's note in the original—The above truthful narrative has been translated from the Dutch journal *Op de Grenzen van twee Werelden* and concerns the grand parents of Mrs. Elise von Calcar, the worthy editor of the above journal.



THE AMERICAN PSYCHICAL RESEARCH SOCIETY.

TO THE EDITOR: Some time since a society for psychical research was organized in Boston, its special object being to investigate Spiritualism, and its committee being largely made up of Unitarians and Universalists, clergy and laity. Its members organized from a feeling that matters which command so much attention should not be ignored, but proved or disproved as of real worth. As a Unitarian clergyman in Boston said to me: "I do not know much about Spiritualism, but I meet worthy people who are believers every day and I ought to know more of it: therefore I join this society." Let this sincere spirit rule and all will end well. Meanwhile we hear little of their investigations, but this is not discouraging, for "hasten slowly" is sometimes a wise maxim, and a quiet pursuit of evidence is wiser than an effort to make a public sensation. Yet it is to be hoped that in fit time, some systematic report of progress and of opinions and conclusions may be forthcoming. I do not expect their investigations to be any more thorough or critical than those made years ago by persons of eminent skill and judgment as well as of fair spirit, but they may reach those not yet interested.

One thing these researchers may well bear in mind: not only are fairness and skill needed, but a sense of the need and greatness of their work, such as shall awaken enthusiasm and stimulate a persistence which will overcome all obstacles. Nothing great is gained without this enthusiasm; no highest skill, no deepest insight, no most critical care, surely no conquering patience is possible without it.

Sometimes, yet rarely, it comes to great souls who are original discoverers: as to Newton when the great law of gravitation flashed out from his wrapt soul as he saw the apple fall, or to Kepler when he saw and felt the measured motion of sun and stars, and exclaimed: "I am thinking the thoughts of God!" They were possessed by a noble zeal that made the great labor of their verifying experiments not the toil but the pleasure of their later years. These great men and the noble company who are their peers, won their knowledge of nature's laws and forces as rich results of years of previous thought, and by virtue of the wonderful truth that when the mind reaches out with earnest intensity in exploring new realms, all laws and facts in the wide regions traversed by his thought converge at least in the order in the thinker's mind. His seeking soul draws to itself what it seeks; truth and law within his microcosmic being find their kinship to truth and law in the viewless air and in the star-gemmed space of the universe. Thus intuition discovers and then science follows to explore and work out the path.

But the original discoverers are few, the investigators of their discoveries are many. How shall these best fit themselves for their high task? By studying the scope and results of great discoveries, by sharing thus the enthusiasm of the original discoverer and explorer through an acquaintance with his work or as he left it on record. Then, with full judgment suspended, but with soul and mind alive, they can investigate and sift, and see what shall endure and what shall perish, and even see further and more clearly along paths opened by brave pioneers.

Try to study, and to test the origin of species without reading Wallace and Darwin, or try to study evolution ignorant of what Spencer and Tyndall have said of its uplifting power, and your work would be poor. Especially is this true of psychic research, and Spiritualism,—one a study of the inner life of man and nature, the other, linked with it, a study of man's infinite relations and nearness to a life beyond.

Our psychical research friends, would they do worthy work, must learn what is the wide scope and white light of the soul's powers, as felt and seen by those who have linked thought with experiment, especially in the last forty years, so fruitful in these things of the spirits. A good library should be owned and well studied by every company of investigators. It need not be large, but choice; it must be without much detail; a few suggestions may help: "Man and His Relations" by S. B. Brittan is very suggestive to psychic students, "The

Scientific Basis of Spiritualism," and "Planchette or the Despair of Science" by Epes Sargeant are also valuable. "The Seer" (Harmonia, Vol. 3.) by A. J. Davis is rich in thought, as are others of his earlier works. "Poems of the Inner Life" by Elizabeth Doten, in which are also two prose discourses, are very beautiful and suggestive. Some reports of the English Psychical Society, which Richard Hodgson, the accomplished Secretary, in Boston, of its American branch could furnish, are good material in facts. A few more might be named, many were it necessary.

Let the investigator know the value of the matters he searches into, as seen by ripe thinkers, and he will be far better fitted for his work than without such knowledge.

Another suggestion may be timely. Not only is weak credulity, but unreasonable skepticism to be avoided, one being as bad as the other. Whoever would reach truth must steer between them, as between Scylla and Charybdis.

The bigotry of inductive science, blind to plain facts which its materialistic theories cannot explain, is sometimes rivalled by the shuffling evasion and weak hesitation of goody-good folks of liberal religious profession who begin to look timidly toward psychic research. In comparison with this the blunt refusal of priests of evangelical stamp to examine what they denounce as of satanic origin has a sturdiness which commands respect.

I wrote lately to a friend: "It is wise to have strong evidence of what is new and strange in our experience, but these skeptics want proof such as would hang a criminal in any court, and when they get it they want enough more to hang him ten times over, and when that is given they doubt it all and want still more." But the tide is turning in our favor, and those who are sure to win can afford to wait and work and to be patient. G. B. STEBBINS.

DETROIT, MICH.

The organization which started with such pretentious display and lofty claims is dying of hydrocephalus and inanition; it has been moribund for sometime. It had more talent for "working" the newspaper press than for psychical investigation. Its secretary having once been in the advertising line before becoming a preacher was very naturally better fitted to exploit what the society proposed to do than to do it. Rev. M. J. Savage having resigned the presidency, the best thing that can now be done is for its whilom friends to give the society as decent a burial as circumstances will permit, and then turn to and give hearty and persistent support to the American Branch of the English Society for Psychical Research. Richard Hodgson, LL. D., the secretary and manager of the American Branch is quietly but most efficiently doing a splendid work for psychical science. He deserves ample financial support and active coöperation. His address is 5 Boylston Place, Boston, Mass.—ED.

TRANSITION OF MRS. CAROLINE OTIS.

TO THE EDITOR: I know you will thank me for calling to your notice the transition of Mrs. Ann Caroline Otis, wife of Mr. Benjamin W. Otis of this city. They are both friends of yours, and I know that you will heartily join the many friends of the family in extending sympathy to them in the hour of their deep affliction. She was for upwards of three months a great sufferer, and relief came yesterday morning, when released from her tortured body, she awoke to consciousness in the dawning of glories in the Spirit-world, receiving the friendly greetings and joyous welcomes and loving embraces of hosts of friends who were gathered for the occasion. I feel fully justified in saying this, which will seem strange language to those who are not so familiar with the possibilities which are ours. There is nothing like the knowledge which is ours, to rob death of its terrors, and bring comfort to the bereaved. No one realizes this more than Mr. Otis, who, in the hour of sorrow will not forget that the door through which the spirit of his companion passed, is still ajar. In our own home we shall miss her visits, which have been of the most friendly character. I hope I may be pardoned for taking this occasion to speak of the interest spirits sometimes take in the welfare of our neighbors and friends of earthly life. So closely

have some of our spirit friends entered into the lives of our neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Otis, that upon the occasion of their visits, they have often been surprised and amused at being told of many incidents occurring at home which they supposed were known only to themselves. Never, however, has this been carried to an extent which in any way tended to annoy our friends, but on the contrary, I believe it has been a source of much pleasure and usefulness.

Mrs. Otis has left an interesting family of sons and daughters who were warmly attached to their mother. The companionship which existed between this departed wife and husband was of that pleasing and harmonious character, as to make the occasion of her departure peculiarly sorrowful to him. A. H. DAILEY.

BROOKLYN, January 27, 1892.

We recall the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Otis and the atmosphere of refinement and spiritual culture pervading the house. In November last we called to pay our respects, having heard of the dangerous illness of Mrs. Otis. We did not see the patient sufferer but passed a most profitable hour with the noble husband who in the time of sore trial shone forth in all the grandeur and nobility of his character; giving us striking evidence of the efficacy of the spiritual philosophy. We now shed tears of sympathy with him who has parted with the mortal form of the companion of his youth and old age, and with the children who have grown up under her wise and loving care; but we rejoice with our arisen sister that she is free from bodily suffering and at liberty to continue her sweet spiritual ministrations to her loved ones.—ED.

FADS OF THE FAIR.

TO THE EDITOR: It is said that the late Helen Hunt Jackson once laughingly remarked, speaking of herself, "Oh, I am that most dreadful of beings, a woman with a hobby." Would that there were more of such "dreadful beings," provided their hobbies were as noble as hers. True, there are fads and fads; but it is better to see a woman spend her entire time in tatting or crochet work, or even in making woolly dogs of worsted, than that she should have no aim or object in life beyond that most detestible one of making herself happy, and every one about her miserable.

Choose, then, fair reader, some aim or object in life beyond that of a mere animal existence—be it literature, art, nursing, millinery, dress-making, teaching, a business occupation, the emancipation of your sex, or even fancy work. Do something, be something, that will make at least one soul better and happier for your self-appointed, mission; or, if powerless to add to the happiness of those around you, at least refrain from adding to their misery. "I would give anything," said one lovely and lovable little woman, "if I could really make brighter and better the lives of those about me; but I haven't anything to do with except kind words and the little assistance of weak but willing hands."

Ah, do you not know, my cheery and would-be helper, that these very gifts of yours, with the motive power of love behind them, are the real propelling forces which move the world? Look back upon those deeds whether of man or of women, which have brought heaven a little nearer this earth, and answer the question, have they not, directly or indirectly, had a woman's love for their inspiration, working in her own individual action, or in that of the man who loved her?

Above all, whatever your chosen aim or mission, let it make you more kind, more sympathetic, more helpful, especially to your own sex. The unkind or unjust word, even hint or insinuation, is poisonous and deadly, and no woman who would reign as queen by right of her womanhood can afford to sully her fair soul with such disfiguring blot as these, which leave a hideous scar, not on the soul of her victim, but upon her own, which can only be removed by the atonement which must follow each wrong committed, as she earns her purification through pain. Why this protest? Because of the remark heard once and often, of "the delight taken by a woman in inflicting pain or injury upon another woman." And it must be confessed that the assertion seems at least to have a foundation in fact, though untrue and unjust as a general reality. Not that any true woman would deliberately wound

or injure another; but so many women, and more especially idle women, speak thoughtlessly, not realizing that such thoughtlessness is in itself a crime; and a look or a shrug of the shoulders, among others as thoughtless as herself, may be potent enough to cast a foul blot or stain on an innocent life, or ruin it altogether. So whatever the fad or fancy to which you devote your time and energies—and this must be left entirely to your own choosing, you being the most competent judge as to what best suits your individual tastes and abilities—one can intelligently urge only this: Be true to yourself and to others; and never believe or even think evil of others until you are compelled to do so by actual knowledge.

"I never realized," said one little woman, looking over the shoulder of the writer, "what a reflection upon me it was to go contrary to that rule until I heard two gentlemen discussing a lady whom we all knew."

"By Jove," said one, "she is pretty." "Yes," replied the other, "a pretty face; but somehow I fancy her mind is anything but lovely, since she is always so ready to impute evil to people; which it seems to me she could not do unless her own mind was impure."

Now, fair reader the end of the sermon is here. Be what you seem to be, because naught can be more pure and beautiful than your seeming. Be a queen of that kingdom in which you reign by right of your womanhood, swaying your scepter but to uplift your subjects, and keeping your queenly robes and hands ever free from soil or stain. Then shall you reign forever, not only in the hearts of your subjects, but find in the man you love your most devoted worshipper.

CALLIE BONNEY MARBLE.

SPIRITUALISM IN VERMONT.

TO THE EDITOR: For almost a year the people of our quiet little town have moved on in a dignified way without being disturbed by so much as a spiritualistic breeze. But the last week in December we had a visit from a very fine test medium, Lucius Colburn, of Manchester Depot, Vt. He gave several parlor sances while in the place, which were very satisfactory, and gave what to any reasoning mind must be unmistakable evidence of spirit return.

January 10th we had two lectures, followed by tests, from F. A. Wiggin, of Salem, Mass. He is a pleasing speaker and his lectures are rich with the most advanced thought of the times. His tests are very clear, giving full names, correct dates and often incidents connected with the earth life of the manifesting spirit. It is only about four years since he entered the field of Spiritualism, and I predict for him a grand future. It is with great joy that I welcome a young and energetic worker to our ranks, for the old-pioneers who helped to sow the seeds of truth are fast passing beyond the veil. But they do not leave us to fight our battles alone, their strengthening presence is hourly by our side, ever making the bridge between the two worlds stronger.

The annual convention of the Vermont State Spiritualist Association was held at Waterbury, Vt., January 15th, 16th and 17th. It was a successful meeting and was very well attended, notwithstanding the great amount of sickness all over the state. STOWE, VT. K. F. S.

ELECTRICITY.

TO THE EDITOR: The first Spiritual séance the writer attended was at the house of a Mrs. Williams in Brooklyn, L.I., in the year 1851. There was quite a numerous assemblage of visitors and all that took place was to him a novelty. The medium was a young lady from Providence, R. I., Mrs. Williams' niece. By sitting beside an ordinary supper table a person on the opposite side to her would obtain a message from some departed friend or friends by loud raps or detonations regularly spelled out by calling the alphabet. The writer obtained two: one from his mother, another from a sister giving the date of their ailments and death.

In a conference had between Mrs. Williams and her pastor he assured her smilingly that it was all electricity, nothing more. "Electricity!" the old lady replied. "I know nothing of this element," but for one, I should like to know who is at the other end of the wires?" The old lady was right. Like myself she has long since found who was at the other end of the wires.

BROOKLYN, L. I.

D. BRUCE.

In a private letter our esteemed friend writes: A few days hence, February 6th, will bring me into my ninetieth year.—ED.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

Miserere. A musical story. By Mabel Wagnalls. Illustrated with 4 full-page, half-tone cuts gilt top. New York, London and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls Company. pp 63. Price \$1.00.

This artistically bound volume with elegant designs in gold blue and white, contains a story out of the general order, combining tragedy, music, love and a good moral lesson. A charm of music breathes through its pages, an element natural to its author, who has acquired distinction as a gifted pianiste.

The story is a real gem of poetic creation. A girl's voice sings into a man's heart, and drives away the demon of remorse and despair, breaks the chains of a terrible appetite, lures him away from the recollections of a terrible crime, and opens up to him the bright world of love. But the crime committed must be avenged. We listen entranced to the marvellous voice of the singer until that voice is hushed in death; and then we realize the power of that fate, which, demanding a recompense for sin, punishes the guilty, and causes the innocent to suffer. The story is unfolded in simple language, whose classic purity is a fit setting for the tender and tragic conception which it embodies. As Ella Wheeler Wilcox, says: "It is perfectly delightful, and the theme is new and interesting." Besides, it is so elegantly bound that it is good for the eyes to dwell upon.

The Coming Climax in the Destinies of America. By Lester C. Hubbard. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. 1891. pp. 490. Cloth \$1.50.

This book is an arraignment of plutocracy in America. It is addressed to the "all-powerful middle-class of America, who by wise and righteous action can save the republic from every danger that now threatens." The author sees omens of approaching convulsions which should receive the attention of all who can rise above merely personal selfish interests. Among the reforms he advocates are loans direct to the people from government banks, the government ownership of railways and telegraphs, a governmental warehouse system by which farmers may keep in their own pockets the legitimate profit of their toil, rendering the board of trade operator's occupation unnecessary, the taxation of the large vacant land holdings of home and foreign lords and syndicates, so as to compel the sale of the land, and taking "the acreage under which God stored up coal and oil for the common benefit of all his future children some millions of years ago" by right of eminent domain for all the people. The book tells some unpleasant truths about the practical government of this country. The removal of evils growing out of social, industrial and economic conditions may not be practicable by the methods which the author outlines; but the work will serve at least to emphasize the importance of giving attention to problems, upon the right solution of which the future of this nation will largely depend. Mr. Hubbard is a forcible and impassioned writer, who is in fullest sympathy with the toiling millions.

The Pastor's Ready Reference Record of Sunday Services for Fifty Years. By Rev. Wm. D. Grant. New York, London, and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls Company, pp. 100, cloth, \$1.50.

The matter of keeping a ready reference record of Sunday services has proven, though a comparatively simple subject, a troublesome one to satisfactorily provide for because the right idea has been lacking in those who have attempted to fill it. The one great desideratum to an inventor in his study and progress in his pursuit of success, is to avoid superabundance of factors or of parts, and to obtain simplicity and practicability. There is now no doubt but that the plan for keeping "A Ready Reference Record of Sunday Services for Fifty Years," provided by Rev. Wm. D. Grant, of South Bergen Reformed Church, Jersey City, meets many of the requirements of a successful method. The volume is of excellent paper, bound in substantial cloth. The author's plan was submitted to a number of pastors, and immediately received congratulations as having supplied just what has so long been wanted. Mr. Grant says: "The Ready Reference Record" is an outgrowth of experience, the system having been followed by me for some years past in connection with my regular pastoral duties, and on the whole found to be the most satisfactory method

that I have yet seen for preserving a yearly record of such data.

The Tempting of the King. A study of the law, by William Vincent Byars. St. Louis, 518 Olive st.; C. W. Alban & Co. Cardboard cover, 25 cts.

In this unpretentious little book of fifty-three pages is told with elegant diction and poetical and dramatic interest, the story of David's temptation by the beauty of Bathsheba; the murder of Uriah, and the curse of Nathan. "Beauty," "Duty," "Law," are the key notes, but the contrasts between duty and the failure of idealism, when the ideal is worshipped as an idol, are made in a series of pictures, which are left to preach whatever evangel the author has to proclaim. The story is told in blank verse with lyrics interspersed.

The Whirlwind Sown and Reaped. By Saladin W. Stewart & Co., 41 Farrington st., E. C. London, Eng.

A strong, realistic story by an able and scholarly writer, the editor of the *Agnostic Journal*.

MAGAZINES.

The new Speaker of the House of Representatives leads in the *Phrenological Journal and Science of Health* for February. Dr. Lowber talks well but briefly on "Moral Science Made Practical," and a good description of the ancient Syrian methods in art and industry, with illustrations, follows. A right noble-looking man was he. "How Phrenology Saved Her Reputation" appears to be a true sketch, and "A Teacher's Testimony" is in a similar vein. "Governing Children On Using Both Hands," and "Let Us Live With our Children" are conspicuous features in "Child Culture." The notes in Phrenology show a clever hand in selection and arrangement; they are very instructive. And so, for that matter, are all other departments of this valuable number of the veteran monthly. Fowler & Wells Co., Pubs., 777 Broadway, New York. *The Atlantic Monthly* for February opens with a paper on "The Pageant of Rome in the year 17 B. C." by Prof. Lancian. It is devoted to an account of the public games held in Rome seventeen years before Christ, and instituted under the patronage of Augustus, the Senate and the College of the Quindicimviri. Isabel F. Hapgood, who showed us "Count Tolstoi at Home," in a recent number of the *Atlantic*, has an article on "A Journey on the Volga," a graphic sketch of Russian life. Henrietta Channing Dana discusses "What French Girls Study," and gives a very sympathetic picture of the life of a French school, and the kind of training which French girls receive in it. Professor E. P. Evans writes about "The Nearness of Animals to Men," and Mr. Albert H. Tolman devotes an able paper to "Studies in Macbeth." A discussion of "The League as a Political Instrument," and reviews of a dozen or more volumes of recent fiction, under the title of "The Short Story," complete a number well composed, and thoroughly worth reading. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.—The February *Current Literature* gives, as readings from the newest books, scenes from Arthur T. Quiller-Couch's "The Blue Pavilions," Ouida's "Santa Barbara," and Ople Read's "Emmett Bonlore." The famous chapter for the month is "Francine's Muff," from Henri Murger's "La Vie Boheme."

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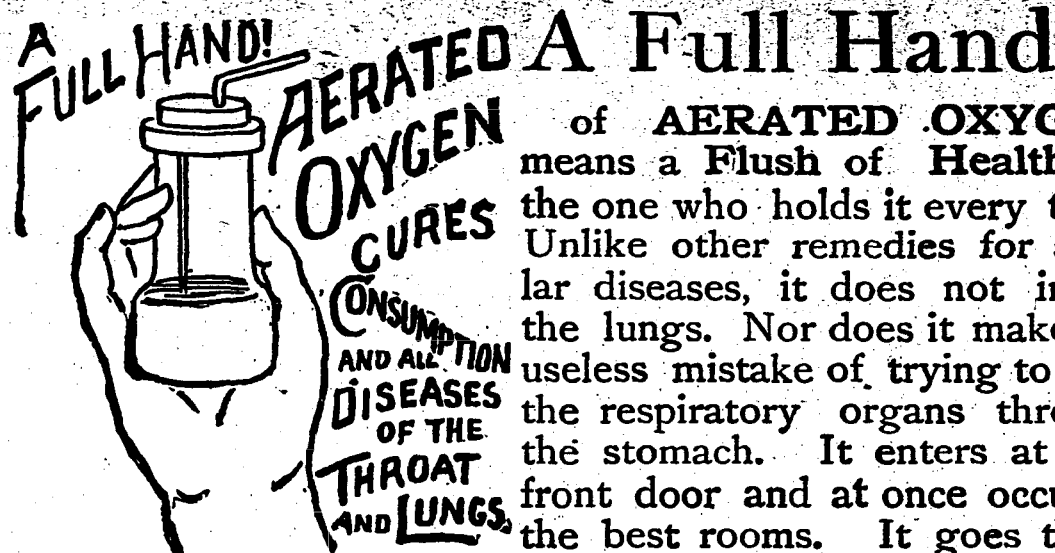
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*By E. J. Howes.
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The clock strikes one—a fading stealth
Pervades the air.
Excluded moonlight's ebbing glare
Sifts in pale ghost light. Nothing more
Stirs space from ceiling unto floor,
And empty stands each chair.
Back to my couch I shrink, and sink
To slumber deep.
I see and join a peopled world;
I laugh and weep.
I fly over wave, and climb the steep.
A moment more—the empty room
And I am here; and all is gloom,
And strange chills o'er me creep.
But reason tranquilly assumes
Magic in brain,
To climb the steep, hover the wave
And rove the plain.
Search and belief beyond, are vain,
And but a thresh of grainless straw.
Space slips from Parsimony's law;
There, naught but void hath reign.
Yet, while I scan the darkened room
Nothing no sign,
I sigh self's yet unmeasured sigh.
As in the pine
In trance so subtle moves the air
The wildwood's deepest soul breathes there:
So, doth a human sigh divine
Life measureless and fair.
For something deeper than belief
Pervades the soul.
A moonlight knowledge neath the will.
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Which hypnotizes reason, and
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He holds the key to all the great emotions;
Till he unlocks them none can understand.
Not till we walk with him on lofty mountains
Can we quite measure heights; And, oh, sad truth!
When once we drink from his immortal fountains
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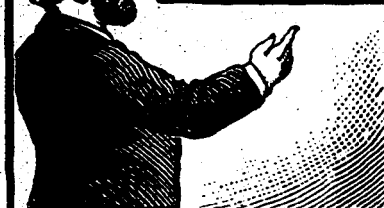
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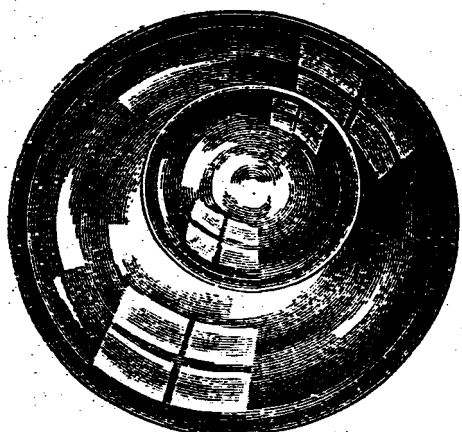
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Phyllis, since I can't depict your
Charms, or give you ought but fame,
Will you be yourself the picture?
Will you let me be the frame?
Whose protecting clasp may bind you
Always—

"Nay," cried Phyllis, "hold,
Or you'll force me to remind you
Pictures must be framed with gold!"

—LIFE.

THE CHRYSALIS.

My cocoon tightens, colors tease,
I'm feeling for the air,
A dim capacity for wings
Degrades the dress I wear.

A power of butterfly must be
The aptitude to fly,
Meadows of majesty concede,
And easy sweeps of sky.

So I must baffle at the hint
And cipher at the sign,
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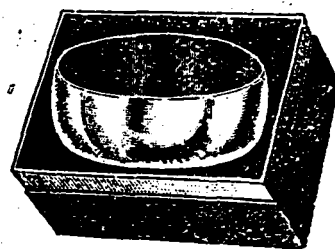
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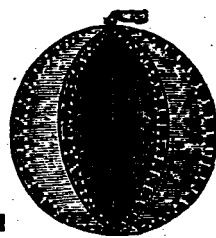
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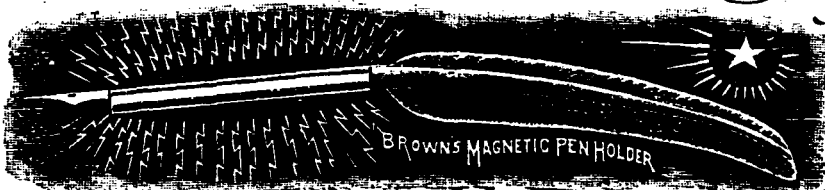
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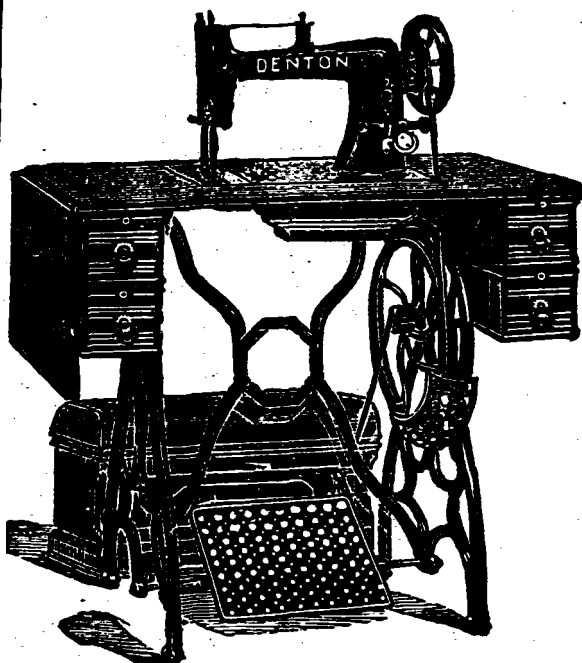
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This well attested account of spirit presence created a wide-spread sensation when first published in the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Over fifty thousand copies were circulated, including the Journal's publication and the pamphlet editions, but the demand still continues.

To those familiar with the marvellous story, it is

NO WONDER

the interest continues, for in it on indubitable testimony may be learned how a young girl was

SAVED FROM THE MAD HOUSE,

by the direct assistance of Spirits, through the intelligent interference of Spiritualists, and after months of almost continuous spirit control and medical treatment by Dr. Stevens, was restored to perfect health, to the profound astonishment of all. So far transcending in some respect, all other recorded cases of a similar character, this by common acclaim came to be known as

THE WATSEKA WONDER.

Were it not that the history of the case is authenticated beyond all cavil or possibility of doubt, it would be considered by those unfamiliar with the facts of Spiritualism as a skillfully prepared work of fiction.

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for general distribution, it is UNEQUALLED; and for this purpose should be distributed industriously, generously, persistently far and near.

The present issue is a superior edition from new stereotype plates, printed on a fine quality of toned paper, and protected by "laid" paper covers of the newest patterns.

The publisher has taken advantage of the necessity for new plates, and with the courteous permission of Harper Brothers, incorporated with the case of Lurancy Vennum one from Harper's Magazine for May, 1880, entitled

Psychical and Physio-Psychological Studies.

MARY REYNOLDS,

A CASE OF

Double Consciousness.

This case is frequently referred to by medical authorities, and Mr. Epes Sargent makes reference to it in that invaluable, standard work, The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism, his latest and best effort. The case of Mary Reynolds does not equal that of Lurancy Vennum, but is nevertheless a valuable addition. The two narratives make a

SIXTY-PAGE PAMPHLET.

Price, 15 cents per copy. For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago.

IS IT TRUE

That Character can be Read from Heads and Faces?

THAT is an important question. If one cannot tell anything from the Heads and Faces of the meets he need never scrutinize them, he need never notice wherein one may differ from another.

But we all do it.

There is no disguising that fact.

Somehow we catch ourselves saying of a certain individual: "I don't like his looks." "There's something about his face that makes me suspicious."

Hardly any time is required to enable one to distinguish marked differences in persons. Thus the casual reader of this does not need to be told that the person represented by Fig. 1 is intelligent. Many have had experience enough in the world to say: "He shows it in the appearance of the head and face." Who would class Fig. 1 as a malefactor, or Fig. 4 as pious and worthy persons? Would they not instinctively recognize depravity in Fig. 2, and the goodness in the countenances of Fig. 1 and Fig. 3.

No man needs to be told that Fig. 5 is fond of fun and takes his part cheerfully in making it. In the same way the novice would say of Fig. 4: "She looks bright." There is a keenness and clear-cut look to her face that carries at a glance the conviction that she knows something.



FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.



FIG. 3.



FIG. 4.

The person interested in the study of Heads and Faces and who is not, might in time ascertain for himself what all the peculiarities mean that are observable in the cuts but life is too short for every person to become an individual investigator and discoverer. He must trust the investigation and conclusions of some one else.

There is a house in New York City, on a prominent street of that city, that has kept itself in existence for over fifty years and made money simply on its claimed ability to read character.

There must be something to their claims, and if any doubt existed it would have been cleared away a few days ago, when a man who had had his head examined when a boy, walked into their office and had an examination and delineation of his grandchild. A man must be pretty well satisfied with a thing that he will commend to his children's children.

It is such facts as these coming to a man's knowledge that must convince him, if indeed he entertains any doubt of it, that there are persons in the world who can read character to such an extent as to make the work of value in every-day life.

The firm mentioned, Messrs. Fowler & Wells Co., are known not only in the United States, but throughout the world as the leading publishers of works relating to human nature.

But it is of "Heads and Faces; How to Study Them," one of their more recent publications to which we wish to call attention.

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Any one who desires a copy of the book without sending in subscriptions to THE JOURNAL can have it at the regular advertised price, \$1, and it is well worth it.

JOSEPH P. HAZARD.

The pioneer Spiritualists are rapidly following one another to the Summer Land. Joseph P. Hazard has gone, having departed on January 19th, at the ripe age of eighty-five. He was a traveled, cultured gentleman of wide experience in Spiritualism. He differed widely from his brother Thomas R., being better poised and having a wider intellectual grasp. Ever after the transition of his brother, Joseph P. was a reader and correspondent of THE JOURNAL; and without alluding to the vindictive course of Thomas toward the paper was continually giving us the best evidence of his friendly sympathy with our work, and regret for the unreasonable and fanatical conduct of Thomas. Joseph P. Hazard was born in 1807 at Burlington, New Jersey, and passed to the higher life from his home at Peace Dale, Rhode Island.

A NEW WORK ON CONSUMPTION.

Dr. M. L. Holbrook, Editor of the *Herald of Health*, New York, announces for immediate publication a work on the Hygienic Treatment of Consumption. This work has been in preparation many years, and would have been given to the public a year earlier but for the great interest felt at that time in Professor Koch's methods, which the author believed false in principle, and which he declares have already met their fate. It is written mainly for the patient, as the author believes he can, under most circumstances, do much for himself, and also cooperate with his physician at the same time. No mention has been made of medicines, as at most little benefit can be derived from them, and a reliance on their supposed virtues is sure to attract the patient from the remedies here recommended, which are hygienic in their nature, and which will be commended by physicians of all schools, simply because they are rational and natural.

That George Cole, of Brooklyn, who has been for years proclaiming himself a medium through whom spirits answered sealed letters is an arrant knave and unconscionable pretender, THE JOURNAL does not hesitate to declare; and furthermore, stands ready to prove in the courts of New York. In the face of this declaration no doubt Charles R. Miller and other zealous camel-swallowers will continue to testify to Cole's honesty and powers; but is it not about time that Brooklyn Spiritualists served an injunction on these promoters of fraud and ruled them off their rostrum.

In these days when bacilli and microbes are heard from on every hand and nearly all diseases are attributed to these rapacious enemies of man, a subscriber advises that a trial be made of a spore killer manufactured by Mrs. L. B. Hubbell, 272 Franklin street, Norwich, Conn. THE JOURNAL has known of this lady for years through correspondence and believes in her good faith.

Dr. EUGENE CROWELL has our thanks for a splendid new cabinet photograph of himself. The picture shows the ripened spiritual culture and that peaceful, happy expression which should come to all with mature years. Dr. Crowell is now seventy years old, and has given more time to the methodical investigation of spirit phenomena than any other man in America.

On the point of going to press we have the pleasure of announcing the arrival in Chicago of Dr. Richard Hodgson the able and untiring manager of the American Branch of the English Society for Psychical Research. Dr. Hodgson is here to make a study of some remarkable cases which promise findings invaluable to psychical science.



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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Psychical Phenomena,
Free Thought and Science.

The crowded condition of the JOURNAL'S advertising columns precludes extended advertisements of books, but investigators and buyers will be supplied with a **CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST** upon application.

JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago, Ill.

THE RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

TRUTH WEARS NO MASK, BOWS AT NO HUMAN SHRINE, SEEKS NEITHER PLACE NOR APPLAUSE: SHE ONLY ASKS A HEARING.

ESTABLISHED 1865.

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 13, 1892.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 2, NO. 38.

For Publisher's Announcements, Terms, Etc, See Page 16

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

LEON DENIS, the author of "Après la Mort" (After Death), has been lecturing at Toulouse to audiences composed of all classes of people, among them many scholars, magistrates and men of note, with great satisfaction to them, on "Materialism and Spiritualism in History," and on "Spiritism in Science."

AN ingenious scientist has started the inquiry: "Do the lower animals play games?" and he is rather inclined to answer it in the affirmative. He has been at considerable pains to collect evidence that birds can play hide-and-seek with each other. If he will confer with some gentleman who has tried to catch a kitten for the purpose of ejecting it from the house at night he will secure indubitable proof, says a writer, that cats can play horse with a man and display wonderful intelligence and zest in the pursuit of the pastime.

THERE is at this time in the Ophthalmic Institute at Namur a very curious subject—a young man of fifteen years of age who has just had a cataract with which from birth he was afflicted, removed. Nothing is more singular than the astonishment which he manifests at the view of different objects shown him; entire nature for him is a veritable revelation. He had naturally no idea of colors; so the red, the green and the blue excite his admiration and curiosity. He has as yet no notion of distances. He sees, but will have to learn to see like a child who is learning to walk.

ACCORDING to a communication from Alliance, Ohio, the Ohio Confederation of Spiritualists is making a strong effort to raise \$25,000 with which to purchase 210 acres of land, including Lake Brady, a popular summer resort, lying in Portage County, about fifteen miles north of Alliance for a permanent headquarters. Bonds have been issued for the amount required, of which \$15,000 has already been sold. When purchased, the association propose building a hotel that will accommodate 1,500 guests, and a number of members of the association have already signified their intention of erecting cottages. If the project is successful the name of the society will be changed to "Lake Brady." If the purchase is made the deed for the property will be retained by the society and lots will be leased to individuals for ninety-one years.

THE Ladies' Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal church, at Tekonsha, Mich., has evidently very enterprising managers. This society arranged for the marriage of the chief magistrate of the village to a lady who is the chief milliner of the town. Twenty cents was the price fixed by the ladies for a ticket of admission to the show and long before the curtain was rung up standing room was at a premium. Such a crowd, according to reports published in the papers, was never before seen there. "Promptly on time Rev. E. F. Newell and the blushing pair appeared under a flower circle, the bride in gray serge and velvet, the groom in a spiketail and a diamond shirt-stud, with the extras. The groom tips the scales at 210 pounds, the bride at 170, and the Rev. Newell took but a few

minutes to weld the twain into one, 380 pounds heavy. This a second venture for both in fields matrimonial, the lady already possessing one child, and the gentleman four. The box-office reports the affair a howling success. The pair will settle down to house-keeping at once."

The will of the late Rev. John Douglass, a Presbyterian minister and also an attorney at law, was filed at Pittsburg recently. The following occurs in the instrument: I leave no debts. I direct and positively order that the expenses of my funeral shall not exceed \$75, and that my coffin shall be made of plain boards, with no adornment. As I believe in the Lord Jesus for salvation and that men are saved when alive, it will not be necessary to hold religious services over my body. No monument of any material shall be erected over my grave.

THE principle embodied in the proposed Sixteenth Amendment, writes Hon. John Jay in the *Independent*, is the fundamental American principle of equal religious freedom, based upon the guarantee—to which both parties are pledged—of the complete separation of church and state. It is intended to protect that principle from encroachment by state legislation precisely as it is protected from Congressional interference, by the First Amendment to the National Constitution, by the voluntary surrender by the States, binding as a part of the constitutional compact, of all power to restrict the religious freedom of the people, or to tax them for the benefit of any church, religious denomination, institution, society or undertaking which is wholly or in part under sectarian or ecclesiastical control.

PROFESSOR Lombroso, of Turin, has been for some years collecting every scrap of writing by prisoners on the walls of their cells, on bits of stray paper and potsherds and broken dishes, etc., he could find. He has classified and studied them, and reports that he is utterly appalled by the horrors of debasement and degradation which this glimpse into the dark corners of the criminal mind reveals. Hardly ever is there seen the faintest expression of regret or shame. Usually the criminal assumes that his judges and the police and lawyers are worse than himself, his only error consisting in letting himself be found out. As a rule, he has but one hope—that of release, in order to avenge himself on society by further raids. Most of his effusions, we need not say, are unfit for publication. Next to the judges and police the chaplains appear to be the object of their bitterest scorn.

THE papers contain accounts of a boy in New Jersey Reform school at Jamesburg who has been made a ward of the state because it is not considered safe for him to be at large. He is only 6 years old but has the manners and the maturity of a young man of twenty and the mustache of a man much older. He is called by the medical men who have examined him a precocious baby and a wonder in more ways than one. His name is Herman Hoffer. He is more than four feet in height, has a nicely curled blonde moustache and can strike from the shoulder with the force of a sledgehammer. He can move a barrel of flour and lift easily a 200-pound weight. His parents have

found it impossible to control him. The boy is not only the admiration of his companions but the terror of the neighborhood. He can whip any boy in Trenton and occasionally amuses himself by playing David to the town Philistines. The parents were forced to appeal to Judge Robert S. Woodruff of the Mercer Circuit court to put him in subjection. He was examined by Dr. Horace G. Wetherill, who pronounced him a phenomenon and a remarkable case. The boy is now at Jamesburg and the wonder of the institution. He has not yet made any trouble. He is too deeply interested in his new surroundings. He is attending school, but his teachers have not yet reached a conclusion as to the trend of his mind.

According to *Anuali del Spiritismo* the Spanish spiritual periodical *El Criterio Espiritista*, published at Madrid, having heard of the wonderful powers of a medium, Dona Dolores Mas y Mas, a native of Crevillente, caused an investigation to be made by a reputable person who reported that she was the daughter of a physician and surgeon, married, and the mother of five sons. That at the age of thirty-seven she had been a student of the spiritist doctrine for fourteen years, and soon gave proof of her writing mediumship, and she soon developed clairaudience and mediumship for physical effects and trance speaking. Ten years afterwards was developed the phase of healing, and so powerful was it that the fame of the wonderful cures effected through her gift spread throughout the province. In accordance with the advice of her spiritual guides last June she transferred her residence with all her family to Yecla where a thorough propaganda is going on. Many are the cures which have been effected of diseased persons whose cases had been despaired of by the regular physician and recovery deemed impossible. She never refuses her aid to any applicant, simply making passes and furnishing magnetized water, all her services being gratuitous and done from pure charity.

THE death of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon removes from the Baptist ministry of England its most eminent preacher. His fame was world-wide. His father and grandfather were ministers before him. He himself was but nineteen years of age when he first appeared in the pulpit. Crowds were turned away, and soon larger quarters were had and he preached to congregations measured by thousands. His sermons were printed every week, and this gained a large circulation all over the world for them. At last the well-known Tabernacle was erected for him, and there he had ministered to large audiences for thirty years with ever-growing fame, notwithstanding his conservatism in doctrine. He held tenaciously not only to the old Baptist doctrines but to every text in the Bible in its literal meaning, and thus resisted every impulse toward progress or more rational interpretation. He always fought science and resisted its inroads on old-fashioned orthodoxy. Outside of the pulpit he did valuable philanthropic work which commanded the approval of all classes. He gave the surplus of his earnings to those in need. His sincerity, honesty and purity of life were above suspicion. He is mourned by millions, including those who have no sympathy with his theological teachings.

TRUTH FROM PAPER AND PRELATE.

The New Orleans *Daily States*, the editor of which is a Roman Catholic has severely criticized Cardinal Gibbons' recent letter condemning the Louisiana lottery, and also Archbishop Janssens for his open approval of the Cardinal's letter. The criticism is significant as showing how bitter has been the fight over the proposed State constitutional amendment designed to make the abolition of the lottery impossible except by the tedious process of amending the constitution of Louisiana. It is significant also as an indication of the increasing disregard of Catholics for the utterances of prelates of their church, especially when the utterances do not relate directly to matters of faith and church government.

The following from the *Daily States* article will show the spirit and attitude of the editor toward priests: "We have long since emerged from that base serfdom to priests and creeds which paralyzes all intelligent and moral vigor. The ignorant and superstitious still linger in that debased slavery, but this is an age of free schools and a free press, and men think and act for themselves. The history of human progress has shown the truth of all that we say. Not a step in that glorious march of science which has opened to us a real glimpse of the greatness, wisdom and glory of God has ever been made through the instrumentality of the Church, but to the contrary every step has been made despite the opposition, nay, the persecution of the church, both Catholic and Protestant. Can we have the free school and the free press if we have not free government—nay, if we have not a free Bible and a free pulpit. If the development of the physical sciences has made man happier and more comfortable, it is not because of a priesthood and a clergy inspired by God, but in spite of a priesthood and clergy that have clung to the last to every abuse and measure of despotism in society and government. All these institutions and blessings are results that have been wrought through the development of mankind in the mass operating under great and beneficent natural laws. In this truly inspired movement the church has never led. The church is now certainly an enlightened and blessed institution, but the age has enlightened the church, and not the church the age. Lottery dealing has been going on in Louisiana under all sorts of anti-lottery legislation for upwards of a hundred years. It is going on now in all sorts of swindling shapes, in New York, Boston, Chicago, and in fact in nearly every great city in the union, where the most stringent and anti-legislation exists, and let the clergy bear it in mind that in those cities it is just what Cardinal Gibbons describes it to be—a cheat, a swindle that deludes, robs and impoverishes its victims. It is carried on in Rome, the seat of the Papal throne. It is carried on in Germany, where the Protestants are persecuting the Jesuits and the Jews, and it is carried on, legally or illegally, in nearly every Christian country on the globe: but it is a luminous fact that where it is legalized under police regulation, as it is in Louisiana, it is robbed of its most pernicious effects."

Although the editor tells some wholesome truths in this instance the Catholic ecclesiastics are undoubtedly right in the position taken by them in condemnation of the Louisiana lottery corporation which is the gambling hell of Monte Carlo transplanted, so to speak, on the soil of the Creole State. The corporation has taken the lead in this country, under the cover of law, in swindling the poor, the unsuspecting, the credulous. The Louisiana concern exceeds in its exactions all other and preceding lotteries. It has twelve "grand" drawings every year. A writer in the *Forum* gives these facts: Two of the twelve are proclaimed as having each a capital prize of \$600,000. The other ten are more modest, contenting themselves with capital prizes of only \$300,000 each. For the two drawings with the larger capital prizes there are 100,000 tickets issued, at forty dollars each. In reality, since the tickets are divided into coupons at a dollar each, there are 4,000,000 tickets, upon no one of which is it possible to win more than \$15,000. The other way of putting it, however, sounds grander and proves consequently more delusive and enticing.

It is manifest that, if the company sells all its tickets for one of these semi-annual drawings, it takes into its coffers \$4,000,000. the money of other people. For the two drawings of this character, therefore, the proceeds of the sale of all tickets, if sold, must amount to the enormous sum of \$8,000,000. The same number of whole tickets, 100,000, is issued for each of the remaining ten monthly drawings; but now the whole tickets are divided into twenty one dollar coupons. The proceeds of these \$300,000 prize-drawings, if all tickets are sold, amount to \$2,000,000 each. For the ten, we have, therefore, the aggregate of \$20,000,000. It is seen by these figures that the company issues for its twelve monthly drawings tickets of the face value of \$28,000,000. The advertised lists of prizes in connection with these drawings are as follows: for the two, with capital prizes of \$600,000 each, 3,144 prizes, aggregating \$2,109,600. For the ten other drawing there are for each 3,143 prizes of a total value for each drawing of \$1,054,800. We have now the figures necessary to comprehend the scheme, as follows: Face value of tickets, twelve drawing \$28,000,000, total of prizes, twelve drawings \$14,767,200; remainder, representing gross profits, \$13,232,800.

A recent decision of the United States Supreme court which affirms the constitutionality of the anti-lottery act passed by the last Congress, to prohibit the transmission through the mails of letters addressed to a lottery and papers containing lottery advertisements, is a blow against the Louisiana lottery scheme and the lottery business generally, from which they will not readily recover.

When the above is already in type the announcement is made that the principal owner and director of the Louisiana lottery company has withdrawn his proposition for the re-charter of the company, and that even if the people vote in favor of amending the State Constitution so that the charter may be renewed, he will not give the required \$5,000,000 bond, but will wind up the company's business and retire the concern from the field when its present charter expires in 1894. The stockholders have made large fortunes out of the lottery in the past, but there is a strong public sentiment, increasing in force, arrayed against it and it is doubtful whether its future profits would enable it to pay the large license of \$1,250,000 a year which it offered for a renewal of its charter. The end of the infamous corporation in 1894 by the expiration of its charter will be cause for general satisfaction.

THE RELIGIOUS TRANCE.

The papers state that there is a great religious revival in progress in the Methodist Episcopal Church at Springfield, Ohio. The main cause of the deep interest and numerous conversions is the peculiar trance exhibitions made by a reclaimed backslider, W. H. Schuster. He has a trance every night. One evening he arose and stood like one riveted to the spot, looking up without visible movement and remaining in this position for an hour. It seems the Christian leaders quite are ready to attach religious and spiritual significance to the trance, when this phenomenon occurs in the church and makes converts to the dogmas and adds to church membership.

Another person, Mrs. W. M. Bashor, of Fredon, Pa., has been having strange trance experiences. To a representative of the press she said: "All that I saw and learned while my body lay helpless I do not now remember. It will come back to me as I dream and I shall also receive more light; and in future trances, or by some other means, I know the Lord will reveal much more to me. I do not know where I was, but I was not in heaven nor in hell. I caught a glimpse of heaven, though, and saw God. I cannot describe him, except to say that he appeared all light. All the time of my seeming unconsciousness he was making things heavenly known to me. It seemed a long time that I held this spiritual discourse with him. Hell I did not see. I saw my dead mother. She appeared as in life, even to her clothing. I could not reach her nor speak to her. The Almighty seemed to stand between us, but I know that before my death

I shall clasp hands with her in the spirit land. I saw also and recognized my little brother, who died before I was born. I did not see my father, but I expect to learn before long whether or not he is saved. I saw no other persons than my two relatives. The angels and saints were not visible, but I shall grow in faith until I see them, and until I can walk upon the water." Mrs. Bashor expects on her full recovery to address meetings and to exhort persons of her town to more godly ways. She will especially, she says, protest against the evil of showiness in dress.

The phenomenon of the religious trance from a psychological point of view is worthy of careful study. Undoubtedly what is believed and said in that state is very strongly colored by the religious convictions of the subject or from influences strongly impressed upon the mind from without. The religious atmosphere, so to speak, is very liable to determine the character of the visions experienced and the religious ideas advanced in the trance.

A REACTIONARY MOVEMENT.

Compulsory religious teaching, under the direction of the state is inimical to religious freedom and intellectual progress, but the German Emperor, who has so many reactionary tendencies as well as personal eccentricities, seems determined to compel parents in Prussia to make a choice of religions for their children from the assortment that has received his approval. The Sectarian Education bill recognizes certain creeds as having the state indorsement, the teaching of which is permissible in compulsory sectarian schools, to be assisted by the state. Other creeds are put under a ban, the Jews for instance, being required to send their children to Christian schools, as the bill takes no cognizance of the Hebrew faith.

The Roman Catholic religion is recognized, and it is upon the support of the Catholic party, in the lower House of the Prussian Diet, that the government mainly depends. The Catholics are acting solidly together in upholding the bill, and for this reason it has come to be looked upon as a Catholic measure. A bitter religious controversy is raging throughout Prussia, and it has been suggested that the Jesuits, now barred out of the kingdom, are to return as teachers in the schools. So far the debates have served only to intensify opposition to the bill. Dr. Virchow has denounced it as an attempt to set up a political religion in Prussia. Chancellor Caprivi has attempted to justify it on the plea that it will prevent atheism from gaining ground. Dr. Miquel, the Minister of Finance, has resigned, and other ministers threaten to follow his example if the bill becomes a law. The Kaiser is said to be obstinately resolved to push the measure to adoption.

The Grand Duke of Baden is reported to have written to the Kaiser, warning him of the grave consequences of religious coercion, which might result in a popular uprising. This is not an improbable view. This attempt to drill the Prussians in public worship as they are drilled in military service is contrary to the spirit of the age and the opposition it is receiving is creditable to the people of Prussia and a favorable sign of the times.

AN AMERICAN HEALER IN BELGIUM.

Le Messager, of recent date has an account of an American who has been making a sensation in Belgium and Holland by his cures. The *Journal de Liege* humorously sets him off as "The most astonishing thing in the world, the most surprising, most marvelous, most astounding, most unheard of that was ever seen—Sequah! Sequah heals rheumatism. Sequah gives liberty of limb to the miserables who have been fastened for years to their chairs or condemned to use of crutches. Yesterday a miserable man frightfully affected was lifted on to the platform from the back of an assistant. He swallowed the internal remedy which an Antwerpian gave him. Taken into a side room and in the presence of a dozen witnesses rubbed by Sequah with Indian oil, he returns to the platform and to the joyous strains of music from a band delivers himself up to the most disorderly acrobatic

style of dancing to show his cure. The friendly public applauds. The unfriendly asks what it proves, etc. The savants are asked by the kindly disposed crowd whether even the momentary recovery of the use of one's limbs is nothing of a result? If the joy experienced by the unhappy fellows is nothing? If he dies? Ah well! one less on your conscience, Messieurs les savants!" *Le Messenger* adds: The representative of the house of Sequah presents himself to our view as a charlatan; he has a troupe of musicians singularly dressed who drive through the city a gilded chariot harnessed to four horses he himself having on a Mexican costume. Like every body else we were present at some of his public manifestations or lectures followed by practical demonstrations and the results obtained astounded us. It was December 12th, three days after his arrival. After announcing that he would furnish treatment to whomsoever would apply who would trust him, they lifted on to the platform a laborer of our city afflicted with rheumatism for five months and incapable of labor. At the end of a quarter of an hour of treatment he appeared throwing away his crutch, and leaped down from the platform and ran through the hall to attest his cure. At the evening séance we saw carried on to the platform an inhabitant of la Rue Severin, who had been for two years incapable of walking without the aid of crutches. After a treatment of twenty minutes he came before us walking without crutches. He even danced with Sequah on the stage. Sequah does not talk anything but English. He is assisted by an interpreter, a physician and a pharmacist; these last deliver the medicines to conform to the law, the healer not being of the medical profession. On December 24th, he exhibited ten men who had been afflicted and whose cure was thus confirmed. The healer asked the crowd whether he should continue and he was requested by the immense crowd to keep on affording them opportunities for cures.

SALOONS AND SUNDAY OPENING.

Doubtless the great mass of people who are in favor of closing the World's Fair on Sunday sincerely believe that keeping it open on that day would be a desecration of the Sabbath, or at least against the best moral as well as material interests of the country. But there are many who are actuated in their energetic efforts for Sunday closing by less disinterested and less worthy motives. For instance, one class in Chicago, the saloon-keepers, frankly say that they are opposed to Sunday opening because it would injure their business. Says the *Chicago Tribune*:

"The American Secular Union of this city is endeavoring to have the World's Fair kept open Sunday. Seeing the saloonkeepers working on that day it imagined foolishly their sympathies would be with it in its labors, and hence appealed to them for aid. Much to their surprise the saloon men said that they were heartily in accord with the movement to close the Fair Sunday, which so many clergymen have been conspicuous in advocating, because if it were open their business would suffer. The sellers of beer and whisky are keener-sighted than those ministers who have said that the opening of the World's Fair to visitors Sunday—the machinery being still—would make that day one of riot and drunken revelry. The saloonkeepers know that if visitors and citizens did not have a chance to go to the Fair the consumption of liquor would be increased enormously and that those who otherwise would look at pictures and delicate fabrics and the fine work of the jewelers would haunt the bar-rooms. The preachers who want others kept away from the Fair because they do not wish to go, are to be congratulated on their new allies. It is to be hoped that when they see the saloonkeepers rallying to their side so enthusiastically they will begin to ask themselves whether the policy which secures them such friends must not be a mistaken one."

The clergy ought to see that the interests of morality will be promoted rather than impaired by a great exhibition on Sunday of the products of science, art and industry—an exhibition which can be witnessed by those who toil through the week, includ-

ing such as have unattractive homes and are easily drawn to drinking places when they are not at work. Why not drop theological prejudices long enough to take a view of this question in the light of practical common sense.

HEAVENLY RECOGNITION.

In a sermon on the subject, "Shall We meet and Recognize One Another After Death," Rev. William Greenough, pastor of the Cohocksink Presbyterian church, as reported in a Philadelphia paper, said he found intimations in the Bible that there would be reunions and recognitions after death, and he thought there were strong reasons for such a belief. His text was "Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth are named."

The Apostle spoke of the progress of the gospel among the Gentiles, who, by their faith in Christ, were constituted one family with the Jews. This family, he said, is in heaven and earth, and consequently one. The idea of a family, is knowledge, affection and communion. The proof that this heavenly recognition exists is that death does not destroy the faculties of the soul, and, as we have known each other on earth, it is fair to believe that we shall recognize one another in heaven. There is nothing in the character of heaven to forbid such thought; the native home of angels and a gathering of the redeemed. This, he continued, does not forbid the idea of recognition but rather justifies it, for as we have been united in Christ here we shall be there. Speaking of death Paul said "to depart and be with Christ is far better than life," and this could not be if the communion of saints, which he had so fully enjoyed in this life, should cease after death. The positive proofs that we shall recognize one another after death are, first, that it is a universal belief and a general desire of all nations and they have expressed this faith and cherished this desire. Secondly, the nature God has given us, which is a social nature, leads us to so believe. In the teachings of the scriptures Jesus says "they shall come from the East and West, North and South and sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob." Recognition and communion is such a feast. The parables of Jesus teach this truth, as they illustrate the progress of his kingdom, which is a gathering out of believers and their union in one body. Whether "unbelievers" will recognize one another Mr. Greenough does not state, but the probability is that they will and that there will be no such separation as his narrow creed teaches. Heaven without many of those who are called unbelievers would be without many of the noblest and purest men and women the world has known.

THE Woman's Christian Temperance Union held a spirited meeting in Union Hall, Evanston the other day to protest against the recent decision that liquor is to be sold on the World's Fair grounds. Mrs. J. B. Finch presided and made a short address. John Singleton said some strong things about the action of the directors of the Fair. The Rev. Mr. Axtell and the Rev. H. A. Delano also made stirring addresses. Miss Francis E. Willard and Lady Henry Somerset were present and gave their views on the subject. On the motion of Miss Willard, Mrs. Finch, the Rev. H. A. Deland, Rev. Mr. Axtell, and Mr. John Singleton were appointed to draw up resolutions embodying the spirit of the meeting, which will be sent to the directors of the Fair, protesting against their action and begging that it be rescinded. But it should be remembered as the *Chicago Inter-Ocean* says that the Columbian Exposition is to be a World's Fair, all nationalities being invited and that throughout Europe wine or beer with one's meals is as common as tea or coffee at meals in this country. To ask Europeans to come here and then refuse to allow them to use their customary table drinks would be preposterous barbarism. It would be like forcing the average American men and women to drink nothing except cold water with their meals. How would an American like to be obliged to forego his customary breakfast coffee. Still harder would it be on the average American woman to deprive her of tea. If Paris had forbid the exposition restaurants to serve

either tea or coffee the American press would have lifted up the voice of protest and indignation. Throughout Europe wine is served at the public dinner table as freely as ice water is here, without waiting for the order. The customer pays for it whether he drinks it or not, precisely as he does here at an ordinary hotel for the regular meal, whether he eats what is set before him or leaves it untouched. No intelligent foreigner expects that free wine custom to prevail in this country where, as a rule, wine is not drunk at the dining table, public or private, but he does expect to be allowed to get it on order at the public table. To be invited to Chicago and then be denied that privilege would be taken as a positive insult. The idea of allowing what the statute books of Illinois term dramshops within the limits of the Fair was never for a moment contemplated by the management. It is to be hoped that the newspapers which have misled their readers on this point will have the fairness to make the amende honorable.

MONCURE D. CONWAY in a lecture before the Philadelphia Ethical Society on a recent Sunday said that Thomas Paine was the first advocate of the emancipation of the colored race, and his pamphlet on that question, published in April, 1775, was followed thirty-five days afterwards by the formation of an anti-slavery society. He sought to prevail upon his intimate friend, Thomas Jefferson, to have inserted an emancipation clause in the declaration of independence, but the plan was successfully opposed by slave-owners in the Northern and Southern States. It was he who penned the proclamation of emancipation in Pennsylvania setting free all the people held in bondage in that state. As founder and editor of the *Pennsylvania Magazine*, he attacked the practice of duelling, denounced the ill-treatment of the brute creation, saying that "kindness to animals is faith in God," and eloquently urged the elevation of womanhood. Although as a Quaker he would not resent a personal indignity, when the life of an infant Republic was at stake he shouldered his musket in defense of this country. Seven years before Fitch's efforts had resulted in failure, Paine had exploited the possibility of propelling boats by steam power, and Fulton, in his attempts in the same direction, had often asked his advice. He earnestly labored to utilize the explosive force of gunpowder as a benefit to mankind rather than a destroyer of human life by employing it as a motor in which he was partially successful.

THE deaths of the winter have been so numerous, writes Arlo Bates from Boston, that one has almost ceased to keep the death roll, but when a man like Dr. Henry Ingersoll Bowditch is taken away it is impossible not to make at least a passing note of the respect in which he was held both for his professional attainments and for his personal virtues. Dr. Bowditch was of so advanced an age that his death was to have been expected, and he had for a long time been ill, but death emphasizes a loss in which the public had acquiesced perforce by his gradual retirement. They carried out and buried a good and a noble man when he was borne to his last resting place.

THE great scientist, St. George Mivart, author, lecturer and profound student, owed much to Cardinal Manning's appreciation of his value, says the *Boston Budget*. For when Prof. Mivart avowed his belief in the evolution theory, he was persecuted by a host of fanatics, and the charge of infidelity, so often started on slight pretences, was brought against him. Cardinal Manning gave him the defense of his magnificent and influential confidence, and as a result Mivart was made Doctor of Philosophy at Rome, and called to the chair of Philosophy in the University of Louvain.

JESUS was little thought of, says an exchange, when John Calvin framed his scheme of salvation, and has been little thought of at any time when creeds have been made. It is cheering to find in the very stronghold of religious fatalism a recognition that the nominal founder has a right to be considered.



A MATTER OF MAGNETISM.

By JULIA SADLER HOLMES.

O Infallible One, since thou art the author of all the siddhi, (super human faculties), attend, bestow upon us thy divine gifts.

1. Anima—the power to atomize the body, to make it become the smallest of the smallest.

2. Mahima—the power to magnify one's body to any dimensions.

3. Laghinia—the power to become lightest of the lightest.

4. Garina—controlling the body that it may attain such heaviness as to weigh a ton or acquire such levity as to be like a flake of cotton in lightness.—*Yoga Philosophy by Tookaram Tulga.*

The signs of those that are inspired are multiform; either the body is seen to be strongest or increased in bulk, or to be borne along sublimely in the air, or the contraries of these take place about it.—*De Mysteries Imblichus.*

Ida of Lourain, seized with an overwhelming desire to present her gifts with the wise men to the child Jesus, received on the eve of the Three Kings, the distinguished honor of being permitted to swell to a terrific size and then gradually return to her original dimensions. On another occasion, she was gratified by being thrown down in the street in an ecstasy and enlarging so, that her horror-stricken attendant embraced her to keep her from bursting.—*Acta Sanctorum.*

In the thirteenth century, Ida would have been hanged with the martyred witches whose "bodies were now blown up like a barrel without bursting, then again were drawn in as if they were totally gone, and as suddenly again puffed up like a pair of bellows and with the loudest noises, as if struck, moved up and down and swelled again." In our day she would have gone to Europe, been received in the best society with our electric sister from Georgia, or our famous American medium D. D. Home who rose to a stature of seven feet in Mrs. S. C. Hall's parlor, floated out of Lord Adair's window, and then went off to Russia and married a countess. Ida might not have married a count, but she would have been considered "an interesting subject." We should have talked about her "super-normal powers" her "sub-conscious self," and "multiform personality," and THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL would have endorsed her as a medium for "genuine manifestations. Some of us would have said, "O yes, there's something in it; tables move, chairs hold fast, pianos rise, the human body is shortened and lengthened and lightened and strengthened, sounds are heard, lights are seen, hands touch us from somewhere, and voices whisper from nowhere, and things do happen; they have been happening from the beginning, and they will happen to the end, but they are matters of course in a natural order of things, probably "a mere matter of magnetism." And so we should dismiss our interesting subject with a wave of the hand and a sweeping assertion.

The signs of the inspired may be "multiform," but they are certainly uniform, constantly occurring and recurring, and therefore must be governed by unalterable law. What is this law? What relation do the experimental facts of magnetism bear to the phenomena of Spiritualism? We find some important discoveries in magnetism have been made of late years, and some knowledge has been gained as to the molecular changes produced by the magnetic condition. Mr. Joule has shown that a bar of iron in being magnetized increased in length while its breadth diminished and that the elongation is proportional to the square of the developed magnetic intensity. Prof. Tyndall refers to analogous effects, and gives a simple illustration. He says a strip of glass six feet long, two inches wide and a quarter of an inch thick is held at the center between his thumb and finger. He sweeps over one of its halves a wet woollen rag; you hear an acute sound due to the vibra-

tion of the glass. What is the condition of the glass while the sound is heard? This: its two halves lengthen and shorten in quick succession. Dr. Priestly, the eminent electrician, during his experiments on the effects of explosion through metallic substances, found that a chain was actually shortened after the charge of a battery, and Mr. Brooks also succeeded in shortening a wire one inch and a-half, or one eighth of its whole length. A young lady tells me that the latest "society fad" is the magnetized arm. The belles and dames submit to a certain manipulation, or electrifying process which leaves the arm puffed, and temporarily enlarged, "blown up" for the occasion like the witches of history.

Through this juggle of superstition and science, this jumble of martyrdom and vanity we dimly discern a vital truth founded upon the "bottom facts" of nature, and we ask Prof. E. D. Cope or Dr. Elliot Coues to look into this "matter of magnetism" and tell us all about the "something in it." What relation has Ida to the witch, or the witch to the belle, or the belle to the "Georgia girl," or the oriental devotee to the modern medium and what have they all to do with the glass and the bar, the wire and the chain.

Shade of Cotton Mather, appear and answer!

THE LAW OF INFLUX.

By M. C. C. CHURCH.

There is but one life; and all that is, is but the manifestation of this one life. Man is its brightest expression for man holds within him-herself all that is below him—mineral, vegetable and animal; and all that is above him—the angel and the God. He is the central miracle of the universe. He is the microcosm of the macrocosm. He is the fullest expression of Deity and when taken in his entirety in all worlds and states he-she is "God manifest"—manifest "in the flesh." This thought is as old as Asirianism—from which religion, all religions, are derived. Modern Spiritualism puts it in different form, but it is the same old religion. Divinity in man is our way of perpetuating the ancient facts. It stands out through all the ages as the one great revelation under all dispensations. We cannot improve the formula.

What is the law of the life-current, or as Swedenborg calls, it the law of influx into all the forms of life? A proper understanding of this law is all important to a proper comprehension of man's relation to the Absolute, of the relation of the Absolute to man. Unless we realize that we are mere forms of life, receptive moment by moment, of the life influx, we become mere nature worshipers; or set up the ego as the idol—the ideal of all our conceptions of the one Supreme power. Here is the bane of all past cults.

Emmanuel Swedenborg was a revelator. He gave to humanity that which it never had before his day. Among a vast number of new truths which he was the instrument for conveying to the world was the making clear the law of influx. According to his statement all life proceeds from one centre. In its descent it is discretized into three degrees—called by him celestial, spiritual and natural—finding foothold or base in what he terms the sensual—corporeal on the external—in time and space conditions. In its ascent through the human—angelic—forms of life, made perfect in this ascent, the natural, spiritual and celestial heavens are the outcome and the fruition of this circuit of the divine life. On the topmost rung of this ladder stands the angel, the human made perfect. Beyond this is the sphere of the gods—the human glorified!

Man is soul, spirit and body. The soul is the inmost, encompassed with spirit, enveloped in a body. The soul is the true man—the inner man. Into this receptacle the divine current of life first finds lodgment unknown to the lower degrees of the circumferential man. The soul is the neucloid—the ego. It dwells in a realm proximate to the divine. From this point the divine influx descends to the ultimates of the body and there is reacted by the man in time and space in apparent freedom. The soul, the spirit and the inner body—which has its habitation in a shell of flesh and blood—are the three discrete degrees, generalized as

celestial, spiritual and natural, finding their base as before stated in the sensual-corporeal degree. Here is the make-up of each human unit—the form in which and through which is involved and evolved the divine life current. On these three planes there is an internal and external to each plane—one real, the other an "appearance"; beyond this Swedenborg was not permitted to go. Above the celestial is the divine in its degrees of altitude. From thence no revelation has come except hints of a great beyond where the true and good are stripped of all "appearance" and divinity, as it is in and of itself, is the one substance of all that is. Here is the abode of the gods—once men of flesh and blood as we are.

On each plane the celestial, spiritual and natural—the divine influx is reacted by the law of "correspondence"—so that by continuous degrees on each the life current passes to ultimates and is there reacted again from the plane of the external, and returns to the source from which it descended. This is the general law or *modus operandi* of the flow of all life in its manifestations—the law of immediate influx.

While the human atom is making its descent and ascent in the round of its finite existence it is in apparent freedom and hence to appearance is in disorder, especially whilst it is a denizen of time, getting the experiences of so-called good and evil—the foundation for the evolution of that full self-consciousness which dignifies the human soul or spirit with the attributes of godhood. To meet this apparent disorder Divine Providence has wisely supplemented its general law of order with the intervention of angelic and spirit ministration. There, too, this same Providence gives to angels and spirits the enjoyments which come from this ministration. Use is everywhere—on all planes of existence. Without use no angel, spirit, or human embodied atom can exist. Indolence, supineness and indifference are the curse of human existence—the "fall," if there is such an anomaly.

The operation of the divine life or influx through the mediation of angels, angelic spirits and spirits is called by Swedenborg mediate influx. It is through these media that the divine life is carried to meet all states of the lower atoms either in their descent or ascent. When they arrive at the state of godhood they are self-centered, self-conscious beings who in their identity with all other beings on the same plane are the divine wisdom and love manifested in its highest form. Beyond this exalted outcome of the once embodied human atom is the Inscrutable One—unknown and unknowable except in the highest unfoldment of its ever-working life—power!

Gods, angels and men give out what they receive from higher sources. In all states of existence—whether so-called "high" or "low" they are nothing more and nothing less than forms of life—forms for the Absolute to operate in and through. It is the operator; we are the operated upon. Hence at bottom there is universal order, universal harmony; no discord anywhere except in appearance. In a word all is supremely good.

OCCULT EXPERIENCES.

By MRS. ELBE M. TASCHER.

CHAPTER XI.

MORE SHREDS.

"But in this life

Of error, ignorance and strife,

Where nothing is, but all things seem,

And we the shadows of the dream,

It is a modest creed, and yet

Pleasant, if one considers it,

To own that death itself must be

Like all the rest, a mockery."—SHELLEY.

"It is useless to deny it," began Mrs. Eads placing her chair in the centre of our evening group where the light fell brightly on her cheerful face, and we saw that she held several newspapers in her hand. "This subject is before the public; great minds as well as we common folks," and she smiled around upon the attentive circle—"are thinking, talking, and writing of it. A few daring souls are telling the truths that are given them from beyond the veil.

Almost every day I see in the weekly papers—not Spiritualist papers—accounts of appearances supernatural. Within the last week I noticed three, all in different journals; I have them here, and with your permission will read them aloud. You will see they are very like the experiences we ourselves have related."

"Now," said Mrs. Eads, folding up the papers, "you have heard these three stories. Perhaps they are true, perhaps they are not. I do not see that either guess has the advantage nor does it prove anything but this: Such things are occurring, or they never would be thought of, dwelt upon, written, printed and eagerly read. Belief in spirit return is not modern though Spiritualism is thus named. We find many ancient narratives proving knowledge of this truth. The celebrated Wesleys are often quoted as having related experiences of this kind."

"Do not bring that up, Louise!" exclaimed the doctor somewhat testily, "They lived in very primitive days when ignorance and superstition prevailed."

"Why uncle," said Mrs. Eads struggling hard to keep her amusement from showing in her face and voice, "you do not think their ideas of religion nothing, because they lived in primitive times. Why denounce them for relation of facts, and convictions, in any other direction? But as I did not hear the Wesleys tell their story, I will confine myself wholly to my own personal experiences, adding only a few incidents that I believe as true, because related to me by the recipients who, I know, are quite as true-hearted as I, no more liable to mistakes or primitive foolishness. In illustration of this point, *i. e.* that belief in spirit return is no modern notion, I recall to mind an oft-repeated story of my grandmother's. She was a young married woman living in a new place on the coast of Maine. She had two children, the oldest, a beautiful little girl, four or five years old. The scarlet fever appeared and was fatal to nearly every child that took the disease. Among the victims was little Amelia, and her playmate, living next door. Grandma had been homesick in the new country, and felt the sudden loss of her lovely child very deeply, going every evening to her grave, where she gave herself up to uncontrollable agonies of weeping, calling, and entreating for some little sign that her darling yet lived. She had been accompanied in these melancholy excursions by the neighbor mother, who, though afflicted by a similar loss, was calm and practical. One evening grandma called for her friend but finding her detained by a visitor, went on alone, weeping if possible, more desolately than ever. As she went up the rising ground to the little grave she saw Amelia sitting upon it, she was dressed in a snowy night robe and looked perfectly natural. Spellbound poor grandma stood and gazed, finally rushing forward to grasp her, when, with a lovely smile the child pointing to the sky, vanished. My Aunt said that grandma often told this, averring to her latest day, that it was Amelia, and she knew that she came to reprove her immoderate grief and tell her she lived."

"Oh, yes," rejoined Miss Vale, "I know there is scarcely a family that does not possess, and believe sacredly some such tradition. A lady told me only yesterday that her mother died sixty years ago; a babe passed away with her. Four years later, a sister of hers, then in perfect health, was awakened one night by hearing the latch of the outer door fall heavily, as it did when the string was pulled by any one entering in the day time. She wondered who could be coming in the night, and why the latch-string was left out, it being customary to draw it in at dark, thus fastening the door. Lying still, listening, she heard footsteps coming through the wide old kitchen, and along the passage like some grown person, and a child pattering along beside them. The door of her bedroom was opened and in walked the dead sister leading a child about four years old. She spoke, and told the sister in the bed, that she had come to tell her she was soon to be with them, and then the mother and child disappeared. The sister told it in the morning, said she was not afraid. She died a few weeks after. "Of course either of these incidents can easily be called the result of excited imagination, dreams, or mere shadows, but the fact remains that

people are, and have been for many years, thinking of, and believing the same thing."

"It is all very strange," said the doctor, rising again and pacing the floor, "but to my mind superficial, belittling and trivial. That is, so weak."

"It seems to me," said Mr. Eads, suddenly emerging from a deep reverie; "it seems to me that there is nothing small or trivial, if we look at it correctly. It is morally insignificant, even in this world, whether the landscape surrounding can be described as grandly beautiful or meager and barren, all is subservient to the one principle. The soul. The immortal. To my mind golden streets and jasper walls mean simply a state of right, goodness, truth. Nothing can convey to us what is not recognizable through the physical senses. Thus, in a way, we can learn only what we knew before. When communications from assumed spiritual beings teach a God of science, of logic, of devoutest religion; teach a gospel of purity, of love, of steady labor and fidelity, they are in perfect accord with the highest conclusions of the intellect, the tenderest aspirations of the heart, the sternest dictates of the conscience. Why should they not be recognized? They demand recognition. "I cannot see," he continued, his fine face illuminating, glowing, as if from kindling flames within, "what in the history of the visible world forever bars it from conscious connection with the invisible world. Space has been overcome by spirits upon the earth. It is but a step onward from the savage to the beauty-builder or the saint. We believe there is a spiritual world. What is to hinder intercommunication? There is no inherent probability that pure spirit is incapable of discerning or influencing spirit not yet cleared from matter. Man knows, wherever you find him, that immortality exists within him. For the greater part he believes that it exists without him. The mutual relations of the two are but dimly discerned as yet, but are we not progressing? I believe that God never intended that the past should be the most important instructor of man. He placed the face so as to look forward, not backward."

"But," interrupted the doctor, continuing his walk, "I have always thought of the other world as a place of such divine sublimity. The visions of John and the elder prophets report it as far exceeding anything earthly thought can compass and this, this—" and he stopped before Mrs. Eads, dropping tremblingly into a chair by her side. "It seems terrible to me," he went on, nervously wiping his forehead upon which great drops of perspiration stood, showing the powerful conflict going on in his mind. "It brings the other world down so tame, I cannot believe it."

"But, uncle," said Mrs. Eads, taking his hand affectionately, "is it not just possible that your ideas of heaven would be just as unwelcome and distressing to multitudes, we will say the majority of people, as this is to you? To tell you the truth, it always did seem terrible to me to imagine myself eternally standing with a crowd around a great white throne, a crown on my head and a perpetual harp in my hand, and everybody shouting 'Holy! holy!' and all that. I do not like the idea of such a God, either, that delights in never-silent adoration. I saw a sermon by Talmage the other day that touched this point very pleasantly. I think I have the paper right here," said she, stepping quickly to the rack and drawing one out. "Yes. Now, uncle, let me read a few extracts from this. I think they will comfort you. The sermon is upon 'Employments of Heaven.' He says:

"Conversion does not eradicate the prominent characteristics of the temperament, neither will death. The reason that so many people never start for heaven is because they could not stand it if they got there, if it should turn out to be the rigid and formal place some people photograph it. We like to come to church, but we would not want to stay here till next Christmas. We like to hear the 'Hallelujah Chorus,' but we would not like to hear it all the time for fifty centuries. It might be on some great occasion it would be possibly comfortable to wear a crown of gold weighing several pounds, but it would be an affliction to wear such a crown forever. In other

words, we run the descriptions of heaven into the ground, while we make that which was intended as especial and celebrative to be the exclusive employment of the souls in heaven. You might as well, if asked to describe the habits of American society, describe a Decoration Day, or Fourth of July, or an autumnal Thanksgiving, as though it were all the time that way."

"There are many more thoughts in this sermon that are new and very comfortable. It shows, as I said before, that great minds are thinking, getting more liberal. There is a marked significance in all this, but then it isn't entirely new. Jesus continually told his disciples of the home of many mansions. Paul testified to the truth, telling marvelous tales of his being caught up into the third heavens and seeing things that it was not lawful for him to utter. What was the reason that he could not tell it? I suppose people were just the same as they are now, so skeptical and full of unbelief, that he knew it was no use to tell it. I see no harm in believing and saying that God's children are just as likely to be blessed with the gifts Paul enumerated, *i. e.*, healing, speaking and discerning of spirits, as in the days of Noah, Abraham, Ezekiel, Elisha, Paul, Peter and John."

"These were prophets of the Lord," interrupted the doctor, earnestly, "chosen and anointed of him for the holy office. It is sacrilege to compare the vulgar, superstitious rabble that call themselves seers to-day with those holy people of old."

"O, uncle! do forgive me if I say shocking things!" replied Mrs. Eads earnestly, "but do you really think that all those seers and disciples of old, if brought right before the public eye to-day, would seem so very majestic, and spotless? so far above people now living? Now do let us be candid, and just. If life is true and pure, what more can there be on earth, in Bible times, or these later days. I do not suppose those holy men of God always did exactly right as long as they were human, neither do we. Undoubtedly there are frauds, and deceiving people among Spiritualists. People that hold absurd, erroneous views; fanatics of every stripe, and hue; many that practice all sorts of wicked abominations, and deliberately cloak their mortal desires under the name of Spiritualism. Animalism, deception, and greed flourish, not only among believers in spirit return, but in all the churches. Do people throw away any Christian denomination because one minister runs away with another man's wife? lies, embezzles, cheats? Don't we all know many church members who do all sorts of wicked things? So do Spiritualists, so did Noah, Jacob, David, Peter and even Paul. In the sermon you spoke of having preached at the beginning of these talks, you said there was not a shred of evidence that any one, except Moses and Elias, ever did return, and that we dealt—in that—with a miraculous, and exceptional occurrence, and that the New Testament is the most unanswerable evidence that there is no highway of commerce between us and our dead, because of its silence on the subject. Is it silent? Can you think so! Dear uncle, did you never think of the little girl, Jairus' daughter? Where was her spirit! She was dead. The spirit must have been out of the body. The scriptures distinctly state that 'Her spirit came again.' Here is positive proof that a spirit existed, and was called back to its former tenement. If it was not out of the body, and by any chance Jesus knew it and pretended to raise her from the dead, he was a wicked impostor. He performed no miracle, and had no right to allow them to believe he had. The case of Lazarus is still more to the point. He lay in the grave four days, and the mortal garment worn by him so long, was wholly put aside and fast sinking to decay. Indeed! so far gone that they said 'He stinketh!' Yet Jesus called the spirit back to that body. Where was it? Somewhere Lazarus was alive and well and Jesus knew it, and called him to come back, and live in that old body awhile longer. If that does not prove the existence of man after death of the body, and the return of spirits to earth, I don't know what it does mean. It was not Jesus only who raised the dead, nor did he claim that it was because he was God. He plainly told his followers that if they

would only have faith; they could do even greater works than he did. All through the Bible, there are accounts of angel appearances, to the most common people, telling them of what we should call very common-place events. In one place it states that even an ass saw an angel, and talked right out to his master, who seemed to be more of a brute than his beast. They saw them, and walked with them, as in the case of Abraham, and Peter. They talked, and even ate with them, and thought they were men, until they vanished, 'and lo! they were angels!' Just the same, I know they return now. I think the accounts people give to-day of seeing their friends compare well with those of the Bible. Then, they dreamed dreams, and the spirits led them, and appeared in all sorts of places, and times. They honestly admitted the truths they saw, and heard. They were no more able to see these things at all times than are those possessed of clear vision to-day. The gifts of discerning, healing and speaking, did not save those possessed of them from sorrow, want, calumny imprisonment, or cruel death. Nor does it save people to-day from all the persecution the unbelieving and envious dare heap upon them. They had these gifts and exercised them when permitted, and I see no disgrace, sin, or blasphemy in believing and saying, that there are those who have the same gifts to-day, as when Paul preached, and the blessed Jesus walked the earth. Death of the body is sure to all. Then are we but leaves? No! No!" And her clear voice rose in a triumphant song. "Immortal life is ours. Gleams of glory often light the rugged war of this first existence. Angel faces from the eternal, shine on many mortals, and open prison doors of doubt, and unbelief just as they did for poor bewildered Peter of old."

[CONCLUDED.]

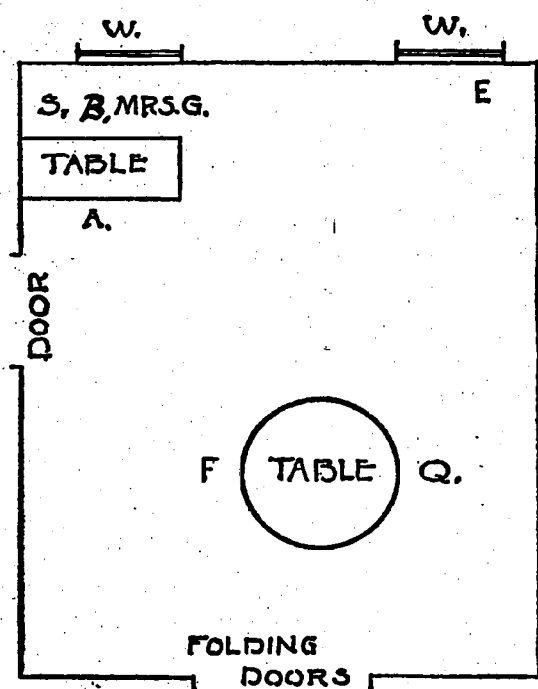
"INDEPENDENT" SLATE WRITING.

SITTING WITH MRS. MAUD JONES GILLET—TUESDAY,
JANUARY 12, 1892.

[The writer of the account published below has no superior in ability as an investigator and observer. Furthermore, his accuracy of statement is proverbial. It will be seen that he gives a dispassionate account of his observations. That the alleged medium is a shrewd, audacious swindler we have no manner of doubt.—ED. JOURNAL.]

Mr. C. had arranged for sittings at 2 p. m. for himself and friend, giving the names of Smith and Jones, but explaining that these were not the real names. We went at the hour appointed to 27 Worcester st., Boston, Mr. C. and myself each taking a pair of common school slates measuring about 10½ x 7½ inches.

I shall not attempt to describe the sitting in all its details, but will mention only such circumstance show how Mrs. Gillett performed her tricks.



Mrs. G. asked which person was to have the first sitting. Mr. C. replied that I would. She accordingly requested me to sit at chair A [the accompanying rough diagram indicates the relative positions of medium and sitters, etc.] and asked me to write my questions to deceased relatives on some pieces of paper which were lying on the table. I addressed three different persons, writing very legibly. Mrs. G. in the meantime was moving about in the neighborhood of the table and could easily see portions of what I was writing, which of course I did not make any special attempt to conceal. The table was very high and was covered with a cloth which reached nearly to the floor. There were eight small slates on the table when we entered the room. These Mrs. G. placed on

chair S. They were then invisible to the sitter at A.

[Mr. C. informs me that he proceeded to sit down on chair E, but Mrs. G. requested him to take the place F. He also tells me that Mrs. G. brought several more slates in from a back room under her arm and placed them on the chair S, while I was writing my questions.] I wrote three questions and folded each piece of paper twice. Mrs. G. took her seat on the opposite side of the table with her back to the window. She took up each of my pellets in turn and doubled it once more, holding her right hand as no person would hold it under such circumstances unless an object was concealed in it. This object was doubtless a folded piece of paper resembling my own pellets. After folding my pellets once more she took them all up together in her right hand for a moment and then replaced three pellets on the table. She then moved her hands from the table to a position over her lap. It was clear to me that she had substituted a pellet of her own for one of mine and had secured possession of one of my pellets.

Mrs. G. took two of her own slates, placed them on the table, sponged them on both sides, replaced them on the chair and made a noise suggesting that she had taken another slate in her lap. I here observed her looking down considerably as though reading or writing, or both. Mr. Gillett was in the room throughout the sitting, seated at Q. He talked a good deal, as likewise did Mrs. G. Mr. G.'s talking was especially useful at times when Mrs. G. was reading the pellets or writing surreptitiously. After a short interval Mrs. G. brought one of her slates again on to the table, sponged both sides and dried it with a cloth which she sometimes placed on the chair S and sometimes flung partly over her right shoulder. She then took a second slate and holding one side of it towards herself rubbed it as though cleaning it, then turned it over on the other side on the table, sponged the upper surface, dried it, placed a rubber band around the two slates, turned both slates over together and asked me to place my hands upon them. She then began to prepare two more slates in a similar way. In dealing with this second pair, after she had placed the second slate on top of the first, she lifted up the top slate—but so that its under surface was visible to her, not to the sitter—and pretended to take one of the three pellets on the table and put it between the two slates. What she did, however, was to bring the pellet up from below the table, take one of the three pellets on the table into her hand and place the pellet which she had brought up from below the table between the slates, keeping in her hand the other pellet which she had just taken from the table, and which was doubtless the second of my three pellets. She then put the rubber band around this second pair of slates, turned them over as before, asked me to place them in my lap with my left hand resting upon them, when after a short interval during which she touched the slates under my right hand once or twice and said that "they were at work," (and also apparently was engaged in reading or writing below the table, and also handled my pellets again as if to press the folds more tightly together, or on the pretense of "magnetizing" them, but really for the purpose of re-substitution) she told me to open the slates under my right hand, when of course I found writing on the upper surface of the under slate. This writing was to the effect that I should give the full name of the person to whom I addressed my question. One of the questions which I wrote was addressed to Fred, the Christian name alone being given, and this might easily have been seen by Mrs. G. when she was pacing around the table while I was in the act of writing my questions. Taking up my nearest pellet, probably the one just re-substituted, and opening it, I added Hyde to the name Fred.

In the meantime Mrs. G. was preparing a third pair of slates as before, her regular method being to clean both sides of one slate with the sponge, then to pretend to clean on one side of a second slate when in reality she only rubbed certain portions of this side with a dry cloth, or as on one occasion, with the ends of her dry fingers only. This second slate she then turned over on to the first and sponged the upper side of it, strung them together with a rubber band, and turned them over. In each case similarly, she brought up a pellet from below and placed it between the slates, as already described, pretending to take it from the table and place it between the slates.

Her procedure thus was to get one of my pellets below the table, read it and answer the question on one of her slates drawn from the chair at her side; this slate was one of the two afterward placed together, originally the upper one, then becoming the lower one, in consequence of the two slates being turned over, after she had put the rubber band round them. Just before putting the rubber band on, she placed the pellet between the slates, under cover of pretending to place there one of the pellets from the top of the table.

It may be worth mentioning that once at least during the sitting I heard a noise that sounded like writing; this was in the early part of the sitting before any

slates had been put together; the writing which comes between the slates purports to be produced without any sound and without any pencils being between the slates.

The replies to my questions indicated no more knowledge than could be gained from the questions themselves.

My own pair of slates Mrs. G. sponged thoroughly on both sides and they lay during the first part of the sitting on the corner of the table. While the third and fourth pairs of slates belonging to Mrs. G. were in operation, Mrs. G. again cleaned my slates, rubbed them with her hands a good deal on both sides, claiming that she had to "magnetize" them, and then she held them together with her hands and stood them up on their edges at her side of the table between herself and me. She held them in that position with her left hand and her right hand disappeared from view, and then I supposed that she was writing on her side of the slate more remote from me. She then turned the slates over on their edges so that they were standing on their short edges, previously they had been standing on their long edges, again her right hand disappeared from view. She turned them in this way again once more over on their long edges. I remember these three positions but was not sure about more. At intervals she would seize the slates with both hands and rub them round the edges for the purpose of "magnetizing" them. She appeared to make rather a display of her fingers in this operation as though to show that she had no pencil. Finally she laid the slates down flat on the table together. At this stage, if my supposition was correct that she had been writing, this writing was now on the under surface of the under slate; it was necessary, therefore, that this slate should be placed on top of the other. She proceeded to sponge the upper surface of the top slate; she then turned this over and sponged its under surface; she then drew the bottom slate out and placed it on top and sponged the upper surface of it leaving the under surface of it untouched; the writing was now on the under surface of the top slate. She then placed the rubber band round the slates, turned them both over together and leaned them against a statuette ornament which was on the table. In due course of time the slates were opened and there was the writing running in three different directions.

On one of her own slates, in addition to the reply to my question, there were some outlines of faces, etc. These drawings were doubtless prepared beforehand. Part of the slate appeared as if it had been rubbed over with slate pencil powder, and the outlines of the faces appeared in black lines on the white ground; the method used was probably that described in "Revelations of a Spirit Medium," pages 145 and 146—to wit:

Wash your slate clean, and with a pencil rub it all over until it is white, then with the ends of the fingers rub lightly until the powder is evenly spread. Now cut from newspaper or magazine the faces you desire to copy. You must not cut out the face on the lines, but cut a piece of paper with the face on it, leaving a margin of about an inch all around. Wet the side of the paper opposite the picture with the tongue, being careful to wet it evenly. Lay the paper on the slate, wet side down. Hold it firmly in place and with a round-pointed pencil trace over all the lines of the face putting a good pressure on the pencil. Now take off the paper, and when the slate dries you will find an exact reproduction or copy of the face on your slate. The picture is made by the powder on the slate adhering to the wet paper wherever your pencil touches and the surface of the slate shows where the powder is removed, making a black line through the white powder. Proceed as above until you have all the faces wanted on the slate, slip it in the slide on the bottom of your chair and wait for a "sucker."

After a short interval, Mr. C. took my place and I was requested to sit in the chair which he had occupied. During the brief interval between the sittings I moved across the room and looked at the top of the chair on the right of Mrs. G.; it was covered by the large cloth which she used to dry the slates.

When Mr. C.'s sitting was over, I again took the opportunity of looking at this chair; there were six slates on it and two more unused on the table. I had three of her slates in my possession with writings and Mr. C. had four, so that Mrs. G. had at least fifteen slates at hand. Her slates measure about three and one-half by six inches.

There seems to have been an attempt by Mrs. G. to produce different hand writings, but there are characteristic marks of the same hand throughout, even in the writing produced on my own slate which is badly done. Part of the writing on my slate is in blue crayon. The other writings appear to be with ordinary slate pencil. Mrs. G. sat in a rocking chair, and rocked it frequently. This rocking and Mr. G.'s talking were probably calculated to cover any chance noises she might make in opening the pellets or writing on the slates.

Mr. C. had written his questions at home on slips of

paper, but he tells me that Mrs. G. requested him to re-write them on the pieces of paper provided by herself, as it was necessary to use her "magnetized" paper. His paper was not white, and had ruled lines on it. Hers was white. The pellets on the table must of course resemble the one which she intended to use for substitution. It would be very easy for Mrs. G. to distinguish her own pellet from those of the sitter, either by some slight mark upon it or by folding it more tightly.

THE WORLD BEAUTIFUL.

After all, it rests with ourselves as to whether we shall live in a World Beautiful. It depends little on external scenery, little on those circumstances outside our personal control. Like the kingdom of heaven, it is not a locality, but a condition. It is a spiritual state, and depends on our degree of receptivity to the influence of the Holy Spirit. We have all of us met persons whose very presence is a benediction; who harmonize and tranquilize those about them, and with whom we feel on a higher and serenest plane. The world is distinctively and better for these benignant spirits, but such lives are not only to be enjoyed, not only to be recognized and appreciated, but to be lived as well. As the poet has it:

Be thou the true man thou dost seek!

If one admires the patience, the gentleness, the sweetness and unflinching energy of another, if he find himself renewed and invigorated and inspired by contact with such persons, why does he not become one himself, that he may bring renewal and inspiration to others? The truth is that the responsibility is on each and all of us to live an ideal life; to realize in outward action, in every deed and word, those qualities which we recognize as pertaining to the higher life. For it is these that produce the spiritual. And to live this higher life is to live in happiness—even in holiness. It is the life of peace and love and joy. It is the life of larger sympathies, and, as a result, of larger interests. The more liberal is the sympathy, the more is the interest of life extended, and the more extended is one's range of interests, the more does one multiply the means and resources of happiness.

There has been of late a new form of philanthropic work which is known by the general name of "college settlements." It is simply for one, or a group of individuals, to go into the poorer quarters of a city and take up an abode there, and be as a neighbor to the ignorant, the defective, the very poor, or the degraded. It is less a mission than it is a ministry—the natural and informal ministry of right-doing. It is to found a home which shall be a standing object lesson in better ways of living; which shall illustrate the beauty of order, of cleanliness, of gentle ways, of generous thoughtfulness, of friendly sympathy. The men and women who are doing this do not keep a house of correction, or a house of refuge, or an asylum of any kind. They keep a home. They do not go out into the highways and the byways to preach or to teach, ostensibly, but they endeavor to so order their lives as to constantly give the indirect teaching of example. Perhaps it is no exaggeration to say that to a greater or less degree they show forth the beauty of holiness. There is a twofold blessing in such living as this—it blesses him who gives and him who takes, and perhaps of all forms of humanitarian work it is the one best calculated to effect good results.

But if the larger number of people wait to make some specific change in life before endeavoring to realize their higher ideals in conduct, if a change of location and general rearrangement and readjustment of method and detail must precede the better living, then will it be more than likely to be indefinitely postponed.

Why, indeed, should not the principle of the college settlement be carried into living under the usual surroundings? Why not fill one's usual place in life, do one's usual work—meet the customary duties, pleasures, courtesies, only to meet them from new motives, to inspire these duties with higher purposes? It is not only the poor, the ignorant, or even the degraded, who need to have good done them, who need the sunniness of hope, the sweetness of content, the renewal of courage, the unflinching devotion of heroism. People are not necessarily rich in happiness, or in hope, because they live in more or less luxury of the material comforts and privileges of life. There is just as much need of the ministry of higher ideals to the comfortable as to the uncomfortable; to the intelligent as to the ignorant; to those who are reaching forward after truth and progress, as to those who are receding from them. There is a vast amount of enthusiasm in the world over helping the unfortunate and defective and degraded classes, and so far as this zeal is genuine and discreet, it is to be commended; but the righteous as well as the sinner; the moral as well as the immoral, the refined as well as the rude, are not altogether unworthy some degree of both private and public consideration.

Unfailing thoughtfulness of others in all those trifles that make up daily contact in daily life, sweetness of spirit, the exhilaration of gladness and of joy, and that exaltation of feeling that is the inevitable result of mental peace and loving thought—these make up the World Beautiful, in which each one may live as an atmosphere attending his presence.

Like the kingdom of heaven, the World Beautiful is within, and it is not only a privilege, but an absolute duty, to so live that we are always in its atmosphere. Happiness, like health, is the normal state, and when this is not felt the cause should be looked for, just as in illness the causes and conditions should be scrutinized and then removed.

Live in the sweet, sunny atmosphere of serenity and light and exaltation—in that love and loveliness that creates the World Beautiful.—*Lillian Whiting in the Budget.*

WAGE-WORKERS.

Carroll D. Wright says: In my judgment the condition of the wage-workers of the United States, viewed in all aspects, is better now than at any previous period in our history. There is a continual ebb and flow of the tide of general prosperity which for the time affects more or less the men and women who toil. For this reason it is not easy to make a comparison of a single year with another preceding or following it. But, taking a period of say twenty-five years and striking a general average, so to speak, we may reach a fair conclusion. Doing this we see a marked and gratifying improvement. Wages are higher, and while in some respects the cost of living is also increased, considering what a man gets for his money, the advantages he has of education, the general diffusion of intelligence and social enjoyment, the relative value of wages over the cost of living has materially advanced. A very important consideration is the fact that while wages have increased, there has been a general decrease in the hours of labor. Where this is taken into account the large compensation the artisan and the laborer receive for their time becomes even more apparent. The reduction in the hours of labor gives more time and opportunity for recreation and intellectual culture and these are potent influences in bettering the condition of the wage-earners. Comparing our own with foreign countries, it is an indisputable fact that the condition of the working people is immeasurably better. What is most demanded now, in my opinion, is a wise and just regulation—perhaps the word restriction would be un-American—of foreign immigration. Well-considered measures to this end would promote the interest of our wage-workers. What those measures should be I will not attempt to say. There has always been some legislation tending in that direction. This is in some degree experimental and may lead to something more tangible and definite.

I believe the era of strikes in this country for the present practically over. They have been expensive educators, exacting large tuition bills, but they have taught labor and capital each to respect the rights of the other. Much as they are to be deprecated they have not been an unmixed evil. They have had their part in working out the perplexing industrial problem.

CURRENT SUPERSTITIONS.

In Mansfield, O., many years ago it was generally believed that the seeds of "Job's tears," worn around the neck, would cure goitre, as would amber or gold beads. Up in New England teething children were presented with the same charm, which was kept at the drug stores to ward off sore throat and diphtheria.

In Michigan a double cedar knot is carried in the pocket to cure rheumatism, and in New Hampshire a man carried a gall from the stems of golden-rod for the same disease. A small white grub is in the gall, and he thought as long as the grub remained alive no rheumatism could get hold of him.

Hickory nuts, the buckeye, and its cousin, the horse chestnut, which brings good luck in New Jersey, are foes to rheumatism in other localities. Some people wear a strange ring made of a potato with a hole bored through it for rheumatism, and others carry a plain potato in the pocket. The charm is more potent if the potato has been stolen. Almost everything seems to have rheumatism-fighting properties, for in Southern Michigan a pebble in the pocket serves to ward it off.

A New Hampshire cure for sore throat is to wear about the neck a stocking, in the toe of which a potato has been tied. According to a Maine belief a nutmeg pierced and hung on a string around the neck prevents boils, croup and neuralgia. The effect of a Connecticut wooden nutmeg is unknown.

Among the negroes the most striking remedies are to be found. Witness the combination of cure and spell described under the name of "conjuring a tooth," in Alabama. Go into a lonely part of the woods with

one of the opposite sex, who is to carry an ax. The bearer of the ax chops around the roots of a white oak, cuts off with a large jack-knife nine splinters from the roots of a tree, then cuts around the roots of the aching tooth with the knife, dips each of the nine splinters in the blood flowing from the cuts, and finally buries the splinters at the foot of the tree from which they came. While doing this the operator repeats something you don't understand, which is a charm. From the same locality comes a curious remedy for chills and fever. Take the skin from the inside of an eggshell, go to a young persimmon tree three days in succession, and tie a knot in the skin each day.

On the eastern shore of Maryland biliousness is cured by boring three holes in a carefully selected tree and walking three times around it and saying: "Go away, bilious." In parts of Massachusetts it is thought that if a girl puts a piece of Southern wood down her back, the first boy she meets will be her husband. In Boston if a marriageable woman puts a bit of Southern wood under her pillow on retiring the first man she sees in the morning, so says the superstition, will be the one whom she is to marry.

THE THRASHING OF CHILDREN.

The dean of St. Paul's, London, with his quotations from Deuteronomy, should not be taken as an infallible guide in relation to the corporal punishment of children. In regard to thrashing the tender shoots of humanity, the profound and dignified dean says, in choosing between the extreme of mercy and severity, "I fear that I must unhesitatingly give the palm to severity; I wish it were not so. I wish I could believe that the contrary was the case, but I must speak as I have found it."

There is not a more cruel tyrant on earth than your arrogant, orthodox and aristocratic Englishman; at the same time it is true that there is not a gentler nor more kind-hearted one than a liberal and broad-minded Johnny Bull.

English parsons carried things with a high hand until their "cherub" wings were clipped by the voice of humanity. If they had their way, their peculiar ideas would be pounded into the common people with good stout hickory sticks, when argument failed. Boxing ears, kicking and cuffing poor little children is too common in England among certain classes. But we believe that children can be best taught and governed by kindness and firmness coupled with disciplinary tasks. There is something so repellant in the idea of striking a child, whose little system is undergoing that marvelous process of growth, which renders it susceptible to injury, that no person with any feeling in these days will think of doing it.

We shall be heartily glad when all the child-beaters in the world are quietly sleeping under weeping willows. Fox-hunting and aristocratic deans and vicars with a penchant for punching heads belongs to the past. We are going to bring up our dear little children with an administration of kisses rather than kicks, and the result will be that future generations of men and women will be less cruel and immoral than they have been in the past. History teaches that cruel creeds have made cruel people. Instead of blood and bruises, the future man is going to sing of love and beauty. The dean of St. Paul is not the only dignitary that would like to use the horsewhip in this age of reason and humanitarian progress.—*The Jury.*

THE great army of laboring men, women and children work six days in the week, and it is their right to have the public libraries of the world, institutions of art, science and harmless pleasure thrown open to them on Sunday, the only day that they have at their command, says the Bucyrus, O., *Forum*. The Knights of Labor, the greatest and largest body of organized workmen of the world, have already protested against threatened encroachments on their rights, by passing resolutions favoring the opening of our great Fair on Sundays. It would be just as reasonable to prohibit church lectures, marriages, funerals, buggy riding, pleasure walks, etc., on the first day of the week—in fact, to rehabilitate the Puritan blue laws—as to take away the people's day of liberty, called Sunday. The adherents of any one particular religion do not own this country. Jews, Mahometans, Buddhists, agnostics and materialists all have equal rights here. The believers of one cannot take to themselves one day out of seven and compel all others to treat it as they dictate. To permit it would be to establish a theocracy, the most objectionable of all despotisms. Christ rebelled against and rebuked practices similar to what these Sunday petitioners call for, and his disciples emphasized his teachings by journeying and plucking corn on the Sabbath. Bigoted intolerance on the part of Jewish magnates of 2,000 years ago gave rise to a more liberal and at the same time more rational religion, to supersede it, and the Christian policy of to-day may cause a repetition of history.



MY BOY.

I cannot make him dead!
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes—he is not there.

I walk my parlor floor.
And, through the open door,
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;
I'm stepping towards the hall,
To give the boy a call,
And then bethink me that—he is not there!

I thread the crowded street,
A satchell'd lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair;
And, as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye.
Scarcely believing that—he is not there!

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer:
Whate'er I may be saying,
I am, in spirit, praying
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there!

Not there? Where then, is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear,
The grave, that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked—he is not there!

He lives!—in all the past
He lives: nor, to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair;
In dreams I see him now,
And on his angel brow
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me there!"

—ANON.

Woman's position seems to be improving even in the centres of conservatism in the old world. When the Emperor of Japan gave a new constitution to his people in '89, he paid a tribute of honor to women by placing his wife beside him in public. In the school systems of Japan equal provision is made for boys and girls. Japanese women are interesting themselves in making opportunities for the advancement of women and occupying places as teachers, interpreters, post and telegraph operators. In Sweden the universities have been open to women for some years, and they are allowed full privileges in scholarships and degrees. Commercial colleges, postoffices, banks, railway and telegraph offices accept women as students or employes. In Denmark women are distinguishing themselves in literature and medicine. At the University of Copenhagen several women students have honorable place in the classes. In Vienna the government granted to women the privilege of practicing medicine in Bosnia, where the subjects are Mohammedans, who do not allow their wives to be visited by men. In Bucharest a young woman has been admitted as a barrister to plead at the bar. In Russia a bill has been laid before the government to re-open the courses of medicine for women at St. Petersburg. In Kharkof, where a Sunday course for the instruction of adults was opened, over 400 women attended, their ages ranging from seven to forty-five years. Russian women, too, are being recognized in literature and science.

Mrs. Antoinette Brown Blackwell, who has been called the pioneer woman preacher of America, is now living a life of great retirement at Elizabeth, N. J. Her whole life has been a most remarkable one. Her first public speech on woman's rights was made in 1847, while she was yet a student at Oberlin. During this year she lectured through Ohio and New York. It was not until Sept. 15, 1853, however, that she was ordained a minister, in a small church at South Butler, N. Y., where she was then preaching. Her first marriage was performed on the day of her ordination. Her life since then has been one of unremitting toil and it is understood that she will again be before the public during the coming year with an appeal in the form of a book, on which she is now at work, concerning the relations of religion and science.

From the *Woman's Tribune* is taken this passage from Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton's account of her experiences in England: On one occasion, I found George Jacob Holyoake there, surrounded by a

bevy of young ladies, all stoutly defending the Nihilists in Russia, and their right to plot their way to freedom: they counted a dynasty of Czars as nothing in the balance with the liberties of a whole people. As I joined the circle, Mr. Holyoake called my attention to the fact that he was the only one in favor of peaceful measures, among all these young ladies. "Now," said he, "I have often heard it said, on your platform, that the feminine element, in politics, would bring about perpetual peace in government, and here all those ladies are advocating the worst forms of violence in the name of liberty." "Ah," said I, "lay on their shoulders the responsibility of governing, and they would soon become as mild and conservative as you seem to be." He then gave us his views on coöperation, the only remedy for many existing evils, which he thought would be the next step toward a higher civilization.

Women's societies will reach their highest goal when the prefatory "woman's" is discarded, writes Margaret W. Noble in the *Chautauquan* for February. Exclusive organization on the part of one sex has reached the extreme where the upward turn now leads back, on the line of male inclusion—meaning simply the union of husbands and wives in the common cause of benefiting humanity. Doubtless thousands of busy men to-day, apathetic regarding general human welfare, would bound to their place at the wheel if appealed to by wives converted to the new mission and needing brawny aid. The best way to disarm an opponent is to throw the cause on his hands appealing for his support.

Let such titles as "Woman's Suffrage Association" give place to the "United Society for Woman's Franchise." There is no fear but that the modest source from which these benefactions have sprung will be ever and gratefully remembered. American progeny is not ungrateful.

But in the full realization of social reforms accomplished only by the addition of man's effective power, women working for that end can well afford to relinquish the initiatory which at most can no more than propose a higher mission for them and a new progress for all.

"A little more restraint, a better ear for music of words, and above all, a saving sense of humor, and Walt Whitman would probably have gained the serious attention of his critics, and the ear of the public, a long time before he did," says Walter Blackburn Harte in the February *New England Magazine*. "And what is more important he would not have ruined, as he has done, some of his best thought by a sudden descent into absurdity. The severest critic cannot deny that much remains that should not die, but it is mostly expressed in uncouth, ugly language which makes one half angry and half amused. It is like wading through a swamp to gather lilies, only to find the petals blown. Whitman needed a good counsellor. He would have done more for the world if he had had somebody who would have demanded meaning, and have laughed him out of his wilful obscurities. A domestic critic—a good, sensible wife, for instance—would have preserved Whitman from the fatal error of regarding his every utterance as pregnant and prophetic.

AN American woman who has been living for some months in a German family in Berlin saw the practical workings of one of the young emperor's reforms. It dates back two or three years and smacks strongly of Bellamyism. Every servant keeps a little book, to which every week the mistress employing her must contribute a five-cent stamp provided by the government for that sole purpose. The book becomes a reference from one place to another, its records showing the periods of time spent in a place and time of being in service. In case of sickness or where age incapacitates a servant from duty the government redeems the stamps contained in the book, whose contents are really a tax upon one class to assist in the maintenance of another less fortunate. The scheme is to be regarded with favor on both sides, the employer as well as the employed.

MISS BLANCHE McMANUS, the Chicago artist, has completed a painting which is to be presented to Mrs. Grover Cleveland. The picture is commemorative of the nativity of Ruth Cleveland. An ideal Ruth is pictured as embarking on the tide of life surrounded by all the messengers of

good fortune and fairy promise. Elfin goddesses are guarding the frail shell and with silken cables are towing it into still waters. The colors of early dawn are used with exquisite effect in the composition, which is given artistic strength by the faithful drawing. The study is 8x12 inches and is framed in simple white, with gold marking in relief.

Henry Labouchere says in *Truth*: "Personally I do not feel the slightest loyalty towards the royal family; indeed, I do not understand the meaning of the term 'royal family.' My loyalty to the Queen is a feeling of respect for the visible emblem of the laws that we ourselves have made, and I honor her because of her sterling qualities and for the good sense that she has shown during her long reign."

Mrs. John A. Logan and Mrs. E. B. Day of New Orleans are planning to establish an industrial association for the purpose of training young colored girls for domestic and supplying help to housekeepers. Success to their efforts.

PASSED TO SPIRIT-LIFE.

Passed to spirit-life on January 29th, Dr. Daniel White, at St. Louis, Mo., in his seventy-third year. Having been a pronounced Spiritualist for the past fifty years and being a fine physician, he had a large circle of friends who will sadly miss him. A true friend to the helpless and deserving, a protector to the orphan, a kind and loving husband, he has reared a monument in the affections and memories of those from whom he has departed that will outlast any made from stone or metal. Such men as Dr. White need no pedestal to keep their memory fresh. Dr. White's name is a household word in hundreds of families throughout the United States, as the doctor was a constant worker in the cause he so earnestly espoused, and through his ministrations as an organizer have joy and comfort been brought to many a seeker after the grand truth of Spiritualism. The funeral took place from his late residence 2902 Olive st., Mrs. Alva Orvis, of Chicago, delivering the discourse at the house, which was very pathetic indeed.

MILTON C. LYLE.

3006 OLIVE ST.

Dr. White was a firm and constant friend of THE JOURNAL for twenty-five years. We feel his loss deeply, but know that he has gone to a better world from whence he may be able to do more for humanity than when here. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to the family.—ED.

"C. C. C." who describes a slate-writing experience and asks our opinion is informed that no opinion can be formed from the statement. The medium he sat with is a notorious fraud, and for this reason we can have no confidence in the genuineness of the writing in this instance; nor is there any way to know how far mal-observation on the part of the sitter colors his account.

MR. W. J. RAND writes THE JOURNAL that Hon. A. H. Dailey has consented to lecture the Sunday evenings of this month at Conservatory Hall, Brooklyn, on themes relating to the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism. Judge Dailey is a fluent and convincing speaker. He will no doubt attract large audiences.

DR. RICHARD HODGSON returned to Boston last week, after three days' stay in Chicago. He intends to return and spend some weeks here in the spring, to investigate a number of cases which promise results of great value to psychical research.

PROFIT SHARING.

An Association for the Promotion of Profit Sharing has recently been formed in New York City. The U. S. Labor Commissioner, Carroll D. Wright, is president, the two vice-presidents being President F. A. Walker, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Mr. N. O. Nelson, a prominent manufacturer in St. Louis. The secretary and treasurer is Nicholas P. Gilman, West Newton, Mass., author of the well-known work on *Profit Sharing*. The executive committee consists of a railroad director, four manufacturers, who, like

Mr. Nelson, practice the system in their business, and a professor of political economy in a Pennsylvania college. The association thus brings together men of science and men of business, who desire the extension of profit sharing and kindred systems of uniting the interests of employers and employees. It is their intention to establish a bureau of information for the benefit of firms interested in profit sharing, and by various publications and addresses before commercial and other clubs to promote the discussion and extension of this industrial reform. The annual fee for membership, open to all interested, is \$2. All communications should be addressed to the secretary.

GREAT YOUNG MEN.

Charles James Fox was in Parliament at nineteen.

The great Cromwell left the University at eighteen.

John Bright was never at any school a day after he was fifteen years old.

Gladstone was in Parliament at twenty-two, and at twenty-four was Lord of the Treasury.

Lord Bacon graduated at Cambridge at sixteen and was called to the bar at twenty-one.

Peel was in Parliament at twenty-one, and Palmerston was Lord of the Admiralty at twenty-three.

Henry Clay was in the Senate of the United States, contrary to the Constitution, at twenty-nine.

Washington was a colonel in the army at twenty-two, commander of the forces at forty-two, President at fifty-seven.

Judge Story was at Harvard at fifteen, in Congress at twenty-nine and Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States at thirty-two.

Martin Luther had become largely distinguished at twenty-four, and at fifty-six had reached the topmost round of his world-wide fame.

Webster was in college at fifteen, gave evidence of his great future before he was twenty-five, and at thirty he was the peer of the ablest man in Congress.

Morris of Saxony died at thirty-two, conceded to have been one of the profoundest statesmen and one of the best generals Christendom had seen.

Napoleon at twenty-five commanded the army of Italy. At thirty he was not only one of the most illustrious generals of the time, but one of the great law-givers of the world. At forty-six he saw Waterloo.

The great Louis X. was Pope at thirty-eight. Having finished his academic training he took the office of Cardinal at eighteen—only twelve months younger than was Charles James Fox when he entered Parliament.

William Pitt entered the ministry at fourteen, was Chancellor of the Exchequer at twenty-two, Prime Minister at twenty-four, and so continued for twenty years, and when thirty-five was the most powerful uncrowned head in Europe.

Nor long ago, says Maurice Thompson in the *New York Independent*, a hard-working author received by express three novels in manuscript, all at once, from a man who asked that they be read "at your earliest convenience, and please give the reason if you can discover any, why my stories have been declined by the magazines, while they continually publish many not half as good." The literary laborer thus assaulted by express was tumbling the manuscript into the library fire, when his kind-hearted wife interposed her command to desist for humanity's sake. It is hard enough to read and report upon manuscripts for pay; it is unbearable to do it for charity when you know that if done honestly the recipient of your bounty will hate you for evermore. I transcribe the following notes which lately went through the mails:

Literary Mendicant to already Overworked Author:

"My Dear Sir: Please read the enclosed story and give me your opinion of it plainly, laconically and without mercy. If I can't be a literary success, I want to know it. Excuse my boldness. Yours very truly," etc.

Answer of Overworked Author:
"Dear Sir: Your story is of no value. It gives no hint whatever of literary success. Very truly yours," etc.

Reply (by return mail) of Literary Mendicant:

"Sir: Your opinion of my story is what was to be expected of a person so puffed up by his own temporary and accidental success that he would die of malignant envy if he saw anything really good written by another. Respectfully, etc."



CURES EFFECTED BY HYPNOTISM.

TO THE EDITOR: When in the latest work on hypnotism by A. A. Liebeault we are confronted by the assertion that "many organic diseases—even cancer—may arise from purely mental causes," we come dangerously near to the startling dogmatism of Christian science, that all disease is purely mental. And it is a doubly noteworthy fact that such a conclusion should have been arrived at by such totally different routes. No finer examples of the inductive and deductive methods of research could be adduced. However the practical thinker cannot fail to place more credence in the dictum of Liebeault, because it is known that the results attained by "the father of hypnotism" are based upon rigid scientific experiments. It can hardly be questioned that diseases which can be healed by any mental means may arise from the same cause.

This great subject is pointing to a new world of our soul life, the meaning of which takes away our breath in the contemplation of its possibilities. In our realistic age almost the first question asked is "Of what good is it?" Fortunately the answer intimately touches upon our most practical selves. Just as Christian science gained its wonderfully strong foothold, by virtue of its promises to our bodies, so hypnotism brings its credentials as capable of producing the same results—with this difference, however—the latter has the germ of a science in it, and develops in the same manner as other sciences—that is by observation and experiment—while Christian science fights every means we have for arriving at truth. While the cures of Christian science are inexplicable and incomprehensible in its theory, they arrange themselves in pretty orderly sequence along with the facts and under the theory of hypnotism.

The thoughtful Spiritualist has also learned the lesson that there is a large territory of phenomena which, while inexplicable on materialistic grounds, yet must be refused classification under the spiritistic theory. Hypnotism is beginning to throw its light upon this disputed sphere. The largest step is taken toward spirit control, when human control is admitted. Where one ceases and the other takes up the reins, is the great question with which the future must deal.

The reference to Dr. A. A. Liebeault's work was suggested to me by some similar cures to those which he relates, made by a young Danish hypnotist now in Chicago. Hypnotism in its remedial aspect is a matter of facts; so when they come directly under our eyes, they naturally arouse an intense interest than those recorded. I believe that epilepsy is considered beyond the means of our orthodox medical schools; yet right before me I have such a case radically cured by the mentioned hypnotist Mr. Carl Sixtus. Fortunately I personally know Miss M. M., and can testify to the facts. For six years or more was she a victim to this dreaded disease. Until her perfect restoration (from early childhood) she was subject to the most frightful headaches, sometimes coming on every other day, sometimes lasting for a week. Over three years ago chance took her to one of Mr. Sixtus' hypnotic exhibitions. In a few treatments she was cured, at least not having had the slightest relapse to the present.

Another case is that of Mr. E. M., a man of fifty-seven, very deaf and defective in the organs of speech. Besides this the right arm and leg were partially paralyzed. In seven treatments he was healed—medical treatment and massage both proving ineffectual.

Mrs. A. J., suffering from nervous diseases and very rheumatic, was perfectly cured in about six treatments.

It is unnecessary to multiply cases. I simply desire to introduce him to the readers of THE JOURNAL as a man thoroughly worthy of their confidence, both in his specialty and as a man. As to what extent he is assisted by higher influences, it is impossible for me to say; but if thorough honesty is a magnet for such powers, Mr. Sixtus may be considered well attended. His power does not lie alone in hypnotic treatment, but is efficacious in the magnetic passes. A sledge hammer is not necessary to repair a watch—so the gentle but effective passes and manipulation will suffice for lesser cases.

When, however, other means have failed

and the patient is amenable to hypnotic influence, wonders can be expected which may be pronounced little less than miraculous. To such I heartily recommend Mr. Carl Sixtus.

JOSEPH SINGER.

RELIGION AND SCIENCE.

TO THE EDITOR:—Would it not seem to be the duty of every earnest thinker today to attempt to reconcile science and religion.

The bridge of reconciliation between them would span the sorrows and wrongs of mankind and hasten the day when all races shall be as one in the universal brotherhood.

That more than one basis for such reconciliation exists few will deny. Far nobler would it be to seek such, to dwell upon points of harmony between them, than to emphasize those differences which must be found in varied forms of thought but which may often enrich both by sympathetic consideration and which are not, in themselves, proof of necessary fundamental disagreement. One obvious basis of such agreement is the practical one of conduct or character. Another may be found in the admitted faculty of intuition. If on the one hand the idealist, or religionist claims its possession as the right and endowment of man as man, the scientist, on still further asking what is consciousness itself, of which intuition is a faculty, readily admits that man as known to us today inherits such faculty if only as the result of myriad ages of progressive evolution and differentiation, and meets the assertion of intuitional objectivity by the correlative assertion of increased complexity of organism. The faculty itself admitted by both, the only question of value in regard to it becomes its practical use. If the religionist finds as its object the God of prayer, the scientist finds the kindred, incomprehensible reality of reverence and aspiration. Where the idealist ceases affirmation of the essential fatherhood of the God of his intuitional worship, does not the scientist contend for the universal tie of brotherhood found in the essential unity of the universe. Here then a mere cursory glance gives us these points of harmony.

- I. High ideal of character or conduct.
- II. Intuitional capacity to conceive the Infinite.
- III. A universal brotherhood as inevitable result of universal harmony. Cannot we better serve our kind by reconciling than by alienating those who are at one in sincerity of aim and purpose.

JANET E. RUTZ-REES.
SCARSDALE, N. Y.

MRS. MOTT-KNIGHT A FRAUD.

TO THE EDITOR: As a Spiritualist I consider it my duty when convinced that a medium is a fraud to warn my friends, and also to give notice to the editors of the leading Spiritualistic journals. In this way my friends avoid being duped, and the editors avoid giving further endorsement to the medium referred to. This quiet, yet effective work, is done both at home and abroad, and the medium, unable to secure newspaper puffing, is soon forced to retire to private life. In order to bring about this desirable result one must of necessity win transient enemies among phenomena inebriates and those who seek to use Spiritualism for base purposes, but in the end all who prefer the truth to lie, honor to dishonor, clean instead of fraud-tinctured Spiritualism, will feel to thank the man or men who, regardless of fear or favor, dare to stand up and be counted in defense of the right.

These thoughts have been called forth by the responses received from letters which I had penned to Spiritualistic editors concerning the woman who calls herself Mrs. Mott-Knight, and who claims to be a medium for independent slate-writing.

This woman gave two so-called sances for independent slate-writing for the Spiritualistic society in this city on the afternoon and evening of January 3, '92.

Among the committee at both sances was Dr. J. A. Merrill, my wife and myself. Dr. Merrill is a wealthy retired physician, and one of the best magicians in America. I gave my first magical entertainment at the age of thirteen, and during the past twenty-two years have devoted a good deal of my spare time to the practice of the "black art." Mrs. Hidden is also an adept in magic, and is frequently of assistance to the "magical doctors," as Dr. Merrill and I are sometimes called. I mention these things simply to convince the readers of THE JOURNAL that three of Mrs. Mott-Knight's investigating committee "knew a

thing or two" about tricks, and were prepared to do close and clever watching. We succeeded admirably.

The so-called "test conditions" which governed the sances were a parody on the term. Everything was arranged to facilitate the practice of fraud on the part of the medium. The slates written on all belonged to Mrs. Mott-Knight. The messages were produced in three different ways, viz: By writing on a slate held in her lap, by substituting prepared slates beneath the table, and by developing beneath the table slates which had been chemically prepared in advance. We expected to see good work done by our metropolitan visitor, but found that all her tricks were of the simplest and gauziest description; and we have not yet ceased to wonder at her "nerve" in attempting to palm off such cheap tricks as something wrought by spirits.

The medium made an effort at the close of the evening sance to collect all the slates which had been written on, but failed to secure three, two of which bore messages and one of which appeared to be perfectly blank. The slates had dematerialized, and when they rematerialized they were under lock and key in my private office. The blank slate, which the medium was particularly anxious to find, I have partly developed, in order to show a few friends how "spirits" are able, with some knowledge of chemistry, to write messages on "tables of stone." I shall develop the rest of the slate when other "doubting Thomases" are willing to be convinced that Mrs. Mott-Knight is a fraud; pure and simple. In order to show your readers that I am not of the class denominated "fraud-hunting" Spiritualists, permit me to say that I have personally prevented T. Warren Lincoln and the notorious Prof. Starr, the bogus mediums, from giving their exhibitions here, and have sought in all possible ways to impress upon local Spiritualists the necessity of securing reliable speakers and mediums for the platform.

If I had known in advance the fraudulent character of Mrs. Mott-Knight's sances I should have stood in her way as quickly and as firmly as in the cases of Lincoln and Starr, for I hold it to be the duty of every lover of the truth in Spiritualism to prevent bogus mediumistic shows both on and off the Spiritualistic platform.

Yours truly,
CHAS. W. HIDDEN.
NEWBURYPORT, MASS., Jan. 17.

IMMORTALITY.

TO THE EDITOR:—Are we immortal by reason of our nature, or are certain conditions or opinions required to make us so. Do not the believers in other systems of religion than the Christian possess the elements that carry them on after the change called death. I have listened to many sermons which claimed to disprove not only the immortality to unbelievers but perpetual consciousness of pain as their punishment. It is hardly probable that any animal below the human expects to die, or therefore expects future life. There is not a living thing on land or in water but is gifted with the attribute of fear. Everything does its best to avoid danger, and everything is gifted with some form of self-defense. No animal form but is governed by innate law. All forms enjoy as well as suffer. A flock of turkeys upon the lawn are enjoying the sunshine. The proud gobbler is making great expressions of his personal consciousness. Though his body to-morrow may be a "roast turkey" he evidently has no thought but the pleasure he is affording his companions in feathers. Many animal forms have wonderful gifts. The dog can smell the track of the master made days before. The power of thought is not confined to the human atom, the soul attributes are incomprehensible. We are fearfully and wonderfully made; the 90,000 organs in our physical bodies have each and all a work to perform. We have powers of thought and feeling. The point of a pin inserted in any place of the body will send its painful protest at once to the brain. Thirty-three years is about the average of human earthly life. About 72,000 pass the death line every twenty-four hours. If all the planets are inhabited and pass their children on as does the earth, what a multitude must be gathered as the centuries go by.

The history of man is a history of his warfare. Conquerors have been called great, because of the numbers they have slaughtered or conquered. Wars and rumors of wars have been sounded in this our day. Religion, so called has sent millions into the field to slaughter each

other. I had two sons. I sent the younger at one time to a private boarding school paying a quarter in advance. Within a month the proprietor wrote me that my boy was unruly and I must take him away. I went at once and found his bad conduct consisted in not accepting religious teachings; he had given expression to sentiments that were not orthodox. I took him away and put him in another school, the proprietor of which was not a professor of religion. There he remained for a year making rapid progress, the love between teacher and him being mutual. He then entered business as book-keeper but responded to his country's call and died in defense of liberty, union and human progress in 1864. His only brother died fighting in the same cause on the 1st day of June, same year. As the years go by our country and the world are realizing the value of union. The results of that war gave impulse to progress. Our country is now leading humanity in many ways. Her vast and rich territory is inviting the oppressed of all nations and offers them liberty of thought as well as opportunity to become more and more what God has ordained for all His children. We are learning that true wealth is in soul culture more than in dollars, and this we carry with us when the earth life is ended. Hand in hand the spiritual and material are moving on together. Religious persecution has had its day and bigotry is being lifted as is the fog of the morning by the sunshine of truth. When I was a boy there were no railroads. We took the stage when we wanted to travel. Most country families had their spinning wheels and looms, and home-made were the clothing we wore. Well! may we not hope to throw off all garments that cover a multitude of sins.

PETER THOMPSON.
CEREDO, W. VA.

VISION OF A DYING WOMAN.

TO THE EDITOR.—A Mrs. Bolser an old lady of eighty-one years, died in this place a few days ago. Being a widow she made her home with her daughter, Mrs. Will Whitmer, but her former home was in Piqua, Ohio. Mrs. Bolser was strictly orthodox and a member of the Baptist church. The writer of this letter never met Mrs. Bolser, but is slightly acquainted with her daughter and son-in-law. The particulars I am about to relate came through a mutual friend who was at the house very shortly after the old lady passed away, and assisted in preparing the body for its last rest.

While the friend was helping the daughters in their last kind offices to the dear old mother, they related to her with streaming eyes, but beaming faces, their mother's last experiences. Mrs. Bolser retained her mind perfectly to the last minute of her life, and talked rationally and intelligently, calling her daughters and grandchildren by name, and recognizing all her friends. Several hours before she died her spiritual vision was opened and she began to see and recognize her friend long since passed to spirit life. She had often talked with an old lady friend about the heaven she expected soon to go to and where she hoped to meet her loved ones. But one son who lost his life in the late war was a source of great anxiety; he was not a Christian. Would she meet him? Could she be happy if not? The old lady's friend told her it was all in God's hands and would be all right anyway. That son was among the first to greet his mother. She exclaimed, "O, here is Jim, O Jim, Jim." Then, "O girls here is your sister Ruth." Ruth was a daughter long since dead, who when living was an invalid but who to her mother's delight appeared in health and beauty. Then she exclaimed "O how beautiful! How glorious!" her face fairly beaming. Only one thing marred her perfect bliss. Where was her long lost husband. In the crowd of spirit friends who met to greet and help her over the border he was not seen. Why did he not come?

Presently she cried out "Here is Hiram, O, here is my husband! O, girls here is your father; he has taken me by the hands he will help me, O, is not this glorious." And so she kept exclaiming and greeting till she was gone. She called her granddaughter to her bed and asked her to take hold of her and push, "push Julia, push hard" she said and seemed to try to assist in it. Presently she said, "There, I feel better, you have helped me wonderfully; what could have been the necessity for that effort."

I have these pictures from a perfectly reliable source. Mrs. E. CHASE.
Topeka Kansas.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

The Pastor's Ready Reference Record of Sunday Services for Fifty Years. By Rev. Wm. D. Grant. New York, London and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls Company. pp. 100. Cloth, \$1.50.

The matter of keeping a ready reference record of Sunday services has proven, though a comparatively simple subject, a troublesome one to satisfactorily provide for, because the right idea has been lacking in those who have attempted to fill it. The one great desideratum to an inventor in his study and progress in his pursuit of success is to avoid superabundance of factors or of parts, and to obtain simplicity and practicability. There is now no doubt but that the plan for keeping "A Ready Reference Record of Sunday Services for Fifty Years," provided by Rev. Wm. D. Grant, of South Bergen Reformed Church, Jersey City, meets many of the requirements of a successful method. The volume is of excellent paper, bound in substantial cloth. The author's plan was submitted to a number of pastors, and immediately received congratulations as having supplied just what has so long been wanted. Mr. Grant says: "The Ready Reference Record" is an outgrowth of experience, the system having been followed by me for some years past in connection with my regular pastoral duties, and on the whole found to be the most satisfactory method that I have yet seen for preserving a yearly record of such data.

Delsartean Physical Culture. Illustrated. By Carica LeFavre. Fowler & Wells Co., 777 Broadway, New York. Paper, 25 cts.

This little volume, dealing with the health and beauty department as well as the general physical culture division of Delsartism, gives one an opportunity to add to his or her library in a very practical direction. If these exercises and this philosophy will do for the fat, the lean, the ugly, the ill, the awkward, the intemperate and the immoral what is claimed, Delsartism will now be given a fresh impetus. It seems to be the proper thing now to at least know something about Delsartean philosophy. This author advocates refining and training the body to a high degree of expressiveness rather than develop merely animal bulk. Expression depends so much upon, and is so closely associated with dress that some radical suggestions are offered in that direction. The various breaths will no doubt be new to many, and will interest vocalists, orators and dramatists who are looking to the particular breath that will inspire them for certain desired expressions. There is a chapter on walking and how to carry an umbrella that will delight the aesthetic and equally well the hurrying business man who is trying to "make" a train or an engagement. It says that people should keep to a narrow base on the walk, and not interfere with other pedestrians by any lateral movements. It is said that the principles of this philosophy apply to all lines of thought action and things.

MAGAZINES.

The February number of the *Freethinkers' Magazine* opens with an article on "Philosophical Secularism," by the veteran reformer George Jacob Holyoake, and contains other interesting papers, besides editorials, reviews, notes, etc. H. L. Green, Buffalo, N. Y.—The group of articles under the general title of "The Laymen's Movement," in the *Review of Reviews* for February, is perhaps the most notable contribution that has recently been made to the discussion of the development of a practical working Christianity. Theodore F. Seward writes of his growing "Brotherhood of Christian Unity"; Richard B. Hassell of South Dakota describes a recent laymen's congress in that state, called for the purpose of devising means to break down denominational rivalries in home mission work; President Hyde of Bowdoin College writes of the recent movement for denominational cooperation in Maine and New England, and Mr. W. T. Stead, the English editor of the *Review*, is represented by an address lately made at Newcastle, entitled "The Next Step Toward the Civic Church."—The initial article in the *New England Magazine* for February is a beautifully illustrated one, dealing with the life and work of Corot, the great French painter. It is written by his grandson, Camille Thurwanger. "Some Letters of Wendell Phillips to Lydia Maria Child" will recall many memories of the great orator. All interested in the material de-

velopment of New England will turn to George A. Rich's article on "The Granite Industry in New England." Walter Blackburn Harte contributes a critical estimate of Walt Whitman's work and genius, and a short story of journalistic life called "John Parmenter's Protege." Winfield S. Nevin's valuable series, "Stories of Salem Witchcraft," is continued, and the fine illustrations by Jo. H. Hartfield add greatly to its attractiveness. Albert D. Smith gives a good idea of the war as viewed by those who stayed at home in "A Country Boy's Recollections of the War."

MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. will publish in March the first number of a new quarterly review devoted to religion, ethics and theology. It will be under the charge of an editorial committee consisting of Professors Charles Carroll Everett and Crawford Howell Toy of Harvard; Rev. Orello Cone, D. D., President of Buchtel College, and Rev. Nicholas Paine Gilman (managing editor). The new *Review* will discuss religion, ethics and theology from the standpoint of liberal thought; uncommitted to any denomination, it will enlist the support of scholars and thinkers, at home and abroad, in the thorough treatment of the great problems of modern life and thought—in religion, ethics and theology.

The February *Atlantic* contains an article of great interest by Professor Shaler of Harvard, a native Kentuckian, giving the reasons which led him to join the union army in the war of the rebellion. Professor Rodolfo Lanciani, author of "Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries," contributes a very remarkable paper on "The Pageant at Rome in the Year 17. B. C.," giving the details of some inscriptions very recently discovered commemorating the celebration of secular games under Augustus, for which Horace wrote his famous "Carmen Seculare."—True and tried friends are always welcome, consequently *Vick's Floral Guide* is sure of a warm reception, especially when dressed as daintily as this year. The "Nellie Lewis" Carnation on the front of cover, and "Brilliant Poppies" on the back, are unusually attractive, and the numerous colored plates of flowers and vegetables are certainly works of art and merit. The first twenty-four pages, printed in violet ink, describe Novelties and Specialties. Send ten cents to James Vick's Sons, Rochester, N. Y., and procure a copy of this attractive and useful catalogue. It costs nothing, as the ten cents can be deducted from the first order.

It has been known for some time past that M. Ernest Renan was engaged in writing a volume of reminiscences, and the reading public has been eagerly awaiting its appearance. The book is now finished, and by arrangement with the author will soon be published by the Cassell Publishing Company under the title "Recollections, Letters and Addresses."

The Season for February has its usual complement of beautiful things. Page 912 is devoted to misses and children, and comprises costumes for house and street wear. On 913 two Ball Toilettes are shown; they are new and attractive in design, and with the exquisite arrangement of the coiffeur makes this colored plate one of the finest displayed this season. Plate 914 will give new ideas in costumes of quaint and original design. As this is the season for balls and other ceremonious occasions, the February *Season* has been designed with especial care in giving suitable costumes for dinners, evening entertainments, and for all ceremonious occasions; nor have the home or out-door garments been overlooked. Single copies, 30 cents; yearly subscriptions, \$3.50. International News Co., 83 and 85 Duane st., New York.

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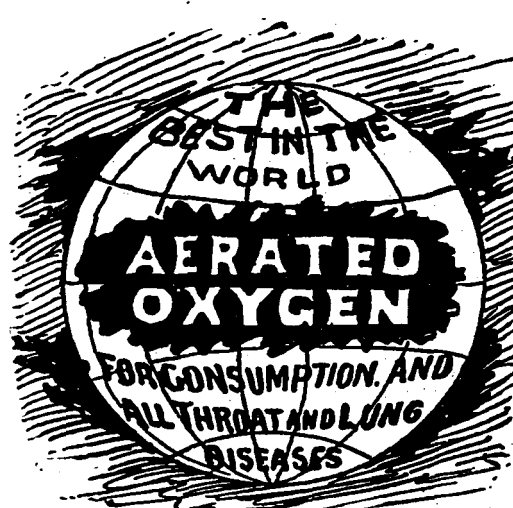
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The one bird that made all my spring,
My dove, that had so many ways
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No room! Or rather it may be
Earth was too small to imprison thee,
God only knows. I know I miss
Thy sweet caress, thy loving kiss,
The patter of thy dear small feet,
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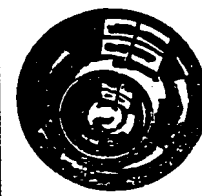
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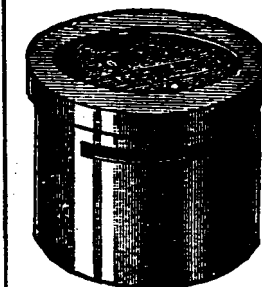
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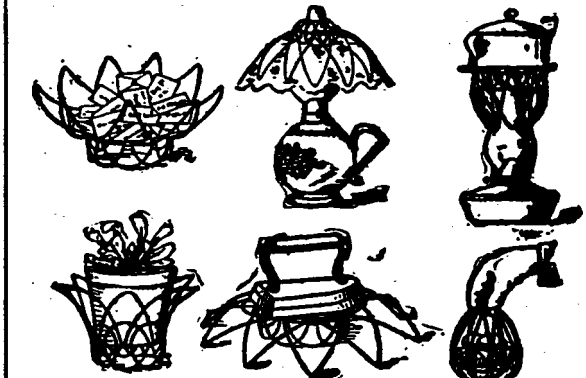
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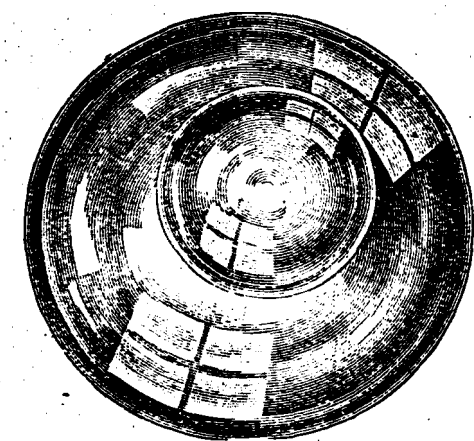
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The sum of means that we employ
To turn a fellow's ills to joy—
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A veteran in the wars of life,
A prisoned soldier in the strife
Of soul with stingy, envious Time
Is he who makes his actions rhyme
To universal brotherhood.
Though long or short hath been his road,
Centuries or decades his abode
Among his kind, it matters least.
So fellows by him have been blest.
His life is measured by his plan
Of dealing with his fellow man.
This is the measure of his days.

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And teach his friends these mysteries."

She died last night, and all this day
I swear that things of every kind
Are trying, trying to convey
Some message to my troubled mind.

I looked up from my tears erewhile;
That white rose dying in the cup
Was gazing at me with her smile,
It blushed her blush as I looked up.

It paled then with an agony
Of effort to tell to me aught
That would, I think, bring peace to me
Could I but guess; and I cannot.

And when the wind rose at my door,
It clamored with a plaintive din,
Like some poor creature begging sore
To be let in: I let it in.

It blew my light out: round my head
It whirled, and swiftly in my ear
Had whispered something ere it fled;
It had her voice, so low, so dear.

The looking glass this livelong day
Has worn that curious, meaning air:
I feel it when I look away
Reflecting things that are not there.

For hours no breath of wind has stirred,
Yet bends the lamp's flame as if fanned;
The clock says o'er and o'er a word,
But I! I cannot understand!

—OMAHA WORLD-HERALD.

BRILLIANTS.

Call me not dead when I, indeed, have gone
Into the company of the ever-living,
High and most glorious poets! Let thanksgiving
Rather be made. Say, "He at last has won
Rest and release, converse supreme and wise.
Music and song and light of immortal faces;
To-day, perhaps, wandering in starry places,
He hath met Keats, and known him by his eyes.
To-morrow (who can say?) Shakespeare may pass,
And our lost friend just catch one syllable
Of that three-centuried wit that kept so well,
Or Milton, or Dante, looking on the grass,
Thinking of Beatrice, and listening still
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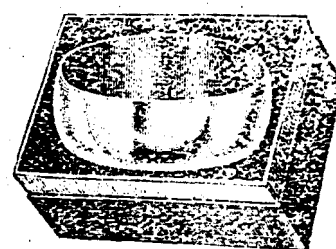
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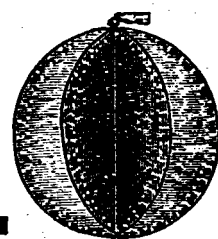
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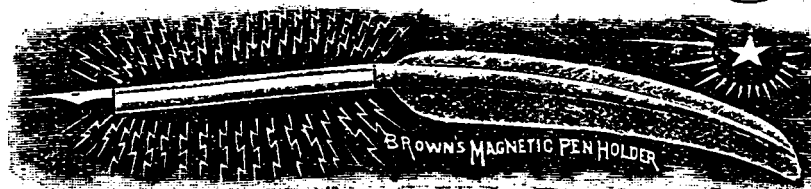
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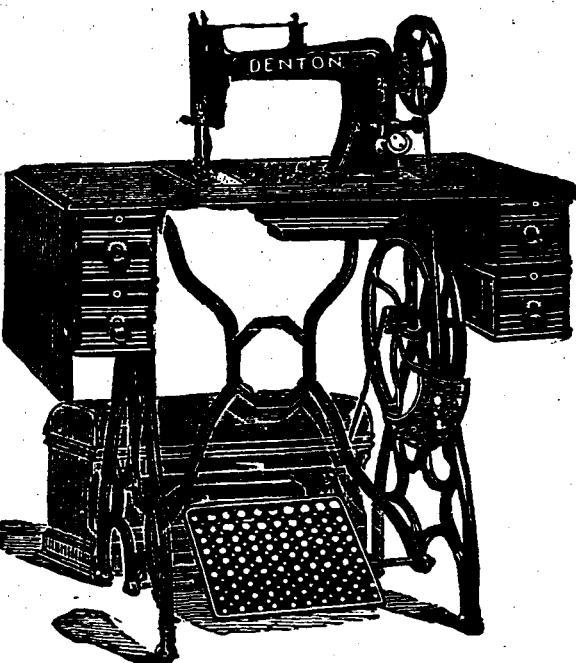
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But we all do it.

There is no disguising that fact.

Somewhat we catch ourselves saying of a certain individual: "I don't like his looks." "There's something about his face that makes me suspicious."

Hardly e is required to enable one to distinguish marked differences in persons. Thus the casual reader of this does not need to be told that the person represented by Fig. 1 is intelligent. Many have had experience enough in the world to say: "He shows it in the appearance of the head and face." Who would class Fig. 1 as a malefactor, or Fig. 4 as pious and worthy persons? Would they not instinctively recognize depravity in Fig. 2, and the goodness in the countenances of Fig. 1 and Fig. 3.

No man needs to be told that Fig. 5 is fond of fun



FIG. 2.



FIG. 3.



FIG. 4.

The person interested in the study of Heads and Faces and who is not, might in time ascertain for himself what all the peculiarities mean that are observable in the cuts but life is too short for every person to become an individual investigator and discoverer. He must trust the investigation and conclusions of some one else.

There is a house in New York City, on a prominent street of that city, that has kept itself in existence for over fifty years and made money simply on its claimed ability to read character.

There must be something to their claims, and if any doubt existed it would have been cleared away a few days ago, when a man who had had his head examined when a boy, walked into their office and had an examination and delineation of his grandchild. A man must be pretty well satisfied with a thing that he will commend to his children's children.

It is such facts as these coming to a man's knowledge that must convince him, if indeed he entertains any doubt of it, that there are persons in the world who can read character to such an extent as to make the work of value in every-day life.

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MAL-OBSERVATION.

With the firm and unalterable conviction which comes with knowledge, THE JOURNAL maintains the verity of various phenomena grouped under the general head of psychical or spiritualistic; and furthermore, it affirms that these phenomena, both mental and psycho-physical, have been studied under conditions from which every source of error was eliminated, and that they may be again so observed. THE JOURNAL declares with equal emphasis that for the purpose of accurate observation and the application of the scientific method to investigations, few people have in the beginning of their study the natural or acquired qualifications; especially where the results are to be spread before the public with the intent of having the reports accepted as authoritative. These remarks are not made to discourage independent, individual investigation, nor to throw doubt upon the origin of innumerable spontaneous phenomena, nor to discredit either honest public or private mediums. They are inspired by the contemplation of the ridiculous plight in which the so-called American Psychical Society finds itself. Starting off with a brass band, with banners flying and tom-toms beating, and advertising to the world that it would submit the phenomena to a "murderous fire," it now finds itself under a deadly fusillade from all quarters. It has succeeded only in being duped by a few tricksters and in placing some excellent people in a very unpleasant predicament. Costly and unpleasant as has been the experience, if it but teaches the victims and the public that one may become a successful college professor or even a popular preacher, and still be wholly incompetent to perform the functions of a psychical researcher, the A. P. S. will not have been in vain.

A few weeks ago these noted people assembled to tell their wonderful experiences. The college professor told with great earnestness of his slate-writing experiences (with Mrs. Gillett), and left the impression upon his hearers that he felt sure he had witnessed a genuine exhibit in psychics. A noted Jew, whose eloquence and liberality have made his name a household word in Boston, fortified the testimony. The wife of one of the organizers of the "murderous fire" battalion testified to wonders seen with the same Mrs. Gillett; among other things she saw a picture on the slate which "appeared to be the face of Abraham Lincoln, with his autograph underneath, and a G. A. R. badge, partly colored red and blue." On requesting the "spirits" to draw a zig-zag line like a streak of lightning, the lady was gratified with some zig-zag done in yellow athwart a bit of writing in blue. The gentleman who witnessed this in company with the lady is reported by a Boston paper to have spoken enthusiastically of it and other experiences, dwelling upon the immense importance of these investigations. It now transpires that these raw researchers were giving nothing but the products of mal-observation; that they were tricked by an adventuress from California whose methods are explained on another page. There are thousands of Spiritualists who never saw a college nor heard a Jewish rabbi, who are neither scientists nor theologians and yet would have readily detected the sham in this alleged independent slate-writing. The only regret THE JOURNAL feels is that sensible, well-meaning people should have been recruited for the fledgling preacher's "murderous fire" corps, people who deserved to be better led, people whose active coöperation is needed in working the vast and rich field of psychics. THE JOURNAL has no desire to hold them up to ridicule or to poke fun at them; it only desires to accentuate the danger of "previousness" and mal-observation and to encourage them to

pursue their investigations freed from the incubus of fellowship with the American Mal-Observation Society.

REVELATIONS.

Spiritualists and psychical researchers should ever be on the alert for revelations of any kind which will make them wiser or more competent to deal with phenomena. A book has lately been written by a man who for many years posed as a public medium with success. That he has been "in with the gang" the book gives the clearest internal evidence. "Revelations of a Spirit Medium" is the title. Explanations of various methods of independent slate-writing are given, also his experience with a cabinet, particulars as to the methods of simulating many psycho-physical phenomena. We can name some of the persons whose specialties he explains, so well does he do it. It would appear that the ex-fakir really believes in a future life and spirit return; and although the literary style of the book is not to be praised, the candor of the man is refreshing. The publishers claim to be Spiritualists and we have no reason to question their sincerity. Believing that the book will save many from becoming the prey of professional wonder-mongers,

and that the mastery of its contents by people generally will result in making it easier for the honest medium and more hazardous for the trickster, we shall sell it! Price in paper covers 75 cents, cloth bound \$1.25

OPINION OF A NEW ENGLAND EDITOR.

To the student of philosophy in any form THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, of Chicago, ably edited by Col. John C. Bundy, is reliable indeed. Its editor fights fraud in friend or foe, wields a trenchant pen, calls around him the ablest writers of the day, among them being such men as Rev. Minot Savage, and others of his guild. Col. Bundy is a firm believer in Spiritualism in its highest and loftiest sense, and is ever battling for its enfranchisement from dirt, deceit and guile. No one can arise from reading a copy of THE RELIGIO without being refreshed mentally and spiritually, and conceding the honesty of the purpose and aim of publisher and paper alike.—The Everett (Mass.) Herald.

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TRUTH WEARS NO MASK, BOWS AT NO HUMAN SHRINE, SEEKS NEITHER PLACE NOR APPLAUSE: SHE ONLY ASKS A HEARING.

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For Publisher's Announcements, Terms, Etc, See Page 16

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

M. CAMILLE FLAMMARION in one of his lectures on astronomy, which are awakening much popular interest in Paris, showed an accurate photograph of a crater in the centre of the moon, taken at the Lick Observatory.

A HOUSE near an old lead mine in Sullivan county, New Jersey, has just been torn down by the owner because the murder of Simon Hotz, a Hebrew peddler, was regularly reenacted there, and the presence of the haunted house was decreasing the value of the land.

FATHER O'ROURKE, a Catholic priest at Council Bluffs, having refused to admit the United States flag into his church, the Union Veteran Legion, Abe Lincoln Post G. A. R., the Ladies' Auxiliary U. V. L., and the Camps of Sons of Veterans passed resolutions severely condemning the action of the priest, who has apologized through the press for the position he took.

BISHOP H. M. TURNER writes from Africa to the *Christian Recorder*: While the Mohammedans abominate Germany for the shiploads of rot-gut whisky they land along the coast to ruin the more heathen African, the English ships despise the German ships about the same; nearly every time they see a German ship at sea the entire crew will curse it about shipping poison liquor to Africa. The English ships carry a good deal too, but they ease their conscience by saying: "Our whisky is all first-class. It is inspected before we leave Liverpool and London."

THERE is a great religious revival progress, in accompanied by a messiah craze among the Free Methodists of New Jerusalem, Jackson Co., Iowa. The meetings are conducted in the old-fashioned shouting way and the old and young participate in the exercises. People come from miles around. The excitement reached its greatest intensity one day last week when the announcement was made in "Jerusalem" that a lady had given birth to a child that the promoters of the religious enterprise declared was none other than a second messiah. "The entire community," says a dispatch, "went wild and the shouting in the meeting was more vigorous than ever, while the somersaults were much more numerous on the part of those in attendance. There are a few old skeptics, however, who say that the supposed savior does not look any different from the average run of new babies." This is undoubtedly an age of progress but there are many communities in this country where the people are not yet out of the woods, theologically speaking.

THE sixteenth year book of the New York Reformatory at Elmira shows that of the 5,226 persons received since the opening of the reformatory 4,860 were sentenced for indefinite terms, and of these 2,982 were released with or without parole. Only 194 of the number were returned to the reformatory by arrest and 20 returned voluntarily, while no less than 1,775 were absolutely released from further liability after correspondence and good conduct maintained

for six months or more from the date of parole. Of the 96 paroled a second time 29 were similarly released after proving good conduct outside, and the same number were discharged by expiration of the maximum term, while 18 were returned to the reformatory by a second rearrest, and may be regarded as belonging to the incorrigible class. The percentage of those who are entitled to be treated as habitual criminals is an encouragingly small one. The figures constitute a powerful plea in favor of the theory that it is to the interest of a state as well as its duty to provide the non-inveterates with an opportunity to reform.

At the regular February meeting of the Pittsburg Presbytery a resolution was introduced and discussed condemning the World's Fair management for purposing to keep the gates open on Sunday, and for consenting to the sale of liquors on the grounds. Another resolution asked the Presbytery and all connected with the Presbyterian Church to remain away from the Fair if these two evils were permitted. The discussions, according to reports, were heated, "with no satisfactory result. The Presbytery then formally expressed sympathy with the crusade against Sunday newspapers."

DR. CYRIAX in a late number of *Spiritualistische Blätter* says that he and Dr. von Langdorf as well as Carl Du Prel have prophesied that before the close of this century the universities will find themselves compelled to establish a chair for the investigation of spiritual phenomena and that it seems to have been at least partially fulfilled by the fact that Dr. Max Dessoir has established himself as a *Privat-Dozent* (Private Instructor) at the University of Berlin. He has recently published a bibliography of Hypnotism; has published in the Proceedings of "Society of Experimental Psychology" (*Gesellschaft der Experimental Psychologie*) a brochure under the title "The Double I," and in his address required on entering upon his office, treated of the "Beliefs of the Insane in the Reality of Hallucinations." The doctor is called a distinguished representative of "Scientific Spiritualism" by a Berlin paper. The worthy editor hopes that Max Dessoir will in his lectures on "Experimental Psychology" at last produce the assurance of the reality of the phenomena so that finally the cry about swindles, fraud, deception and jugglery will cease.

THE Coroner's report for 1891 states that 323 persons were killed in railroad accidents in Cook county, Ill., that year. Two hundred and forty of the deaths were attributed directly to the criminal carelessness which permits railway tracks to run through the city on the level of the streets. Taking the valuation fixed by a wise legislature, says a daily paper, each of the lives thus sacrificed was worth \$5,000. There is a total for the year of \$1,200,000, or 6 per cent. on \$20,000,000. If one could compute, upon the same modest basis, the annual loss through unfatal accidents and the annual loss in the way of delayed and lost business, one would no doubt be able to double that sum and show that the direct loss by grade tracks represents a sum equal to the interest upon the capitalization needed to elevate the tracks: There are other considerations which are not without weight

for some people—as pain and inconvenience to victims of unfatal accidents; pain and inconvenience to surviving relatives of victims of fatal accidents, etc.—but neither the railroads nor the council are expected to heed considerations so subjective and sentimental.

IN the course of his remarks, Rev. Dr. Thomas of this city referred to the recent action of the diver, Scully, saying: "That great young man clad in a diving suit, told to move the ice that blocked the tunnel, at the peril of his life, in one awful hour did more for humanity than I and all the preachers and the bankers of the city have done in a month. He had courage and skill to face danger, and he met the emergency."

THE late eminent Dr. Richet, of the Paris Faculty of Medicine, who was counted the most painstaking member in his diagnostics and demonstrations of disease, says an English paper, gave the other day, on his own death-bed, a lecture on the malady of which he was dying. It was inflammation of the lungs. His son, who is professor of physiology to the same faculty, and two other doctors were by. The patient, on three consecutive days, described how he felt, and analyzed his symptoms, forecasting the progress of the disease, its evolutions, the possible complications, and said how his heart was affected when, after he had fallen into a state of prostration, stimulating nutriment was given him against his opinion. Just towards the end a symptom which he had asked his son to look for was declared, and Dr. Richet said, "That being so, all chance is over, and I have now only a few minutes, or perhaps seconds, to live." As he spoke thus he drew his last breath. If many patients could describe as well as he did how they felt, there would be small need for vivisection.

OUR literary society and literary men suffer from the lack of motive and such commanding common cause as animated Emerson and the literary brotherhood of the last generation, says Edwin D. Mead in the *New England Magazine* for February. "Our literary life is trivial for the most part, and our art life only just now begins to feel great impulses after a trivial and poor period. There is no solidarity in our American literary society, there is little that can be called serious literary society at all. Is it not true that the earnest individual literary workers among us, in whatever realms, find their most nourishing and respected companionship in the merchant and the shoemaker and the printer, oftener than in their own guild,—that they find those 'nearer the deep bases of our lives' than these? Aspiration, faithfulness, pure vision of beauty, strenuous and fine purpose, and love are surely not lacking in American literary life; but with them are much fragmentariness, vain cackle and hysteric haste, much unwillingness to grow in quiet, much willingness to receive and to seek large notice for little achievements, a pitiful lack of the repose and steadiness and faith which are the pledges of those great works which only a lifetime perfects, and only here and there that vision of noble and commanding causes and that surrender of self in glad abandon, which sanctifies and fertilizes genius, and makes the life sublime."

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE LAWS.

Uniform marriage and divorce laws throughout the country would no doubt be desirable if they could be made on a basis in accord with the dominant sentiment that prevails as it is embodied in the legislation of most of the states; but it is doubtful whether the power to make such laws can be wisely transferred by a constitutional amendment from the states to the general government. The advantage of uniform legislation would be in the removal of conflicting laws, under which some marriages are now legal in certain states but not in others. That such uniformity would lessen the number of divorces there is no reason to believe, because as the *Rocky Mountain News* sensibly observes "the legislation which allows the annulment of the marriage contract for reasons which frustrate its intent represents the moral and intellectual convictions of the people where it exists, and also typifies a phase of human development that is not more likely to be seriously checked than is Niagara to be turned from its bed. The idea so commonly held, that the increased number of divorces is largely due to conflicting state laws and to temporary removals from one state to another for the purpose of securing divorces, has been exploded by authentic figures furnished by the department of labor at Washington. The movement in favor of giving congress the power to pass uniform marriage and divorce laws is not likely to succeed. The surrender of the power of the states in this matter would carry with it all questions which involve the validity of a marriage or divorce, such as succession to property, the relation of husband and wife, the custody and rights of children, legitimacy and numerous other matters of fact and law. A constitutional amendment embracing all this would revolutionize the jurisprudence of the states and turn over to the federal courts an enormous share of the practice."

Recognizing the hopelessness of securing the assent of the states to a change so sweeping in our system, a resort to the prohibitory form used in the more recent amendments has been suggested, thus escaping the difficulties of a direct transference of powers. That would mean to leave the whole matter to the states, in conformity with a uniform basis of legislation to be specifically defined in an amendment to the constitution. It will be found practically impossible to agree upon any uniform basis because the forces which are pressing for such legislation desire either to prohibit divorce altogether, or to confine a decree to the single cause of marital infidelity, and they would not care for the only settlement that would be practicable, namely, one that should be in harmony with the dominant sentiment of the country, as crystallized in the legislation of nearly all the states.

The paper from which we have quoted above suggests that the best that can be accomplished would be to influence the respective states, through the press and other educational agencies, to agree in certain details of divorce legislation and practice, with the view of frustrating fraud. "The feasibility of reaching an agreement as to the causes for which a marriage should be annulled may well be doubted. It could not reasonably be expected unless upon a basis by which the three or four states which yet hold that desertion, habitual drunkenness, extreme cruelty, fraud in the contract, or conviction of an infamous crime do not justify a severance of the marriage tie shall surrender their views and adopt those which prevail in the remaining forty odd states of the union."

In cases in which marriage has proved a grave mistake legal relief should be granted. Men and women should not be compelled to live together in misery; children should not be born and bred in circumstances favorable only to physical and moral degradation. If as the *News* says this subject is to be considered by Congress at all "why not go to the root of the matter by providing for an exhaustive scientific investigation into the relation between mistaken marriages and hereditary disease, crime, pauperism, insanity and pronounced physical defects? If there is to be a surrender of state functions to the federal government, involving a reaction in the modern bent of opinion upon the marriage relation, there is edu-

cational work to do before it can be accomplished. It must be demonstrated that marriage, under the adverse conditions referred to, is right and should therefore be indissoluble; that it is not unjust to either of the principals nor to the offspring, nor a fruitful cause of diseased and criminal childhood, and that it is not necessarily a menace to the state." This is a sensible and reasonable view of the subject.

HOW WOULD YOU UPLIFT THE MASSES?

This question was ably discussed at a late meeting of the Sunset Club, an organization destined to exercise great good in the community if it adheres strictly to its original purpose of "tolerant discussions and rational recreation" and is not led astray by success.

The introduction of women to take an active part was a happy advance step and Miss Frances E. Willard exhibited marked ability as a presiding officer, while Mrs. J. M. Flower and Miss Jane Addams shared the honors with the practiced debaters, Rabbi Hirsch and George Schilling. All were earnest and evidently believers in their theories as to what they deemed necessary to uplift the masses, and yet not one of these able advocates of reform urged, except indirectly, the most important step to be first taken towards reaching the end they all desired.

Each in his or her way depicted the many causes for the low condition of the masses, but none attributed the condition to the right cause, viz., the method of municipal government which is simply in conformity with the great law of nature and the foundation of all political parties and is as applicable to land as to sea—that the big fish feed upon the little—for there are "land sharks as well as water sharks." THE JOURNAL would ask, why should national politics have any place in the government of municipal corporations more than in bank and railroad organizations? Do not all receive their power from the same source and for the same general purpose—the best interests of all directly concerned? These questions are too prolific of serious consideration to be treated at length in these columns. They point to the great bulk of the evils which oppress the masses and to the necessity of eradicating politics from municipal government, as the important step to be taken to uplift "the masses" while doing "the classes" an equal good. We have excellent authority for believing that the poor will always be with us. The indolent, shiftless and aimless cannot be uplifted, but they may be sifted from the deserving masses through proper methods and perhaps helped by being shown their weakness.

Miss Jane Addams said in her admirable paper: "There are public schools in the poorest and most crowded wards of the city, but in these wards there are many who never come under the influence of a professional teacher after they are fourteen years old. They need further teaching and inspiring, which requires neighborhood methods, for it is true of people who have been allowed to remain undeveloped and whose faculties are inert and sterile that they cannot take their learning heavily. It has to be diffused in a social atmosphere. Information held in solution is a medium to fellowship and good will can be assimilated by the dullest." This plainly points to the advisability of the utilization of our school houses that the masses may have at least places free of cost, through properly organized societies and clubs in each school district where they may enjoy "tolerant discussion and rational recreation" so essential to the development of character.

Doubtless to do this much in the right direction, legislation and an amendment to the state constitution will be required, but these are trifles which should not be allowed to stand in the way of bringing about methods for municipal government calculated to insure the well-being of the municipality and an equalization of justice between the masses and the classes which all admit does not now exist; the fault being equally divided with all who will benefit by a change. The secular newspapers are too much under the influence of political parties to give attention to the moral good of the people outside of political methods and so the clubs of the city must be looked to as leaders, relying on the press to echo their good

work. "How should municipalities be governed?" would form an excellent subject for the Sunset, Commercial or any of our prominent clubs to consider and so prepare the way for its discussion during the World's Congress Auxiliary of the World's Columbian Exposition.

THE FAMINE IN RUSSIA.

According to the report lately presented to the United States government at St. Petersburg there are in Russia 14,000,000 persons in actual want. The territory afflicted by the famine comprises thirteen provinces of European Russia, having an area one-third greater than all Europe. The spectre of famine has overshadowed everything. The imperial government has appropriated an amount equivalent to \$42,500,00 from the public treasury for the work of relief, all classes are contributing according to their means, and every energy is strained to mitigate the suffering. Countess Tolstoi in a recent appeal says:

"In such great need as this individual persons can do nothing. And yet every day that we spend in a warm house, every mouthful that we eat, seems to reproach us with the thought that at this very moment some one is dying of hunger. All of us who live here in Moscow in luxury, and cannot bear to see the slightest pain suffered by our own children,—how should we endure the sight of the desperate or stupefied mothers looking on while their children die of hunger and cold? Thirteen roubles (\$6) will save from starvation till next harvest one person. But there are so many that enormous sums are needed. Let us, though, at least, try what can be done. If each of us saves, according to his or her powers, one, two, ten, or a hundred lives, our consciences will be lighter. Surely, God will spare us another such year in our life-time!"

The society of American Friends of Russian Freedom made an appeal some weeks ago to the people of this country for contributions, to which many responded by remittances showing readiness to render substantial aid to the sufferers. These sums have been forwarded every week to Tolstoi and his wife whose noble efforts in behalf of those who are in direst want have elicited praise from every quarter.

Contributions for the relief of the sufferers will be received by Mr. Francis J. Garrison, No. 4 Park street, Boston, by whom all amounts contributed will be acknowledged personally, and also in *Free Russia*, the organ of the Society of American Friends of Russian Freedom, and will be promptly transmitted to the Count and Countess Tolstoi.

DREAMS.

Dreaming is usually, no doubt, the activity of the mind in incomplete sleep, which leaves sometimes distinct traces in the waking consciousness, at other times indistinct traces or none at all. Zeno recommended an examination of dreams as a means of acquiring knowledge of the true self. Although dreams are often, indeed in most cases probably, as Dryden says, but "a medley of disjointed things," they sometimes show evidence of intellectual capacity which surprises the waking self. Condillac, while engaged in writing one of his works, completed, in his dreams, a train of thought where he had left off on retiring for the night, and Coleridge wrote from memory one of his poems which he had composed in sleep. We have the testimony of mathematicians who while asleep dreamed the correct solution of problems that had baffled them while awake, and of authors who in dreams were directed to authorities which they had vainly sought to find when regularly engaged in their work. Dr. Gregory states that ideas and phraseology occurred to him in dreams which were so apt that he made use of them in giving lectures before his college classes, and Sir Thomas Browne composed comedies in his dreams, which amused him greatly when he awoke. The dreamer often sees beautiful pictures, hears melodious strains of music, and feels the presence of departed or distant friends, as strongly and as vividly as though the external organs were in active exercise. Taste and smell are in like manner excited in sleep.

These facts show that the activity of the organs of sense is not necessary to excite those impressions which were originally received through the senses, showing too that what is perceived is not the external object, but the effect which the object has produced upon the mind, a symbolical representation in consciousness, mental in its nature, of the externality. And thus when the avenues of the body are closed the impressions may be as vivid as when the senses are alive to the outward world, and what is more wonderful the imagination may, during this time, indulge in flights of fancy, the reasoning powers may be exerted in solving the most abstruse problems, or memory may be exercised in recalling from the dim past some long-forgotten incident.

Does not the mind have during sleep clairvoyant powers by which it can sometimes know of what is occurring at a distance? The testimony of thousands can be cited in support of this claim, and the most careful investigators of psychical science assert it as a fact. And does not the mind, in dreams, sometimes get glimpses of coming events? That it does philosophers and poets as well as the "common people" have long believed. Dreams, as Byron says,

"..... look like heralds of eternity;
They look like spirits of the past,—they speak
Like sibyls of the future; they have power."

CASES FOR INVESTIGATION.

Dispatches from Williamsburg, N. Y., say that at 257 Bedford ave., in a three-story brick building has appeared a phantom which has produced considerable fright. The ground floor it is stated is occupied by Otto Edel, a saloonkeeper, who lives with his family on the second floor. The top floor is occupied by a Mrs. Lee Fisher, a widow. About 5:30 one afternoon Mathew Shaw, of North Seventh street, and Edward Deelin, of 201 North street, were taking a drink with the bartender, William Coffey. As they raised the glasses to their lips they heard a shriek and a heavy fall in the hallway outside the saloon. They found Albert Meehan, a young milkman, who came to the house daily, lying unconscious on the floor. When Meehan recovered he made a dash for the street. He told the barkeeper he had seen a ghost in the hallway. The men laughed at him and returned to the house to investigate. On reaching the first landing the three screamed and tumbled head over heels downstairs. At the end of the landing stood a tall figure. Up to its waist it was clad in some white material, but above it was a skeleton. As the men gazed at the apparition the skeleton raised its right arm and opened its jaws. When the men reached the street two of them fainted. Dr. Feeney had them under his charge all day and said they were suffering from a shock. A crowd gathered around the house to watch for the phantom. Such is the story substantially. Little importance should be attached to unverified newspaper reports of apparitions, but cases, detailed accounts of which like the above are given, should be looked into by some competent persons in the place and the fraud or hallucinations should be exposed, or the accounts confirmed. Another thrilling ghost story comes from Springfield, Ohio, as a special telegram to leading daily papers. It is briefly as follows: Edward Wallace, his wife, and five children have disappeared, leaving all their belongings in their house at Barr's Bottoms. Before going they told their neighbors that they had been driven from home by the ghost of a murdered man. It had been forcing its society upon them for some time, but they put up with it. Of late, however, the ghost has been carrying on in such an outrageous manner, shrieking, groaning, slamming the doors, and making all sorts of unearthly noises that they could endure it no longer. Will not some reader of THE JOURNAL near Barr's Bottoms investigate this case.

R. HEBER NEWTON.

We are sure our readers will be glad of the latest news concerning a man than whom none has a stronger hold upon the hearts and minds of all people engaged in liberalizing, enlightening and uplifting the race.

Dr. Newton writes us from Bermuda that he is very slowly gaining strength, and will remain there for some time. He had been running down in vitality all the fall, so that when the grip seized him it came near proving fatal. Dr. Newton writes in glowing terms of Bermuda as a resort for those seeking health and rest. "I wish you could be here a while," he writes, "it is a little paradise. The air is delicious—all sea breezes. The temperature changes but little, rarely more than six or seven degrees in a day; usually it is between seventy and seventy-six degrees. The island is a series of enchanting pictures,—white roads, white villas nestling among trees of all sorts, cedars, palms, bananas, india rubber, etc. The coasts are bluff, and beaten by waters like those of Southern Italy in color. Roses are blooming everywhere. Every drive is a new beauty,—and all in sixty hours from New York."

REV. JAMES MARTINEAU's present attitude toward Unitarianism, is the subject of wondering comment in the religious press. The Boston *Christian Leader* exclaims: James Martineau withdrawing from the Unitarian communion,—to establish which in England he has done more than any ten other men combined; formally avowing that he is no longer even Christian in his beliefs or his position; stepping out of all formal relations with any and every form of Christian recognition; avowing himself simply an "independent"; to think that the author of those sermons, "Endeavors After the Christian Life," should come to all this! Dr. Martineau has got to be very aged. Approaching the nineties has he any logical reasons for this last demonstration, that were hidden from him in the sixties?..... It is a surprising bit of news, remarks the New York *Independent*, that James Martineau, the most distinguished teacher of Unitarian doctrine in England, has withdrawn from that denomination. We do not understand that he renounces his belief, but he does declare that he sees no use for a Unitarian denomination, and does not share the aspirations of those who wish to magnify such a body. He thinks it would be better for him to be an unrecognized member or worshiper in some other church, and would prefer to see the Unitarians scattered among various Christian communions. It would not be strange if his own positive faith in God had been considerably tried by the agnosticism which is so prevalent among Unitarians.

NOTWITHSTANDING these expressions from two religious papers, there is nothing to indicate that Dr. Martineau's essential views have undergone any change. He is a theist now as he has been hitherto. For a long time he has been indifferent to Unitarianism as a distinct organic body.

THIS incident is related in a Pleasantville, N. Y., paper: A few nights ago one of our village belles retired to her room, and disrobing left her clothes lying on the floor. The next morning when she arose to perform her duties for the day, she found that they were gone. She called her parents and after searching all through the house they could not be found. The first thought was that burglars had entered and carried them off, but upon examination the doors and windows were found secured, showing that no one had entered. What had become of her clothes? That was the mystery. Again the search was commenced and after ransacking the whole house, a bureau drawer was opened and the clothes found all nicely folded therein. Now how did they come there? Did the young lady get up in her sleep? That seems to be the most probable solution to the mystery.

In a work of rare literary merit and fine spirit written many years ago, entitled "The Logic of Death," George Jacob Holyoake thus replied to those who preached the barbarous doctrine of eternal torment: The greatest aphorism ascribed to Christ, called his Golden Rule, tell us that we should do unto others as we would others should do unto us. It is not moral audacity, but a logical and legitimate application of

this maxim, to say that, if men shall eventually stand before the bar of God, God will not pronounce upon any that appalling sentence, "Cast them into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth;" because this will not be doing to others as he, in the same situation, would wish to be done unto himself. If frail man is to "do good to them that hate him," God, who is said to be also Love, will surely not burn those who, in their misfortune and blindness, have erred against him. He who is above us all in power will also be above us all in magnanimity.

THE Baptist Sunday school, which formerly met in the little frame building on Turtle Creek, near Sharon Springs, Kan., now meets there no more, says a daily paper. On New Year's Eve a party of young people congregated to watch the old year out, and were just waiting with suppressed giggles for the strokes which were to announce the passing of the old and the arrival of the new, when they saw the figures of two men struggling near the pulpit. Finally one plunged a dagger into the other's breast and then both vanished as suddenly as they had appeared. It is recalled that five years ago two strangers came to Sharon Springs and opened a night school in the school house on Turtle Creek. Nothing was known of them. For a time their school flourished. Suddenly they disappeared. It is believed that the midnight scene is the key to the mystery. But whatever the cause the Baptist Sunday school will meet no more in the school house.

WE regret to record the demise of John Couch Adams, F. R. S., D. C. L. (Oxon.), D. Sc. (Cantab), Professor of Astronomy in the University of Cambridge. Professor Adams was the discoverer, conjointly with M. Le Verrier, the eminent astronomer of Paris, of the planet Neptune, a case analogous to the independent discovery of the theory of natural selection by Darwin and Wallace. Professor Adams was an honorary member of the Society for Psychical Research, in whose work he took much interest.—*Light*.

THE Law and Order Society of Pittsburg, under the direction of the Protestant clergy of that city, continues its war on Sunday papers, which it began by having a thirteen-year-old newsboy arrested. Since then a newsdealer has been fined \$25 for selling newspapers on Sunday. This persecution is carried on under a statute ninety-eight years old, and which, during most of this time, has been dead, showing that "dead laws" so-called, like sleeping lions, may be very dangerous. The Sunday papers continue to be published. The Pittsburg *Times* says: The greatest regret Pittsburg can have in these closing hours of the nineteenth century is that the Law and Order Society was not born in the eighteenth and did not die in the same moment.

ON January 30th, C. G. Conn, one of the leading manufacturers of Elkhart, Ind., divided \$9,000 among his employes on the profit-sharing basis, five of his foremen receiving \$780 each, while the remainder was apportioned among the other workmen according to the class in which they stood. This is the second year the plan has been tried by Mr. Conn and all concerned consider it a great success.

FLAMMARION, the eminent and imaginative French astronomer, was recently sketched in *The Echo*. The writer felt compelled to state that he is a Spiritualist, but tried rather hard to minimise the matter by saying that he "did not belong to the ordinary ruck of Spiritualists." Neither does he belong to the ordinary ruck of writers, or of other things ordinary, and hence all the more credit to Spiritualism.—*Medium and Daybreak*.

MYSTERIOUS breaking of glass in Liege is reported, which the police have not been able to discover the author of, though the investigation has continued for two months and more.



SYMPATHIES AND ANTIPATHIES.

BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

With increasing advance in human knowledge we are beginning to understand more and more clearly that in the depths of our consciousness are powers and potentialities of whose meaning we have scarcely yet begun to dream. They are manifested in a way to attract attention only occasionally and even then in a fashion to which we have become unconsciously accustomed, so that we give to them little thought while readily yielding to their potent influence; yet the fact is patent that there are many mysteries by which we are surrounded in our daily lives,—mysteries which, we are assured by those far in advance of us, are still unsolved, and some of which, it is asserted, will remain forever insoluble to man's knowledge, at least during this stage of his existence.

One of the most common of these mysteries, one whose manifestations occur daily and hourly in our lives, and one which, in varying forms, seems to permeate all nature, animate and inanimate alike, is that of those feelings which are always coexistent, and which we call sympathies and antipathies, or attractions and repulsions. One of the strongest forces of nature, one of the most powerful determinants of whatever is, one of the chief sources of our happiness and our misery, we yet know comparatively nothing as to the how, the why, or the wherefore of it, although these questions are forever tantalizingly arising to demand solution, while at the same time mockingly defying our power to solve them.

If we confine ourselves to the manifestations of this feeling in humanity alone, what problems it presents, what mysteries of inconsistency surround it! It is the unconfessed source of our business relations, our friendships, and our loves; for no man, however obtuse, would or could enter into intimate business partnership with a person toward whom he felt an undeniable aversion, however ill-founded in reason that aversion might seem to be. No one could entertain a real friendship for another whose society was a positive pain to him. None can love where the secret sympathy which first induces love is absent. The sensitiveness to this feeling varies greatly in different individuals; and, good gift as it sometimes proves, unhappy is he or she who is unusually endowed with it, since the sympathy is so strong in some cases as to be unreasoning and dangerous because of the partiality felt for unworthy objects, while the antipathy may be so intense as to aid injustice and encourage wrongdoing. The strength or the weakness of this unexplained, unanalyzable feeling determines, in a greater or lesser degree, every act of our lives. The man least influenced in his judgments by it is, nevertheless, though unacknowledged to himself, in part governed by it in all his words and acts. The most unimpressible of us are never in company with any human being for ten minutes at a time without measuring him or her by this unacknowledged standard. Those most sensitive to its influence take violent likes and dislikes on first sight,—likes and dislikes which often fatally color and shape their whole after life. The least sensitive are so far guided by this feeling as to allow it often to bias their judgment of men and things, though imperceptibly, perhaps, to themselves.

Among Maria Edgeworth's charming moral tales for children there is one on the subject of these unreasoning antipathies, in which her aim is to show that they are founded on partial knowledge and ill-natured guess-work. I knew a child with strong inherited moral principle, but born also with this unfortunate dower of unreasoning sympathy and antipathy, who, reading this story of Miss Edgeworth, pondered long and deeply upon the moral inculcated by the story of Rosamond and the old woman in the poke-bonnet, resolving to profit by it and overcome its unconquerable aversion for certain people, and foolish

attraction towards others less worthy. The only known result of that childish effort was to make it hate more heartily and love more fiercely those whom it should not.

Long ago, somebody voiced this feeling in the well-known, often-repeated doggerel lines:—

'I do not love thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why, I cannot tell;
But this alone I know full well,
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.'

It is not alone toward the strangers whom we meet or to whom we are introduced, some of whom we feel inclined to grasp by the hand and greet with the warmth of tried friendship, while we touch coldly and shrinkingly the extended hand of another, and feel a sense of pain in addressing with the cordiality demanded by social custom, that we have this feeling, but toward those also, bound to us by ties of blood or gratitude, and acquaintances of years' standing. And, though reason frequently gives sanction to these sympathies and antipathies, it is by no means universally the case; for often those whose presence is a delight, and whose hand-clasp a pleasure, are those whom our moral sense condemns or whose untrustworthiness is well understood by us, while we hold aversion for others in whom morally and intellectually we can discover no important flaw.

Another of the contradictions of this mysterious sense is that it is not by any means always reciprocal. Those whose touch and tone make the dearest joy of our lives may be, and often are, utterly indifferent to us, or may show unmistakable signs of repulsion; and, among those who love us most faithfully and seek us most constantly, may be those from whose touch we shrink, and whose presence we would gladly avoid, if we could do so without giving pain.

Not only does this law of attraction and repulsion exist between and toward persons, but the same is felt toward animals, plants and localities. Facts indicating such feelings are frequently mentioned incidentally in the biographies of both saints and sinners; stories related of their pet aversions and intense attractions. Animals also share in this law, not only toward each other but toward human beings. So also do plants, of which the very name of one, the sensitive plant, is a forcible illustration.

So, while we talk glibly of our discoveries and drag language out of its proper sphere to torture it into giving meaning to the phantasms of our brain which we dub philosophies, we stand dumb and servile before a mystery of our daily lives, which we have not, so far in our research, been able to catch, to verify and label. Efforts to do so have not, however, been lacking, among which may be mentioned Baron von Reichenbach's theory of "odoric force" the "aura," or individual atmosphere, and the theories of mental intercommunication based upon "sub-consciousness," or the "hidden self." But none of these have so far been proven true, and the majority of us find that these explanations do not explain at all clearly to the common mind; that they are as hard to understand as the force which they undertake to unravel and explain. But that there is some great natural law underlying all these sympathies and aversions is sure, and at present it looks as if the hope of discovery of what this law is, lay in the direction of psychical research.

CHRISTIANITY AND SPIRITUALISM.

BY M. C. C. CHURCH.

It has been a source of pleasure to the writer to read from time to time able presentations of what THE JOURNAL and its friends mean by true Spiritualism. In the estimation of the writer there is no difference between the Spiritualism taught by THE JOURNAL and that which the true awakened souls realize as real Christianity. And this for manifest reasons. Among others these:

To start with, the world has no true history of the beginning of what has been called "Christianity." This is now conceded by the ablest scholars—by scholars who accept the dogmas of the church because when properly interpreted in the light of human

experience they stand for the best thinking of the ages; and until replaced by a fuller experience and a more rational faith these dogmas represent humanity's struggle after the True. When it is remembered that Christ never wrote a line except upon the sand; that he left no inheritance except in the soul of man; that all we have is the filtered conceptions of a few illiterate followers—written down long years after the events themselves had almost faded from the memory of those still living; that the "synoptical gospels" have no evidence of being written by the persons whose names are attached to them; that these gospels are not original productions but collected from some preceding narrative written by no one knows whom, that the Gospel of John was not written by the beloved apostle, but by some one about the middle of the second century, we say when all these facts are remembered and many other facts of the same tenor there is nothing for historic Christianity to rest upon. From the standpoint of fact it is a mythus, the most sacred myth garnered by the idealism of the soul of man. The church has been its repository; but like all her claims she has proven recreant to her trust, and for this reason our modern life catches the glorious image of that invisible splendor which shines in the soul and calls man to a life which reveals the Divine Man as the Infinite Goodness—Truth always and forever the guest of the human heart. It is this which the Spiritualism of to-day announces. God-in-man is its fundamental truth; not God in some, the favored saints, but God-in-all—the Father of all; the redeemer of all; the full realization of all. Brotherhood, fraternity, solidarity is finding the same succession from Christ to the church of the spirit. It is one; it opens to all one destiny; one spirit of truth as the universal teacher. None are excluded. This is "Modern Spiritualism" when discredited from fraud and fanaticism. It is the same old Christianity—a Christianity which has been obscured and clouded by the perversity of human frailty; but now coming forth with the same old radiant glory as the New Hope of the world.

PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

THOUGHTS ON SHAKER THEOLOGY.

BY C. W. COOK.

I am reading "Shaker Theology," by H. L. Eads. The book is indeed worthy of perusal by all who seek purity of life and are thus striving to do their share in the general uplifting of the time. It contains much rational thought. The spirit which animates and pervades it is that of loving help to humanity. It has little of the doctrine of hate and condemnation. But on the whole it seems rather to take authority for truth, than truth for authority. No candid mind can read it without having a higher and better opinion of our brethren, "these Shakers," than is obtained from the flippant accounts which the public press frequently flaunts in our face.

Some thoughts which occur to me as I read, I send for publication.

When the author says: "In the end, nothing but truth will have been, or can be advantageous to any soul," I am in hearty accord with him. But when he talks about the "redemption and the salvation of the soul," I wish he had said the wise culture of the spiritual faculties in harmony with their own nature and with all the outer universe. And it is this latter which I conceive to be "paramount to every (other) earthly consideration whatever."

Has it not occurred to my brother that there may be the very quintessence of selfishness in pursuing some particular line of conduct for his soul's sake? Would it not be better to do things for other's sake, for truth's sake, regardless of what may befall our insignificant self?

He says there are "eleven hundred different creeds" and intimates that one of these is right. I say no one is wholly right. No one is wholly wrong. All are the product of man's thought. Consequently, all are infallible. And if a creed or so-called revelation could emanate directly from the Infinite, the finite would give it a fallible interpretation. This is the

case with all the supposed revelations the world round, and the ages through. Hence the numerous and conflicting sects founded thereon. But who ever heard of sects founded on the doctrine that the whole is equal to the sum of all its parts? Ah! it is beginning to be seen that man can not lie indolently on his back and have the fruit from Omniscience poured into his mouth. He must bestir himself. By his own intelligent effort alone shall he gather this, as he must all other truly beneficent food which the Father has prepared for his sustenance.

Yes! there is a right way, and but one right way, but man can obtain only relative truth. This he gets little by little, as he climbs the golden stairway of eternal progress. Till a drop of water can contain the ocean, a grain of sand the immeasurable worlds, till the finite shall become the Infinite, no one man, no set of men, no creed, no philosophy can contain the whole truth. What we are enabled to get of it renders us correspondingly wise, useful, happy.

In nature's plan, which is God's, "rewards and punishments" are not. Cause and effect are. Of God man can form no adequate conception. That there is as much masculinity as femininity in the Deity, I am fully satisfied; not because any prophet or god has revealed it to me, but because wherever I turn in the universe, I behold these two forces or principles actively manifested. In inorganic chemistry, particles that have an affinity, rush together. We have the positive and the negative manifested in all electrical phenomena. The one is invariable and everywhere, the complement of the other. From monad to man, the same principles are manifest on successively higher and higher planes of action. Again, from the individual atom to the individual god there is a blending—a union of the male and female principles. It requires these two halves, this duality, to make one—unity. And, since what we can learn of nature is so much learned of God, I conclude, reasoning from analogy, that the whole is a duality, of these two principles, forming a unity in ultimate. Hence, in speaking of the Great First Cause I like to say, "our Father-and-our-Mother-God."

In regard to those "exceeding great promises," Mr. Eads quotes, I do not care to "sit on a throne." It presupposes too many toiling ones to maintain me there in opulent ease. I would rather be laboring at something that will benefit others. And it is better to do good without hope of reward or fear of punishment.

While Jesus and Ann Lee both taught certain great moral truths which are worthy of all acceptance, they yet each had individual peculiarities which it is neither needful nor well for others to follow. Even no two clover leaves unfold exactly alike. How much more diversity then there must be among men. Certain great general moral laws there are alike applicable to all, even as certain general organic laws are alike applicable to clover leaves. But when large bodies of men and women adopt certain individual idiosyncracies of some great moral teacher, as a necessary part of religion, such as wearing the hat like Penn, or not marrying like Ann Lee, they go counter to nature, and so are not in accord with God. There are both general and individual laws to observe in the harmonious unfoldment of a human being. Some of the former, every great teacher has taught. Let us heed them, at the same time sacredly observing the latter.

What is said in the author's second chapter, regarding "confession" savors too much of priestcraft. Sin is not. Discord is. There can be no forgiveness. Being nature's way it is also God's, that effect will follow cause, alike in the physical, intellectual and spiritual departments of man's nature. As well attempt to "forgive" away the effect of a child's burning its finger, as to "forgive" away the misapplication of natural law in either of the other two parts of its nature. Culture, knowledge, obedience is the only way to avoid the effects of what is called sin. Says Huxley, "When our knowledge becomes greater, and our obedience the expression of our knowledge, present evils will disappear." Happiness is a result of harmony. This is alike essential

to man's spiritual, intellectual, and physical nature, else God has made a mistake in the manner of evolving and developing human beings.

RELIGION.

I.

Religion, as a fact in the world, whatever be thought of it, does not possibly admit of doubt. When the question is propounded, "Has religion a scientific basis?" it is pertinent only if asked in regard to theories, rituals and practices of a religious character. If they are not mentioned, they are implied, and probably not absent from the mind of the questioner. We do not ask whether a fact—the existence of a star or a stone, for instance—has a scientific basis. Science is classified knowledge—knowledge of many facts grouped and arranged after their kind, so as to constitute a basis for induction, to afford data for rational conclusions, to reveal relations and principles which, viewed separately, these facts fail to disclose.

Religious beliefs and observances prevail all over the world, among civilized and uncivilized men. Time and labor are lavishly given to their support. In their defence, millions are ready to fight and to die. And thus it has been as far back as history and tradition reach. In one form or another, religion has persisted through all changes of human condition,—the migrations of races, the rise and decay of empires, and all those vast revolutions in the conceptions and habits of men which have formed a part of the process by which the present condition has been reached. It has, too, stirred to its depths every passion, giving intensity to the highest and lowest in human nature. Mr. Abbot has well said: "If there is one word above all others which articulates in a breath the supreme sublimity and the most melancholy abasement of human nature, which, carries imagination up to the heights of a heroism so pure and lofty that common lungs gasp for coarser air, and then plunges her into dungeons of superstition so foul with blood and filth that the choke damp of the coal mine seems innocuous by comparison, it is assuredly the word 'religion.'" An element of human activity and a factor in the evolutionary process so prominent as religion cannot, save by very unphilosophical and superficial minds, be ignored or treated as of slight significance.

The science of religion is just as properly a science as the science of government. Each particular science is but a segment of the circle—a division of knowledge—made by ourselves for our convenience. All phenomena are related, and all the sciences are but portions of one science,—the science of the universe. Religious thought, emotion and practice belong to the phenomena of human life, and must be included in the study of man. We must look to anthropology, and not to that pseudo-science called theology, for the solution of religious problems. Indeed, while theology has been loudly proclaiming its *a priori* speculations in regard to God, his nature, his purpose and his plans, as absolute truths, so evident that they must not be questioned, so sacred that doubts of them implies moral depravity and excites divine wrath against the sacrilegious offender, anthropology has been exposing the weakness of theological assumptions, the puerility of its threats, the primitiveness of its method of thought, and showing that its "absolute truths" are but speculative fancies, which, instead of having a scientific value, begin where all science and correct reasoning end. Theology is no more entitled to be called a science than is astrology.

Let us now consider what is religion. By many, it is looked upon, as it was viewed by Miss Nesbit in "Dred," "in the light of a ticket which, being purchased and snugly laid away in a pocket book, is to be produced at the celestial gate, and thus secure admission into heaven." Theodore Parker thus refers to the popular religion: "A man is a Christian if he goes to church, pays his pew-tax, bows to the parson, and is as good as other people." And Emerson says, "Fashionable religion visits a man diplomatically three or four times,—when he is born, when he is married,

when he falls sick, and when he dies,—and for the rest never interferes with him." These definitions do not aim seriously to define religion, but what the writers would properly regard as perversions of it, or religion with its essential element left out.

Shelley defines religion as "man's perception of his relation to the principle of the universe." Coleridge says it is the "union of the subjective and the objective," the me and the not-me. Schelling says it is "the union of the finite and the infinite." Schleiermacher defines it as "immediate self-consciousness of the absolute dependence of all the finite upon the infinite."

In all religious systems, we find the recognition of power to which man sustains a relation of dependence, and a mental attitude corresponding with the conceptions prevailing; a feeling of dependence, accompanied by fear, wonder, reverence, adoration, and all those emotions arising from reflection upon the mysterious workings of nature and our relations thereto. That which is common to all religions, that which runs like a vertebral column through them all, that which is most fundamental, that which admits of neither denial nor doubt, is the recognition of mysterious power external to man and a sense of dependence upon it. Whether the power is one or many, whether it is good or evil, whether it is intelligent or unintelligent—these are questions involved in theories respecting the universe and our relations to it; but deeper, more fundamental than those questions and the basis of them is the inexpugnable consciousness of a relation of dependence to the power manifested in the phenomenal world. Whatever doctrines or ceremony, whatever uttered word, whatever unexpressed emotion, stands for this common element, is religion in its essential nature.

The feeling of our relation to the universe precedes all conceptions in regard to it. The conceptions are built up out of the feelings before they can give rise to the more complex emotions. More fundamental, therefore, than any religious theories or conceptions is that deep feeling of dependence, more like that of the infant's early sense of dependence upon its mother than even those higher, those more complex emotions which result from the contemplation of nature. In the process of mental evolution there has been continuity, the higher conditions having been evolved from lower ones. The complex religious nature of the enlightened man—if evolution be true—must have grown out of conditions in which none of its highest characteristics were present. And this fact gives rise to the difficulty of deciding as to the universal existence of religion among men.

Sir John Lubbock says, "If the mere sensation of fear and the recognition that there are probably other beings more powerful than man are sufficient to constitute a religion, then we must, I think, admit that religion is general to the human race." But, if this definition is adopted, Mr. Lubbock says, "we cannot longer regard religion as peculiar to man"; for he sees as much religion in "the feeling of a dog or a horse toward its master" as in some ceremonies which have been described as worship by travelers. If the highest races of men have come up through stages in which the lowest on earth now are—many of them in a state of arrested development, of fixedness—who can doubt that our early ancestors were as destitute of all that is now commonly regarded as religion as are the Arafuras off the coast of New Guinea, or the tribe of Bechaunas, described by Moffat and Livingston as destitute of religious beliefs and ceremonies.

The fact that religion, even the highest, is rooted in the depths, and not simply upon the surface of consciousness, explains its permanence and persistence through all the mutations of human history, and the inability to restrain and direct it by moral considerations until ages of intellectual and ethical culture have strengthened the later and higher parts of our nature. Reflective thought through countless generations, exciting a multitude of emotions and adding vastly to the wealth of man's emotional nature, has added to the complexity of the religious sentiment, infused into it elements derived from intellectual and moral education, so that in the enlightened mind it is not merely

recognition of mystery, a sense of dependence, a feeling of relationship, but a consciousness in which, with the deep primary religious feelings, is intimately associated and interwoven much that seems to bear as little resemblance to its early beginnings as does the tree full grown, its branches bending with fruit, bear to the tiny seed from which it grew.

The aversion, so common among some of the older school of freethinkers, to the expression "man's religious nature,"—an aversion that had its origin in opposition to the old theological conception of religion as a supernatural revelation or endowment,—disappears when the subject is viewed in the light of modern science. If man did not possess a religious nature, he would not have religious beliefs and feelings, he would not have religious exercises and practices, just as, if man had not a combative and destructive nature, there would be no war. Man, like the animals below him, acts according to his nature, and whether wisely or not depends upon whether his conduct accords with his higher or lower nature.

DOROTHY SPURGERON'S LEGACY.*

By M. G. B.

CHAPTER I.—THE LEGACY.

Miss Dorothy Spurgeron laid on her lap the impossible-looking tangle of worsted and wooden pins that she called her knitting work and sat up straight in her arm-chair. As she did so she glanced up into the old-fashioned gilt-framed mirror, tilted forward on a high mantel-shelf and murmured:

"Fifty years old to-day." Steadily regarding the reflected image she brought the palms of two plump white hands over her shining hair from the parting to the ears and repeated:

"Fifty years old to-day, but I am not grey yet, at least, not much so," she added as the glint of light on her head showed a thread of silver here and there. Indeed time had touched her gently. The smooth brow and pink and white complexion held a suggestion of youth that the dimple in her chin accentuated. Only a near inspection would reveal the cobwebby lines about the eyes, and the white threads mingling with the silky brown curls that fell from behind her ears had such a silvery sheen that they but added lustre to their shimmer.

Her gaze dropped to the glowing coals on the hearth and rested there. A soft sigh breathed over her lips and a look of sorrow swept into her placid face as she whispered softly: "And twenty-five years ago to-day I parted from Otho."

Memory brought again that hour of grief, but memory was kind and threw over the scene a hallowed light of peace. She thought now of her father—gone now for many years to dwell in God's acre—who had taken her into his kind arms from that cruel parting and had soothed and comforted her. She recalled the words never after omitted from his public or private prayer (he was a minister) in which he fervently craved divine care for "Those that go out to battle, perhaps to perish on the field of strife;" and again those other words that asked God to "Bless and comfort those who were left desolate at home." How the thoughts of that time came crowding upon her! The civil war had claimed both father and son, the one to the North, the other to the South, and neither had lived to return. After the battle of Lookout Mountain, that dreadful day when North and South mingling together, friend faced friend, in battle-rage, brother looked into brother's eyes over the bayonet point, the dead father was found clasped in the arms of the mortally wounded son. Thus did memory tug at her heartstrings and fill her brown eyes with sorrow, yet she was not a woman to yield to idle grief. Though the gentlest and tenderest of her sex, she was of resolute spirit, looked life squarely in the face and took his gifts or his denials as a matter of fact. She was not imaginative and her calm pulse sustained her self-control under the most trying circumstances.

Methodical to a degree, she carefully put away her knitting ere she arose and approached the window. Outside the mellow sunlight of an Indian summer afternoon brooded over the sleepy old Kentucky town. On the quiet street neither person nor thing was stirring, save when an occasional gust of wind came frolicking along, catching up the dust and tossing it aloft in mimic whirlwinds, or sending the fallen leaves tumbling into rustling heaps beside the door

steps. That day was just such another as this, she thought. Then as now the unfallen leaves of the old cottonwood at the corner of the yard, whispered and talked among themselves. There was only one little hollow in it then, now the last storm had torn off a great limb and showed its empty heart. Well, nature might destroy it, but not the hand of man, for its whispering leaves repeated many a word of Otho's to her, uttered on the seat at its base. There they had played as children together, and there they had plighted their vows. She turned her eyes away from it.

Across the street a half opened gate swung in the wind. It lead to what had been his home and was still that of his mother. How selfish I am she thought, it is her anniversary as well as mine. She brought a hat and a wrap and with a face as calm as a summer's day crossed the street.

It was a quaint old place, set in a broad lawn amid tall forest trees. Two great gable ends faced the street holding between them an enclosed portico. Moss grew about the foundation, even encroaching on the broad stone steps, and the ivy climbed the damp red bricks to the very roof. Here three generations of Vandoermell had lived, and here, since the death of husband and son, Madam Vandoermell had dwelt alone save for an old family servant. By nature somewhat austere and self-reliant, she had grown harder and sterner as the years crept by. She wanted neither sympathy nor friendship, and as she became more and more repellant, the well-meaning, but gossipy towns folk dropped away. It was long now since any but Dorothy had ventured to cross her threshold. Her she greeted always with a manner less stern than usual and the keen black eyes took for her an unwonted look of softness.

For all the signs of life visible about the place, it might have been deserted, as Dorothy walked through the rustling leaves to the door. She expected to see Madam Vandoermell in her accustomed seat beside the window, but she was not there. The great hall door stood on the latch and receiving no response to her light tap she pushed it open and entered.

The large square hall had a wide fire-place fitted with brass fire-dogs and guarded by a brass fender. This was now pushed aside and kneeling on the broad stone hearth was the old negress, Deborah. Though past sixty her straight figure and unusual color, proclaimed at once her Indian blood, and her well preserved strength.

"Good evening, Aunt Deb," said Dorothy pleasantly. The negress started sharply and slowly turned her head.

"Ebenin' Miss Dort'y," she spoke in a low tremulous voice, lifting her eyelids but half up, and then bent at once to her task of re-kindling the fire.

"Where is your mistress, Aunt Deb?"

"I dunno," muttered Deb, blowing the fire hard.

"What did you say?" asked Dorothy. Old Deborah placed the chunks closer together, blew them into a blaze, and slowly rose to her feet, saying in a heavy, sullen tone, without raising her eyes from the floor.

"I dunno, I hain't seed'er ter day."

"Has she left her room at all to-day?"

"I hain't seed'er," said Deb, as she mechanically put the fender in place.

"Perhaps she is sick. Have you not been up to see?"

"No, Miss, I hain't."

"Why?"

"Ole Miss she mighty quar, she ain't 'lowed me inter dat room sence ole Mars went to de wa'."

"But, Deborah, you should at least have gone to the door and asked if she needed you."

"Litty Miss, I darsent!"

"What a foolish old booby! I will go now," and Miss Dorothy moved toward the stairs.

Old Deborah made one stride and threw herself on her knees before the visitor, to whose dress she clung.

"O, land, Missy, doan do 't!" Surprised somewhat by the unusual action of the woman, Dorothy looked down and even her quiet nerves felt a shock when she saw the face of the crouching woman, and she stood for a moment doubting the creature's sanity. The face worked tremulously about the mouth, showing the yellow teeth, the eyes seemed starting from her head, her breath was coming in labored gasps, and her crouching figure shook as with an ague. Dorothy looked her steadily in the face.

"Don't do what, Deborah!" she finally asked gently.

"Doan go up dar pas' dat!" and Deborah made a wild motion toward the stairway.

"Past what? I see nothing but the clock."

"Dat's hit! Doan yo' go nigh 't," exclaimed Deb clinging to Dorothy's dress and rolling her eyes from side to side not daring to raise them to the object in question.

"Why Deborah, you must be out of your wits! What ails the clock?" Old Deborah shrunk to a heap on the floor, her breath came in loud gasps and every muscle convulsed as she struggled to answer.

Suddenly flinging her arms upward and her head back she shrieked out:

"O Lawd! Miss, hit don struck agin las' night!" Again she crouched close to the floor.

A shudder shot through Dorothy and she paled visibly as she stood rooted to the spot. It flashed through her mind how once during the war, the day after the battle of Lookout Mountain, she had come to visit Madam Vandoermell and had found her dressed in widow's weed and wearing a widow's cap scarcely whiter than the face beneath it. She recalled the face of the old lady when she said.

"The clock struck again yesterday, Dorothy."

"It may not mean anything though," Dorothy had ventured to say; but Madam Vandoermell had made answer:

"Hush, child, I have seen—and the other is done to death also. I am waiting for the signal. It will surely strike again." The stony face, the expressionless eyes and rigid figure were present to Dorothy's vision as she recalled it. She had knelt beside that black-robed figure and prayed silently until that clock had struck one deep-toned note. She had fainted at the sound, and had recovered consciousness leaning against that woman of stone—had looked into that face that was as the face of the dead, and been awed and stilled from all expressions of grief by the bloodless lips that said, "It is over. Go, and remember, if you have lost one, I have lost two. Go."

Now, as then, a quiet and hush fell upon her mind and she spoke very low and gentle. "Are you sure, Deborah?" Looking into the calm face above her Deborah became quiet.

"Yes, Missy, I don heerd it wid my own years."

"What time was it?"

"Hit mus' ben 'bout leben o'clock when I comed in ter mak up de fiah. Ole Miss she sot rite ober dar a readin' in de big book, and I had jes' put dat fender back arter I bresh up de ha'arf when boom went dat clock," and Deborah fell to shaking again.

"There, there, Deborah, get quiet and tell me the rest. What then?"

"Nuffin den. Ole Miss, she 'tend not ter hear it. And when I don stood stock still too skairt ter budge she jes' look up an' say. 'Why doan yo' go ter bed, Deborah?' jes' as if dat thing didn't come. Ole Miss, she allus was quar. She don knowed hit struck fer her, fer she's de berry lastest one of all, but she jes' said, 'you go ter bed Deborah,' lak she didn't know hit."

"After all, you may be mistaken. It was probably the town clock you heard and thought it this one. Go now and get some water hot while I go up to her. She will probably want a cup of tea."

Accustomed to obey, Deborah did as she was bade to do, but she muttered to herself as she shook her head at the kitchen fire. "Tea! she ain't gwine ter drink no mo' tea, an' I ain't stookten neider. I don heerd hit strike wid my own years."

Deborah being gone, Dorothy laid off her shawl and hat and faced the stairway. It was a broad stairway leading to a gallery that extended around the hall at the height of the second floor and gave access to the upper rooms and egress to the upper portico. Facing the steps, on the landing, stood the clock. Tall, black with age and heavy with carving, it seemed to frown down upon the scenes below in silent disapproval. Within the memory of no living being had it ever ticked a moment of time, and family tradition had it that for two centuries, or more it had stood a frowning, silent sentinel to mark the death hour of each succeeding Vandoermell.

I am not sure that it didn't bear a rather uncanny look amid the shows of the landing as Dorothy walked quietly up the stairs; nor am I certain that she did not shut her eyes for an instant as she resolutely passed by it and went on to the bed chamber of Madam Vandoermell. The door yielded to her touch and she entered. The room was in perfect order. Two windows facing the west had the curtains drawn entirely away and through one of these the long rays of the evening sun sent a banner of gold across the floor; across the white bed; across the white-draped form and white set face of the dead woman who lay there. Fully dressed for burial, old lady Vandormell lay in her chamber as amid the sacred hush of a temple. She had met death as she had met life, trusting nothing to others, stern, self-contained, self-centered and alone.

Gently, Dorothy stepped across the room and looked at the face. Its look of calm peace made her feel that the parting soul had welcomed release. Madam Vandoermell's hand held a letter directed to herself. Gently disengaging it from the cold fingers she opened and read it.

My Dear Dorothy:

My hour has struck. The old clock never lies, I am the last of the old family, it dies with me. When you find my body, notify the proper authorities and have it quietly buried as you find it. Do not allow a crowd in the house lest they demolish or carry off something, but have it conducted decently and quietly. Old Mr. Brieflet has my will. See that it is carried

out as set forth therein. Accept my legacy. You were worthy to wear the Vandoermell name. The word of a Vandoermell carried his honor with it and you have been true to the vows given my son. Accept the legacy, it is invaluable as a work of art. Keep the enclosed key. Farewell, until we meet in Eternity,
 MARAH VANDOERMELL.

H—, Ky., Oct. 20, 1886.

Miss Dorothy went out and locked the door after her. She passed swiftly down stairs, secured her wraps and left the house, feeling sure that Deborah would not discover her absence until she should return. She proceeded at once to the office of Col. Brieflet and placed the note in his hands. He assumed control of the obsequies and the instructions were obeyed. In due time the burial was made and soon thereafter the will probated. There being no heirs-at-law the matter was speedily settled.

The house and lands adjoining—being several hundred acres lying back of the village, together with some thirty thousand dollars were given under proper provisos and restrictions, as a "Home for the Poor." To Miss Dorothy Spurgeron five thousand dollars in moneys, the family plate, such of the furniture and pictures as she might choose, and the family heirloom—the carved and inlaid Calendar Clock. This she gave as the highest mark of esteem that she could bestow. To Deborah a thousand dollars in money and a home on the premises as long as she lived. In due time, Miss Dorothy Spurgeron came into her legacy. The plate was locked in her strong box and together with the money deposited in the bank. The clock and furniture were moved into her own bright sitting-room and life once more resumed the even tenor of its way.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SPIRIT INTERPOSITION.

James Robertson, Esq., of Glasgow contributes to *The Two Worlds* some strange experiences the account of one of which is as follows:

I have, during my life, had many strange experiences, which, though complete and satisfactory to myself, as evidence of the reality and power of spiritual people, still would not perhaps make much impression on others if repeated—in fact, some of the most valuable bits of evidence to myself would be of no service to the average scholar or orthodox thinker. The following chapter from my life is, I think, sufficiently clear to be worthy of acceptance:

"Towards the end of 1883 I had been traveling in the North of England, and coming up from Leeds on Saturday, 29th September, 1883, I met by appointment my valued friend, Mr. Harry Burton, of Newcastle, in Middlesbrough, he having arranged to address the Spiritualists of that town on the following day, Sunday. I was glad of the opportunity of getting introduced to the spiritual workers there, many of whom I see, from your columns, are nobly working in the cause till this hour. I have not been in Middlesbrough since, though formerly I used to visit it frequently. I mind well the earnest faces of Mr. Hall, Mr. Galetti, and one who since then has fallen upon evil days, Mr. Goodchild, the secretary. Towards the evening, 9 or 10 o'clock, Mr. Burton, Mr. Goodchild and myself strolled into the Market Place, where, amid the babble of sounds and the light of the naphtha lamps, a voice seemed to say to me, 'Send £25 to B. C., at Glasgow.' B. C. was a gentleman whom I had known for years when I was a young lad. I was often at the house of his parents, his mother being much attached to me. He had risen in the world—had become the possessor of wealth; but I knew some time before the voice came to me that he had suffered some misfortune, and was verging towards bankruptcy. I could not, after catching the impression or voice that came to me, pay much attention to the talk of my friends—I was filled with the one thought. I put it away from me as much as possible, saying to myself, 'If this comes back to me to-morrow, in the same kind of way as it has done to-night, I will attend to it.' I parted with my friends, got to my hotel, slept well, and at breakfast had a clear recollection of the kind of feeling I had had the previous night, and of my promise to give it attention should it come back, but there was no return of the sensation. I went to the forenoon meeting at the Spiritual Hall, and with Mr. Burton to Mr. Goodchild's house, where we had dinner. Coming out for a walk afterwards, we strolled into a small public park not far removed from the centre of the town, where here again was the same feeling, and the positive urging, 'Send £25 to B. C., at Glasgow.' There was no mistaking the kind of objective pressure which was on me. I said to myself, 'This is Sunday, when I cannot give the request attention. I will see what to-morrow does.' I seemed to get rest after this. I attended the evening meeting at the hall, where I took the chair, and where Mr. Burton delivered a masterly address on 'The Immortality of Man,' which

perhaps many still in the Newcastle district will remember. I had known and corresponded with Mr. Burton for long, but this was the first opportunity I had heard of hearing him speak from the spiritual platform. On the following Monday, I had arranged to go to Saltburn-by-the-Sea in the forenoon, but agreed to meet Mr. Burton on my return at Middlesbrough Station, and accompany him back to Newcastle. When I got on the way back from Saltburn, and while in the railway carriage, again was I met with the imperative message, 'Send £25 to B. C.' I had not conveniently at hand that I could pay away quite this sum, but I was compelled to write in pencil in the train to my wife, saying, 'Go to B. C., and offer him £25.' I enclosed, as far as I remember, my cheque for £20, saying I would hand over the other £5 when I got back to Glasgow. I posted my letter when I got to Middlesbrough, and afterwards met Mr. Burton, who said that instead of going direct to Newcastle he would like to go round by Spennymoor, to visit an old friend. I made no objections to accompany him by this route, especially as I had a customer there who might be worth calling on. I had no idea we were going to Spiritualists or mediums, and I left him in a shop door in the town, where he said, 'When you get through, come in here.' I finished my business, entered the shop, and was invited to the back, where, in a cosy parlor, we had tea together. After tea, and some talk on Spiritualism, the lady of the house went into a trance, while I was mysteriously moved—could not get rest on the sofa where I was sitting, but was forced to rise, very much against my wish, and kneel before the lady. I have very seldom had the same strong power at work on me; and now began the description, in marked outline, of a lady who said she knew me as a boy, and whom I at once recognized as the mother of B. C. Not only so, but the lady in trance went on, 'She calls you Jamie. What does that mean?' I said it was the only name I well recollected she had called me in those early years. I now knew at once the influence that had been with me these three separate days. I recognized a case of genuine spirit intervention which satisfied my soul to the full. Very much more transpired that night of real spiritual powers which I will not readily forget. I have not asked authority, or I might give the lady's name; but in the early investigations of Alderman Barkas he got some good tests of the continued assistance of spirit people through her. But for this meeting—call it séance, if you like—I might not have paid so much attention to my previous experiences. When I got back to Glasgow, and saw B. C., he thanked me sincerely for the £25, and said it seemed to him and his wife as most providential, for just that exact amount he was in deep want of, and did not know where it was to come from, when my wife stepped in as the angel of providence with the good news. I told him, though he was not like to believe such, that it was not me so much as his own mother who had sent it; that I had only yielded to the spiritual impressions which came to me."

A SPIRIT'S WATCHFUL LOVE.

A short time ago, writes Mr. Stead, a journalistic friend of high standing and reputation, whom I had met abroad, paid me a visit. When I asked him if he had ever seen a ghost, he replied, with unusual gravity, that a ghost had at one time saved his life and that he never spoke lightly on the subject. His story, which he told me with evident emotion and intense conviction, was remarkable, even if, as is probable, we should regard the apparition as purely subjective:

It was many years ago, he said, when I was younger, and when the temptations of youth had not yet become memories of the past. I was alone in a country hotel, and one night I had decided to carry out a project which I still remember with shame. At ten o'clock I retired to my room to wait till the hotel was quiet, in order to carry out my design and enter an adjoining room chamber. I lay in my bed watching the moonlight which flooded the room, counting the moments till all was still. After I had lain there for some time I was conscious of a presence in the room, and looking toward the window I saw the familiar form of the woman whose death three years before had darkened my existence. I had loved her with my whole soul, as I had never loved any one before. She was my ideal of womanhood, my whole life had been entwined with hers, and her death was the cruellest blow ever dealt me by Fate.

In the three years that had elapsed since her death I had striven to escape from the gnawing agony of the memory of my loss in scenes where she would least have sought me. Time, travel, dissipation had so dulled my pain that of late I had never thought of her, nor was I thinking of her when, suddenly I saw her standing by the window. Her face was in the shadow, but there was no mistaking that queenly figure, those stately shoulders and the familiar dress. She wore no hat or bonnet, but was as she had been

in her own drawing room, thousands of miles away. She was standing in the moonlight, looking at me. Then she slowly moved toward me and approached the bedside, fixing her gaze full on my face. Then, without saying a word, she vanished.

I had lain, as it were, paralyzed until she vanished, and I was once more alone. The passion of remorse obliterated in a moment the formerly imperious temptation. I no more thought of my design. It was as if the very thought of evil had been absolutely wiped out. I was overwhelmed with the thought of her and abased. Remembering at what moment she had revisited me I wept like a child, bitter, passionate tears of repentance, until from sheer exhaustion I fell asleep. I had no more doubt of the reality, the objective reality, of my visitor than I have of the objective reality of yourself or anyone else whom I may meet in the street.

This conviction was deepened when, on the following day, I learned to my surprise that if I had carried out my design and had entered the next room I should have been knifed on the spot. In the chamber I had intended to enter was a reckless young bravo, who would have certainly had no more compunction in planting his stiletto in the heart of any unarmed intruder than you would of killing a rat. Between me, therefore, that night and a bloody and shameful death, there was but an unlocked door and the watchful love of one who in this simple but supernatural way intervened to save me from myself and the doom that would otherwise have overtaken me.

HOW WITCHES WERE CONVICTED.

"One of the theories of the age was that the devil set his mark upon each of his servants that witches were all marked," says Winfield S. Nevins, in the February *New England Magazine*. "A jury of the sex of the accused was appointed to examine the body for such marks. It often happened that some excrescence of flesh common to old people, or explainable by natural causes, was found. One such was found on the body of Goody Nurse, and reported to the court, all but one of the jury agreeing to the report. Rebecca Preston and Mary Tarbell knew that the mark was from natural causes. The prisoner stated to the court that the dissenting woman of the jury of examination was one of the most ancient, skillful, and prudent, and further declared, 'I there rendered a sufficient known reason of the moving cause thereof.' She asked for the appointment of another jury to inquire into the case and examine the marks found on her person. The jury of trials returned a verdict of not guilty. Thereupon all the accusers in court 'cried out' with renewed vigor and were taken in the most violent fits, rolling and tumbling about creating a scene of the wildest confusion. The judges told the jurymen that they had not carefully considered one expression of the prisoner, namely, that when one Hobbs, a confessing witch, was brought in as evidence against her, she said: 'What, do you bring her? She is one of us.' The jury retired for further consultation. Even then they could not agree upon a verdict of guilty. They returned to the court-room and desired that the accused explain the remark. She made no response, and the jury returned a verdict of guilty."

Apocryph of "the heaviest brain ever weighed in the United States"—that of Madden scaling sixty-two and one-fourth ounces, as mentioned in last week's *Agnostic Journal*—it is interesting, writes Ellis Thurtell in the same paper, to note that a heavier one still has been weighed in England, over and above those belonging to "distinguished men." Dr. Charlton Bastian, in his "The Brain as an Organ of Mind," mentions a brain taken from a patient of University Hospital in 1849 that possessed the enormous weight of over sixty-seven ounces. The owner was a bricklayer, who had left his native village in Sussex on account of some dispute on the practical workings of the game laws with men usually clothed in velvet and carrying guns. He could neither read nor write, but had a good memory, and was fond of politics—no doubt with a bias in favor of free fields and gratis game. Dr. Morris, who published the report in the *British Medical Journal*, remarks: "Whatever his potentialities might have been, therefore it is evident that his actual acquirements were not great." There are, indeed, a great many brains on record belonging to uneducated men who had never shown any special marks of superior intelligence. Often the unusual weight may be partially accounted for by the brain-congestion or connective-tissue growth that was the cause or concomitant of death; but by no means always. The bricklayer in question died from blood-poisoning, following an operation, and his brain was physically symmetrical. It seems plain, however, that there is no necessary connection between a great brain-bulk and a great brain-power. Brains, like books, are valuable for other reasons than for their size.



MENDING STOCKINGS.

A pair of baby's stockings!
They are small and black and plain,
But I find sweet satisfaction
In looking them over again.

I mended these same stockings—
It must be two years ago—
And then they were laid in the drawer;
There was no one to wear them, you know.

For our own beautiful baby
Had gone to a fairer clime;
She had entered the golden city,
Where we hope to meet her some time.

And though in the mending basket
There still were stockings small,
There were none for a tiny baby
With daintiest feet of all.

Yet again from the open heaven
A wonderful gift has come,
And the sound of a baby's cooing
Is heard again in our home.

And tiny feet are moving
Along the nursery floor,
And dainty baby stockings
Are needed now once more.

Is it strange that I find a pleasure
In taking them in my hand?
They speak of our newest treasure,
And of one in the Fatherland.

—MARY J. PORTER.

In 1850, ten years after the organization of the General Land Office at Washington, D. C., appears on the rolls, for the first time, the name of a woman—Martha M. Read, writes Ella Loraine Dorsey in the *Charitavogue*. She was appointed from Georgia at a salary of \$600 a year, and assigned to the Division of Surveys. But her work, and that of several others whose names have never appeared on the records, was sent to her home to be done—the gentle device of chivalrous men to save delicate women from the hardships of weather and the unaccustomed associations and surroundings of a public office. But the world moves fast in war times and, in '61, widows and orphans multiplied as battle followed battle. Fortunes, too, were lost with frightful rapidity and completeness, and above the wailing for death and ruin came the piercing cry for bread from those whose breadwinners had gone to their last bivouac in

—the low green tent,
Whose curtain never outward swings.

So here as elsewhere the women came to the front in the twofold capacity of wage-earners and home makers; appointment followed appointment; documents were entrusted to them of too great value to be sent hither and yon, and they were called into office in 1869. Now 168 of them are scattered generously through the Chief Clerk's Division, the Recorder's Division, and the Divisions of Public Lands, Private Lands, Public Surveys, Railroads, Pre-emption, Contests, Swamp Lands, Draughting, Accounts, Mineral Claims, and Special Service.

Compare the status of woman in the closing decade of the 19th century with that of its early half! says the *Boston Budget*. Colleges are built for her; the higher education beckons and entreats her to enter into its golden land; occupations are open to her; the arts and sciences and professions are as hospitable to her as to men. She has even outlived the pioneer days when she was pointed at as eccentric if she chanced to prefer independent self-support to being a burden on others, or being driven into a *marriage de convenance*. It is now as honorable—as womanly, even, to be a doctor as to be a drudge, to be a scientist as a seamstress. The world is before her where to choose, and all this, whose summary would require pages, may be condensed into the terse little phrase of achieving individuality. And this is the present again which woman suffragists may claim—the gain of having educated and elevated and exalted womanhood.

Mrs. Harrier-Stanton Blatch contributes to the *Westminster Review* an interesting article on "Free Education in the United States." In conclusion she says: "With the ready increase of the proportion of women to men, teachers, there is one point which must in the near future demand serious thought. Is it safe to leave in the

hands of a disfranchised class the entire formative period of the future citizen? Can a person who has never enjoyed the rights of citizenship, or felt its responsibilities, instill in the mind of the rising generation that love of liberty and equality which are essential if the Republic is to continue? Is it not the plainest wisdom that those who mould the thought of a nation should themselves form part of the body politic of their country?"

Among the remarkable women of Clay county, Mo., is Mrs. A. C. Courtney, of whom her admiring and devoted husband writes: "I want to say that my wife has spun more thread, wove more yards of cloth, dropped more corn, piled more hazel brush and burnt it, bound more bundles of grain, loaded more wagons with the same, and sat more babies on a board while out at work than any other woman now living on earth."

No less eminent authority than Sir William Gull, of Great Britain, has said that the benefit derived from a university education such as girls get at Newnham and Girton makes them and their children stronger and healthier. Also that the percentage of childless marriage is less with the educated women and the percentage of children that survive infancy is larger.

THIS issue of THE JOURNAL is one day late, owing to an accident in the printing office which prevented the paper going to press at the usual time.

THE poem, "My Boy," reprinted in THE JOURNAL last week with the author's name omitted, should have been credited to John Pierpont. The omission of the name was an inadvertence, but the poem is one of Pierpont's best known pieces and most of our readers probably supplied the author's name when they read the lines.

A CIRCULAR received by THE JOURNAL announces that there will be a mass meeting at Central Music Hall, on Saturday evening, February 27th, in favor of keeping the World's Fair open on Sunday. The meeting will be held under the auspices of the American Secular Union. All who are in favor of an open Fair are invited to attend.

MRS. MARY V. PRIEST, known to our readers as a bright, occasional correspondent, and to a few as a non-professional psychometer of remarkable excellence, passed through Chicago last week on her way to West Acton, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Priest have been in Seattle for several years, but have decided to return to Boston. Mr. Priest will join his wife in a few weeks, having remained to close up matters on the Pacific coast before completing the change of base.

DR. C. P. MCCARTHY, of 316 West 59th street, New York City, is desirous of enlarging the boundaries of his lecture field. He is a university graduate, was originally a clergyman of the church of England, later a Universalist minister, and still later an exponent of the Spiritual philosophy. Dr. McCarthy is a fine hypnotist and a successful public demonstrator. He also has given prolonged attention to hypnosis as a therapeutic agent and is competent to teach others how to use it.

VISITS SATAN'S LAIR.

The daily press, knowing that there is increasing interest in spirit and occult phenomena, is ready to publish anything in that line, and the more sensational it is the more prominence is given to it whether it has the appearance of being well attested or is more likely the invention of some imaginative reporter. The *Inter Ocean* has a little more orthodoxy than the other dailies of this city. It is not behind any of them perhaps in publishing "blood curdling stories about ghosts," accounts of visions, supernatural occurrences, etc., but a good proportion of the *Inter Ocean's*

stories of this class have an evangelical coloring like the following, which appeared with big head lines, the first article in the first column on the first page of the news department of that enterprising journal on Tuesday morning, February 9th.

SINNERS SCARED.—The Rev. Mr. Johnson Tells a Strange Story.—Torrid Trip to Hades.—A West Virginian Visits the Awful Lair of Satan.—He Comes Back to Life, Repents and Again Expires in Hope of Salvation.—Terrors of the Bottomless Pit Graphically Portrayed.—Many Converts Making.—Saved From Perdition.

CLARKSBURG, W. Va. Feb. 8.—*Special Telegram*.—The Rev. John T. Johnson, the celebrated mountain evangelist, who has been traveling through the State for nearly forty years, states that during a revival at Round Bottom, Monongahela county, a young man of that place who had been ill with consumption for some time died, descended into hell, and returned to life in an hour, and, after describing his torrid trip, embraced religion and again died happily, in the full belief of his future salvation.

After stating that the young man, who was one of the most intelligent in the country, was a skeptic, Mr. Johnson says: "He was apparently lying at the point of death. The Rev. Mr. O'Daniels and myself were called upon to endeavor to bring him to Christ."

"While Mr. O'Daniels was talking to him, holding him by the hand, he seemingly expired, and was pronounced dead by all in the room. He remained in this condition for some time, when he suddenly began breathing heavily, and then struggling as though with some mighty monster."

"He seemed endowed with supernatural strength, and it required the utmost exertions of several powerful men to keep him on the bed. The struggle continued for an hour, when he calmed down, and, regaining his senses, requested that we sing and pray with him."

"After the exercises were over, he told us that when he became insensible to earth he found himself at the brink of a yawning, black chasm. Lurid fires seemed to be burning at a great distance down, and shrieks of the most unearthly kind greeted his ears."

"After remaining quiet a short time, he felt a thread by his hand. He grasped it, and had hardly done so when a mighty wind struck his body, almost tearing his limbs out of their sockets, and dashing him down into the mouth of the pit, where he swayed from side to side, clinging to the thread, which alone kept him from falling to the flames below."

"He knew that should the thread break or he lose his grasp he was doomed forever, and he thought to himself: 'I have been a skeptic and God Almighty is showing me that there is a hell of darkness and fire to which unbelievers are exposed,' and he grasped the thread the tighter."

"After what seemed to him an interminable time the wind ceased, and he knew nothing until he requested the ministers to pray with him. 'Shortly after his return to life,' Mr. Johnson continued, 'he made his peace with God and after giving full directions regarding his burial, bidding his friends good-by, and requesting Mr. O'Daniels when he officiated at his funeral to relate his remarkable experience for the benefit of others, died practically in his Savior's arms.' That Messrs. Johnson, O'Daniels, and others who witnessed this strange affair, believe actually in the supernatural occurrence is unquestioned. They are all persons whose veracity is beyond question, and even the physicians assert the young man was actually dead. The narration of the story at the funeral caused considerable excitement, and people are flocking to the churches throughout the neighborhood. Meetings have been held day and night since Thursday, the day upon which the young man was buried. It is said that the final request of the man was that a report of his experience be published broadcast, so that all men might know there was a hell."

THE Gnostic JESUS.

TO THE EDITOR: Our worthy brother, Dr. Westbrook, is most astonished that I am unaware that the existence of the historical Jesus was denied by the Gnostics. I might reply that I am much astonished that any student of early Christianity can believe that the Gnostics denied the being of the historical Jesus. I have in my library the standard works on the Gnostics, including Mansel's "Gnostics," King's

"Gnostics and Their Remains," Matter's "Histoire Critique du Gnosticisme," Burton's "Heresies of the Apostolic Age," etc., etc. Besides, I have the leading ecclesiastical histories of the world, in which Gnosticism is treated; as Mosheim, Millman, Geiseler, Neander, Schaff, Robertson, Cave, Landner, Kaye, Jostin, Du Pin, Baur, Coquerel, Priestley, Borizique, Donaldson, J. H. Allen, Mohan, Pressense, Renan, Hagenbach, Philip Smith, Crippen, et al. In addition, I have the original writings of the Church Fathers, from which all our knowledge of the Gnostics is derived—Irenæus, Hippolytus, Justin, Theodoret, Eusebius Tertullian, Clement, Augustine, Origen, et al.; also the only surviving exclusively Gnostic Gospel, the "Pistis Sophia." During the last six months I have carefully studied everything that I have concerning the Gnostics, as named above; therefore I think that I should know a little something about their doctrines; and I unqualifiedly assert that the central idea of every branch of Gnosticism, so far as the redemption of the world through Christ was concerned, was the historical existence of Jesus on earth at the time, and largely in the manner stated in the four Gospels; and that the only *raison d'être* of Gnosticism, as a Christian system, was this historical existence.

Simon Magus is called the earliest Gnostic. He is said to have claimed that Jesus was his precursor on earth, and appeared among men as a man, and seemed to suffer in Judea as a man (Mansel's "Gnostics," pp. 83, 110). Cerinthus, the earliest Christian Gnostic, said Jesus was the son of Joseph and Mary by natural generation, and that after his baptism the Christ descended upon him, but afterwards left him, so that Jesus as a man, without the Christ, was crucified and rose again (Mansel, l. c., 113; Baur's "Church History, First Three Centuries," vol. i., p. 199). Saturninus taught that Jesus came to earth, without birth, and lived among men as a man in appearance only, for the salvation of the good. Tatian had a somewhat similar belief, and so, in his "Diatessaron," in harmony of the four Gospels, he is said to have omitted the genealogies of Jesus and all reference to his descent from David—accepting as true all the rest of his life as narrated in the Gospels (Mansel, 132, 137-138). Baxdesanes asserted that Jesus was born of the Virgin Mary, and assumed the appearance of a man on earth as he had previously appeared to Abraham and others, and that the suffering of his crucifixion was in appearance only (Mansel, 139-40; Matter, "Gnosticisme," i., 326). Basilides and his followers claimed that the heavenly light came upon Jesus, the son of Mary, and they accepted the Gospel narrative of the life of Jesus and admitted the reality of his suffering on the cross (Mansel, 156-57; Bour, l. c., 218; King's "Gnostics," second edition, 1887, p. 79). The Ophites believed that the man Jesus was a material person; born of Mary; that Christ entered the man Jesus at his baptism, and left him when he was put on the cross; that at his death, his material body was abandoned to the earth, and a new ethereal one provided in its place; and that in his psychical body he lived on earth eighteen months after the resurrection and taught the taught the true Gnosis to the apostles. Some of the Ophites thought Jesus the son of Joseph, while others regarded him as virgin-born (King, 100, 101; Mansel, 110). Justin the Gnostic (not the "Martyr") deemed Jesus the son of Joseph and Mary (Mansel, 102, 103). Carpocrates said Jesus was the son of Joseph and Mary born like other men, and that the divine power given him was no more than other men may acquire in even greater degree (Mansel, 118, 122; Burton, "Heresies," p. 170).

Some Valentinians held that Jesus manifested on earth in a psychical body, while others held that he had a natural body upon whom the spirit descended at baptism and leaving him when before Pilate. The former said that Jesus was born through Mary, not of her—his birth being an appearance only (Baur, 209, 239; Mansel, 193; Matter, "Gnosticisme," ii., 146). Marcion denied the birth of Jesus, claiming that he appeared suddenly in the world, sent down from the dwelling of the Supreme God, with the appearance, but not reality of mature humanity; and that the Jews persecuted him and seemingly put him to death. In Marcion's teachings we have the extreme phase of the Docetic or so-called "phantom" Christ; yet Marcion accepted the life of Jesus on earth as narrated in a gospel used by him, which agrees for the most part with our Gospel of Luke. The deeds and words of Jesus recorded in Luke were, with some exceptions, believed in by Marcion as actual historical occur-

rences in Galilee and Judea, "in the fifteenth year of Julius Caesar," the opening words of this Gospel (Mansel, 215). Cerdon's ideas were similar to those of Marcion, and he is said also to have accepted the Gospel of Luke in an amended form (Lardner, "History of Heretics," in "Works," vol. viii., pp. 445-48; Mattea, "Gnosticism," i., 337-38). Apelles, and some of Marcion's followers, believed that, though not born of woman, Jesus had a real body of flesh (Lardner, l. c., viii., 474, 546; Burton, "Heresies," 287). The Docetæ were divided into two parties; some said the body of Jesus was an appearance or illusion only; others, that he had a real, tangible body, formed of psychic substance (Burton, l. c., p. 158).

The Gnostics in the "Clementine Homilies" teach that Jesus was a Jewish prophet, successor to Moses; and Elchesai taught that Christ was born like other men. (Mansel, 230-31). The Gnostic gospel, "Pistis Sophia," professes to be a record of the teaching of Jesus to his disciples during the eleven years he passed with them on earth after his crucifixion. (King's "Gnostics," p. 14.)

It is thus seen that an unhistorical Jesus was foreign to every branch of Gnostics, that the existence of Jesus or the Christ on earth among men in Judea, or described in the gospels, was the central fact of their Christian theology. One or more of the gospels were accepted, as a whole or in a modified form, by the Gnostics generally. (Lardner, l. c., 324, 331, and book ii. passim.) The life work of Jesus in these gospels was regarded as an actual historical fact; and so far as this was concerned, the only difference between them and other Christians was as regards the nature of the body of Jesus. All held that a body was seen acting and speaking among men. Many thought it a fleshy body, produced by natural generation; others, that it was a fleshy body, born of a virgin; some, that it was a spiritual body materialized for the occasion; and a few that it was an illusion assumed by Christ in order to manifest himself to the world of matter.

Dr. Westbrook says that the Gnostics described Jesus as a spiritual principle and considered the crucifixion as metaphorical, not a literal event; the real Christ or divine principle they thought still in heaven; and the Doketæ held that Jesus was symbolic, an idea. The whole of this is incorrect. All Gnostics held Jesus to be a distinct personality; not merely a principle. None of the Gnostics held the crucifixion as metaphorical; all thought it a literal event, as narrated in the gospels. Some held that the man Jesus was crucified, not the Christ, while a few thought the crucifixion only an appearance. None disputed the historical fact that to all appearance, the crucifixion, under Pilate took place; and most of them considered it a *bona-fide* occurrence. None held it merely metaphorical; a few thought it illusory, which is very different from being metaphorical. None held that the real Christ remained in heaven. All taught that the Christ came to earth and was embodied in Jesus. The Doketæ did not think Jesus was symbolic, an idea. The extreme Docetæ, the Marcionites, held that Jesus, as a personality, descended from heaven and appeared to the Jews in the form of a man, in order to save the world. (Lardner, l. c., viii., 475-79.) Dr. Westbrook's ideas of the Gnostics are, accordingly, entirely wrong. If he would read some standard work on the Gnostics, he would see how he has been misled by following Gerald Massay's vagaries. The claims made that, because certain Gnostics asserted that Jesus's earthly body was phantomatic, they denied his historical existence, is word-juggling, false, deceptive. This confounding of two distinct things, to bolster up an untrue theory, savors little of that strict adherence to fact, and conscientious presentation of historical truth, which every true scientist and honest investigator should exemplify in his writings.—no reference to Dr. W. in this, who, I take it, has been honestly misled.

The doctor calls my remarks on Taylor, my "last extravaganza." There is naught extravagant in them, and every statement is literally true, in accordance with the best scholarship of the age. It seems to me that the term "extravaganza" is more applicable to such extravagant assertions as that Jesus and the Apostles were solar or Egyptian myths, and never existed; that Paul did not believe in an historical Jesus; and that the Gnostics rejected an historical Jesus. In view of the facts I have stated, I hope that we have heard the last of these baseless affirmations in THE JOURNAL, and I shall not be called upon to further notice aught of this character, as I have other work of more importance than the refutation of such exploded fancies. In conclu-

sion, I reaffirm emphatically that, so far as my knowledge extends, the denial of the historical existence of Jesus was unknown in the world during the early days of Christianity.

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



PROMISES OF REWARD.

TO THE EDITOR: The moral teachings of the New Testament which are otherwise unobjectionable are too often, in my opinion, vitiated by the continual obtrusion of reward which is their keynote. The disciples are promised crowns and thrones; those who are persecuted for Christ's sake are to have a great reward in heaven. They should therefore rejoice and be exceedingly glad. A Stoic philosopher would have replied that if to be persecuted for his sake be a virtue, it brings its own recompense with it; and certainly that is a nobler doctrine than to fix the eye on a future reward which must foster egotism. Hence in fact arose among Christians a vicious mania for martyrdom. In their own language they aspired to attain "the crown." That future reward was so caught by the Jesus of the three Gospels as to engender intense egotism, is mournfully shown by the callousness with which collective Christendom for long ages has acquiesced in the belief of eternal torture for those who are not saints. Danger of "the judgment," of "the council," and of "hell fire" is to restrain us from angry and light words against a brother. Juvenal says: "Bad men hate sin through the fear of punishment; good men hate sin through the love of virtue." The New Testament teaches secondary motives, and so far, a lower morality than Juvenal. The New Testament says we are not to do alms before men, else we shall have no reward in heaven; but if we do alms in secret we shall be rewarded by God in public, as though desire for reward were the only chief reason for kindness to those in need of our help. We pray in secret to get a reward in public. We must abstain from judging to escape being judged. Fast in a certain way and our Father in heaven will reward us. Such motives do not promote real virtue, but rather make men selfish. And when kind deeds, such as gifts to the poor, are considered merely as loans to the Lord, investments, so to speak, in heavenly stock with good security and the expectation of from twenty to a hundred per cent. interest, they lose their moral beauty. The man who relieves suffering and want without hope or desire of reward other than the satisfaction of following the promptings of his humanity, is on a far higher plane than he who in doing good deeds dwells on the reward he will receive here or hereafter. U.

MRS. E. L. WATSON.

TO THE EDITOR: We have lately had a good illustration of the growing liberality of church people in the delivery of a course of lectures by the inspired speaker Mrs. E. L. Watson, under the auspices of the "Kings Daughters," at the Presbyterian church near her home. It marked a long step in advance to have living questions discussed from the platform that had hitherto been dedicated to the promulgation of arbitrary and absurd theories of the relation of man to the Infinite.

There were good intelligent audiences present and the lectures were listened to with rapt attention. At the end of each lecture a beautiful impromptu poem was given bearing upon the subject discussed. I am very sorry that the lectures were not reported as they were rare gems of excellence. People were there of—nominally—many phrases of religious belief, and they were all enthusiastic in praise of the lectures.

Mrs. Watson has been doing a great deal of Home Missionary work on this side of the valley at Los Gatos, Saratago, and Cupertino; she has also given a course of Sunday evening lectures at San Jose, to crowded houses, and is now engaged to speak for her old society in San Francisco.

To those who have heard Mrs. Watson speak, I need not say that her lectures are of a very high order; they are free from the stiffness of studied oratory, her ideas flow as naturally and spontaneously as the sparkling waters of a fountain and in logic

and elevation I have never heard them equalled.

It has been said that the secret of true eloquence is to speak the truth and feel it, and when I listen to the clear reasoning, the impassioned fervor, the touching pathos and the choice language with which she clothes her thoughts, I feel that she above all speakers, whom I have ever heard possesses that secret. Mrs. Watson's public speaking as well as her kind, social qualities have endeared her to a large circle of people here, and has drawn them nearer to her and to the grand truths she teaches. While always emphasizing the essential points of the spiritual philosophy she does it in a way that disarms prejudice and compels intelligent Christians to see that Spiritualism contains all that is worth sowing in the Christians' creed, and what is of infinitely more value, it gives actual demonstration of conscious individual existence beyond the grave. This affirmative answer to the great question of the ages embraces all that is of interest to the human race. It is the firm rock under our feet when the pitiless storms of earth sweep over us, and we can stand unawed amid "the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds." We sometime deplore the fact that Spiritualism seems to lack the power of cohesion, of uniting its followers as a distinctive organized force to spread its doctrines and realize the grand objects which its philosophy teaches, but I believe it is silently making a conquest of the world in a less demonstrative but more effective way. It is slowly but surely permeating every religious organization in Christendom, softening the harshness of their creeds eliminating the grim or silly superstitious that sheltered there and letting in the sunshine of truth to dispel the shadows; just as fast as the people can bear the light. It is the leaven that the woman hid in three measures of meal until the whole was leavened. We must not become discouraged though in our brief span of earth life the hands on the great dial of human progress seem to have moved but little; the great law of progression has eternity for the accomplishment of its work; and everything in this vast universe from crude matter to the highest finite intelligence are perforce subject to its influence. S. LYDIARD.

Santa Clara, Cal.

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN, OLD AND NEW.

TO THE EDITOR: I was sitting musing, toward the edge of evening, when a gentle rap announced the welcome visit of a friend; one with whom I often talked on subjects nearest to me which I never mentioned to my other friends.

We watched together the sun go down behind the ever shifting bars of gold and crimson, like portals to another world, till the place where we sat seemed hallowed with our reveries woven from those atmospheric threads of red and gold and simultaneously my friend asked, where I supposed heaven really was.

My thoughts flew backward twenty years or more, to when a brother asked the same thing as I sat before a glowing fire dressed in soft blue, shut in from want and care, or knowing much of human misery. I answered then, that heaven was where our mother was and where we too must go. Somewhere among the stars, a beautiful place with streets of gold and gates of pearl, where God sat on a golden throne and angels stood around playing on golden harps and singing praises, dressed in spotless garments washed in the blood of Jesus. I had been taught this when a child and believed it when a woman, but now I answered differently.

"Heaven I think is very near, and death but the putting off of a worn out garment which we shall never need to wear again, yet even that shall live again as nature takes it to herself, reanimates and utilizes for her various needs, but as for me I expect freedom from flesh will be the entrance to a higher, broader, better life; then I expect to do what now I cannot. What one would do, that I believe he can do then; I believe that we will be able to help our loved, help the world in a fuller sense than we do now, that we can warn, encourage, and lead aright as we do not now. I think that we shall then be able to enter hearts and homes now closed to us, that we shall have the power to draw near those who sit in the shadow; or if we would, be near the aged wearily waiting for release; or be near little children whose way is hard for tender feet; or near to suffering ones whose nights are long; or discouraged ones; rebellious ones; perhaps those worse. To be able to draw near that wife or

mother peering in the darkness for one who does not come, listening for footsteps that have entered doors of sin and shame and tell her love does follow where it cannot see and will always follow, whether God-love or motherlove—which is not very different—till like a magnet, it draws the wanderer to his own again would be a happier heaven for me than crowns, and harps, and streets of gold."

"But," said my friend, partly amused and altogether skeptical, "how could you do so, what a queer idea and almost c—"

"Yes, that is what people always say when they differ with one," I answered quickly, "yet notwithstanding when I go out, as Wilfred did long years ago, that is the kind of heaven I hope to know and when you ask 'how,' I answer by the same power we now possess, but concerning which as yet we know so little."

The power of thought whose greatest motor is the love we bear.

Loving much we have the power to do much. Thought is the medium by which we act. Thought can do what words cannot do. Thought can go where flesh cannot go. What power so subtle? Money is power. Social standing is power, but we know no greater to rouse and excite to action than the invisible, silent power of thought. The better one's thoughts, the better one's deeds; the wiser and purer one's thoughts, the wiser and purer one's life.

Thought not only influences him who thinks, but the one thought of, or may be many; a power which on and on like the ever winding circle whose embryo-impulse was the tiny stone reaching through boundless boundaries of time and space.

Who can tell what a single thought may do for an embittered, selfish, or discouraged life? Thoughts, those ministering spirits, aye white-winged messengers, unseen, unheard, reaching the wandering, guiding the wayward, enfolding the loved who, while they know it not perchance, are influenced by invisible power. Did one not say a long time since, 'The kingdom of heaven is within you?'

When we know more of that within ourselves then shall we know more of the invisible without and like Mary at the tomb of Jesus shall find that which we seek is not afar, but unseen, because of shallowness of human vision. R. E. L.

STRANGE BUT TRUE.

TO THE EDITOR: During the recent visit of friends returned from a high western altitude, mention was made of their loss of a pet dog, a few months previously. "So Johnny is dead," I said, which led to a full recital of how. When about to leave home for a ride of seventy miles or more, the question had been discussed in Johnny's presence whether he should occupy a seat in the carriage with them, to which the little fellow—well known for his affectionate disposition and keen intelligence—appeared to listen, looking with pleading eyes into the faces of the speakers, but as Johnny was getting old and suffered much from rheumatism it was decided that he must be left in the home to which the family would soon return. Soon after reaching their destination, while walking out one day, the owner of the dog said to his wife: "Why, I saw Johnny standing on his hind legs by my side." A letter was soon received stating that at the time when this occurred Johnny, the household pet, was dead. R. E. L.

YONKERS, N. Y.

OUR esteemed French contemporary Felix Alcan sends us a prospectus of his magazine which, translated, reads as follows:

Annals of the Psychic Sciences, a collection of observations and experiences. Published every two months. Directed by Dr. Daniel. M. Felix Alcan, editor. Second year, 1892. The *Annals of Psychic Sciences*, of which the plan and aim are entirely new, has appeared every two months since January 15, 1891. Each number forms a collection of four papers, 8vo., sixty-four pages, enclosed under one cover. The *Annals* publishes all the serious observations sent to its address, with proof to sustain them, relative to the facts of the so-called occult, of telepathy, of lucidity, of presentiment, of the movement of objects, of materialization. Outside of this collection of facts are published suggestions on the best conditions to observe and to experiment, of the analysis, of the bibliographers, and of the critics, etc. Subscriptions for one year from January 15th, 12 francs. Address Felix Alcan, 103 St. Germain, Paris, France.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

Dreams of the Dead. By Edward Stanton. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1892. pp. 268. Paper, 50 cents.

This is one of the numerous works of the day indicating the tendency and trend of thought. The author is acquainted with psychical phenomena, spirit phenomena and theosophical theories and speculations and he introduces them in a very interesting manner. The unconscious self, astrals, elementals, elementaries, mental healing, Christian science, occult science, etc., etc., are all brought prominently before the reader as the story proceeds. There is an introduction by Edward S. Huntington, but we venture the opinion that he and the author are one and the same person. It is what the author of such a book and one having had such experiences as are related might say of himself without egotism, vanity or offence to good taste. Mr. Stanton is a well-informed student of phenomena which are engaging larger attention and awakening wider and deeper interest every year. The book is not only entertaining; it is instructive. However much readers may dissent from some of the theories advanced, they will have to admit that the book is mentally stimulating, suggestive and thought-provoking. The literary style of the author is direct, forcible and clear, and the spirit earnest and devout without being pietistic.

A Slumber Song. By Nina Lillian Morgan. Chicago. Lily Publishing House. 1891; pp. 124. Price, \$1.00.

A charmingly told story by a new writer, relating how an adopted daughter of a family in moderate circumstances, inheriting from her own family musical tastes and abilities, was thereby led to discover her own wealthy grandfather, the composition of the "Slumber Song" by her, having awakened his interest in the gifted composer before he found out his relation to the daughter of his own discarded son. The family by whom she had been adopted and beloved shares in the wealth which her new found relative showers upon her.

The Language of the Stars. A primary course of lessons in celestial dynamics by the author of "The Light of Egypt." Denver, Col.: The Astro-Philosophical Pub. Co., P. O. box 2733. 8 vo., paper covers. pp. 100. Price 50 cents.

These lessons cannot be judged or treated of intelligently and fairly by other than one familiar with the subject to which they relate, and THE JOURNAL pleads ignorance. Those interested along the lines suggested by the title will no doubt eagerly read this latest publication from one who stands foremost in his particular field, and for whom personally THE JOURNAL entertains high esteem.

Tobacco, Insanity and Nervousness. by Dr. L. Bremer, St. Louis, Mo. Myer Brothers, 1892; price, 15c.

This little pamphlet by Dr. Bremer, late physician to the St. Vincent's institution for the insane of St. Louis, shows the pernicious effects of the use of tobacco in all forms. Its author has had unusual opportunities for becoming familiar with the subject and he writes as one who knows whereof he affirms. He says, "basing my assertion on the experience gathered in my private practice and at the St. Vincent's institution of this city, I will broadly state that the boy who smokes at seven, will drink whiskey at fourteen, take to morphine at twenty, or twenty-five, and wind up with cocaine and the rest of the narcotics at thirty and later on." The author says that the habitual use of tobacco by the young, leads to a species of imbecility; that the juvenile smoker will lie, cheat and steal. The sense of propriety and the faculty of distinguishing between right and wrong are lost in many cases. The use of tobacco even when commenced by adults tells fearfully upon mind and body if excessively indulged in. The doctor would have teachers, preachers and physicians pronounce the anathema on tobacco and abstain from it themselves.

MAGAZINES.

A very timely article in the *Century* for February is one by Mr. C. C. Buel, assistant editor of the magazine, which records the results of personal investigation by him into the history, methods, and designs of a just now notorious institution. The title

of the paper is "The Degradation of a State; or, the Charitable Career of the Louisiana Lottery." Mr. Buel goes back to the time when the lottery interests of the country were centered in New York City, and shows that the Louisiana Lottery was established for the benefit of New York gamblers and lottery dealers. The article describes the people who have been the chief beneficiaries of this extensive gambling institution, and exposes the methods of bribery and political corruption by which the franchise was obtained, is maintained, and, as is now feared, is to be extended. Apropos of Washington's Birthday, Mr. Charles Henry Hart, of Philadelphia, has an illustrated paper giving hitherto unpublished portraits of General and Mrs. Washington, and Nelly Custis. In a profusely illustrated article on "Pioneer Days in San Francisco," Dr. John Williamson Palmer, the well-known writer, describes, from personal knowledge, the adventurous life and diverse types that lent romantic color to the origin and growth of the metropolis of the West.—*St. Nicholas* for February has for its frontispiece "A Perfect Gentleman," from a painting by J. H. Dolph; "The Battle on Skates," by Eva Hutchinson; "The Admiral's Caravan," by Charles E. Carryl; "A Valentine," by Elizabeth L. Gould and "Historic Dwarfs," by Mary Shears Roberts are among the attractive articles in the current number of this unsurpassed monthly for young folks. The *Century* Co., N. Y.—The February *Wide Awake* comes promptly to hand with an exceedingly varied and entertaining list of contents suited to the ages and tastes of all classes of young people. And the older readers can well profit by the material. The pictures in the number are illustrative and characteristic, and the feeling that the children of this generation who have the possibilities of regularly reading so helpful and elevating a magazine as *Wide Awake* are blessed indeed is emphasized again by a perusal of the February issue. D. Lothrop Co., Publishers, Boston.—*Our Little Ones* for February is full of bright stories and pretty pictures for the boys and girls. "My Valentine," a poem, illustrated, is the opening piece. Russell Pub. Co., Boston.

The February issue of the *Forum* which completed the twelfth volume contains, among other striking articles, an entertaining paper by Hamilton W. Mable on "A Year's Literary Production." Mr. Mable says: The first and most obvious conclusion forced upon one who looks at the books of the year as a whole is that readers of good books are increasing, and that literary skill and the faculty of literary expression are far more widely diffused than formerly. There are more people to read good books every year and there are more people to write them. This statement is limited, it must be noted, to good books—books wholesome, intelligent and of sound form. Great books are rare at any time, and are at this moment rarer than they have been at other periods in the century. Perhaps the most obvious fact about book making in this country at present is the expansion of literary activity. If there are not, as of old, a few writers of very high rank, whose work has something approaching the touch of finality, there are an increasing number of well furnished and thoroughly equipped men and women whose work, in its range and sincerity, indicates a general advance in skill, culture and taste. Not many months before his death Mr. Lowell commented, in a private conversation, on the ease with which a magazine editor now fills his pages with well prepared and scholarly articles. A quarter of a century ago the same editor found a small group of brilliant men ready to cooperate with him, but beyond this circle there was no aid to be had.

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 Trembling and weak his head bow'd low.
 Ah me! I know his story well,
 How from his grand estate he fell.
 I knew him as a bright-eyed boy,
 His father's pride, his mother's joy;
 In manhood, wealth at his command,
 High among men he took his stand,
 When lo! the wily tempter came
 And barred the gate that led to fame—
 You see him now an abject slave—
 Until he fills a pauper's grave—to rum.

Another victim totters by
 With bloated features, watery eye,
 And even now for liquor begs.
 From misery's cup she's drained the dregs,
 In police station passed the night.

"What brings her to this sorry plight?"
 They say she once was young and fair,
 With laughing eye and glossy hair;
 She's been—you'd scarce believe it true—
 A happy bride a mother, too.
 Her child, then husband, stricken down
 She sought the glass, her grief to drown!
 Downward she went, they seldom pause—
 One simple word explains the cause—'tis rum.

Approaches now a man of wealth,
 His face aglow with life and health.
 A diamond from his breast does flash:
 They say his clothes are lined with cash.
 Who is this person great and grand
 Who meets his friends on every hand?
 A legislator great is he
 In this, the land of liberty.
 A chosen one to make our laws,
 He also owns five liquor stores.
 The stuff that made of others tramps
 Procured for him both power and stamps
 In truth, 'tis but a fatal game.
 The losers have themselves to blame—and rum.

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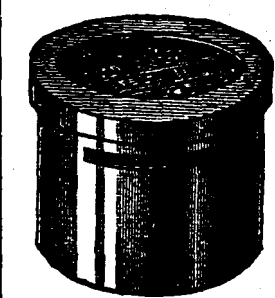
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Yesterday's wounds, which smarted, and bled,
Are healed with the healing which night has
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Yesterday now is a part of forever,
Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight,
With glad days, and sad days, and bad days which
never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their
blight,
Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot relieve them,
Cannot undo and cannot atone;
God in his mercy receive, forgive them;
Only the new days are our own:
To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly;
Here is the spent earth all reborn;
Here are the tired limbs springing lightly
To face the sun and to share with the morn
In the chrisom of dew and the cool of dawn.

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Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
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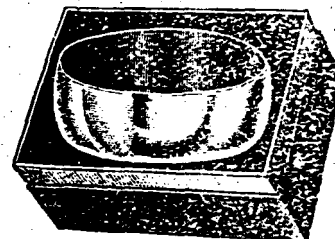
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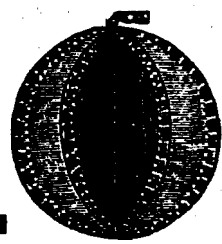
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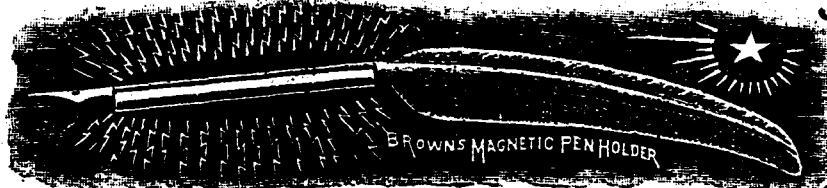


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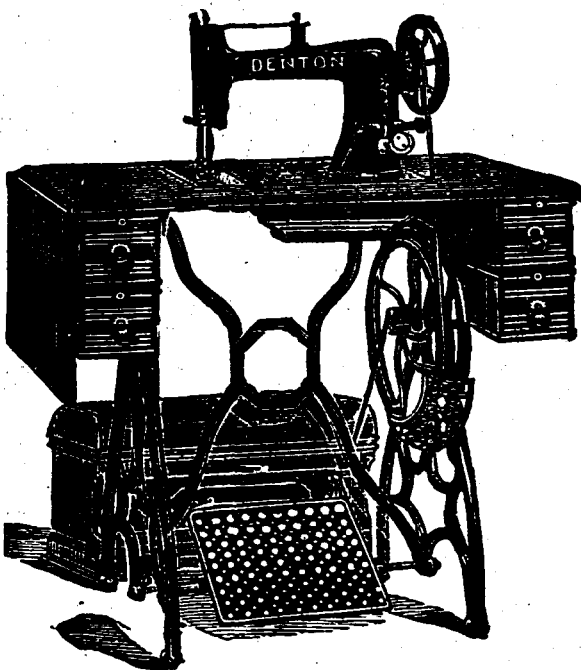
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COINCIDENCES OR WHAT?

The editorial staff of THE JOURNAL is happier now than a few weeks ago. One source of friction with editors is bad pencils. To find those adapted to the several needs of editorial rooms is often difficult. After trying various makes of foreign manufacture, we picked up one day at the World's Fair headquarters one of Dixon's sketching crayon pencils—by accident of course—and on returning to our office discovered with delight that for rapid writing on soft paper it was exactly what was wanted. We then began to surmise that there might be other brands from the same manufactory equally well adapted for other work, but being in ignorance of the qualities of the numerous grades of Dixon's pencils we did not know where to begin to experiment. Then came a curious coincidence. One morning we found on our desk a good-sized package of Dixon's pencils of different qualities and kinds which we forthwith began to utilize without knowing from whence they came. Later in the day a letter was placed on our desk which explained matters; it was from Mr. Geo. E. Long, a subscriber to THE JOURNAL and connected with the Joseph Dixon Crucible Company of Jersey City, N. J. We never knew of Mr. Long's existence

before and hence he had the advantage, and he used it. In the letter he says:

"I send you by this mail a bunch of pencils peculiarly suited for editorial work, please accept them with the compliments of the Dixon Company; and know that Dixon's American pencils are unequalled for smooth, tough leads, and are an American product,—American materials, American machinery, and American workmanship." Mr. Long and the company he represents have our thanks.

Here is another of those odd coincidences which coming nearly every day strengthen the telepathic hypothesis and fortify the testimony in favor of mental telegraphy. One day there was shot into our mind without conscious suggestion from ourself or others this: "Send Mr. Blank a package of addressed envelopes." Blank got the envelopes by first mail out of Chicago, and acknowledging their receipt wrote: "It is rather a strange coincidence, but on the very day you mailed the package I had said to myself, 'I wish Bundy would send me some addressed envelopes, and save me the bother of having to write the address so often.'"

TRANSITION OF DAVID WINANS.

On February 10, from his long-time home in Saratoga, New York, Mr. David Winans took his departure for the better world. He was well advanced in years, and grip followed by pneumonia proved fatal. Mr. Winans was a constant reader of THE JOURNAL, and we recall several pleasant visits with him at Saratoga in years past. His was a fine character; quiet, refined, and gentle, he was nevertheless a man of marked individuality. With large wealth he was able to gratify his philanthropic spirit and he did it always without ostentation. He believed in practical religion and exemplified his belief most consistently. At the time of the great fire which swept Chicago in October, 1871, Mr. Winans was the first citizen in Saratoga to subscribe for the sufferers. A wife and daughter survive, to whom we extend our deepest sympathy, reminding them, however, that the parting is only seeming and that in good time all will be reunited in the better world.

A Boston correspondent of the Chicago Inter-Ocean writes under date of February 10th: "The Boston society for Psychical Research held an unusually interesting meeting last night in the spacious hall in the Natural History Building, the most important feature of which was a paper by Mr. B. F. Underwood, of Chicago, the well-known lecturer and writer, on "Automatic Writing," which narrated communications made in this way, whose intrinsic interest and intelligence and elevation of thought transcend almost any other communications that have come within the experience of investigators." The paper referred to was read before the American branch of the English Society for Psychical Research, by its secretary, Dr. Richard Hodgson, and the samples of automatic writing given in the paper in illustration of the phenomenon, were some of those recently written by the hand of Mrs. Underwood.

INGERSOLL in his recent oration on Abraham Lincoln, ascribed to him many artificial perfections, but he failed to mention one of Lincoln's most prominent characteristics as a statesman, which is described by the Herald of this city: He was, however, next to Thomas Jefferson, the greatest of our statesmen in sensitiveness to popular feeling and in devotion to popular will. He was not a leader in the kingly sense. He did not force himself upon the people. Step by step as they led he followed, faithful to their slightest halt, quick to

obey their more impulsive movements, splendid in his recognition of their absolute authority. In this characteristic he was the ideal president of a republic. It was this characteristic which made his administration glorious and imperishable, and which Ingersoll, having so many potent descriptions of perfection on hand for the creation of gods, utterly neglected to enumerate.

A VALUED friend of THE JOURNAL living in Boston sends us a letter received by him in which the paper is mentioned by one whose judgment he regards as valuable. "I send you," he writes, "a compliment for the paper from an old teacher whom I knew in my youth fifty years ago." This "old teacher" is Anna Gardner, well known among New England reformers. In her letter to our correspondent after saying how greatly she has enjoyed the paper she adds: "To speak the truth, I should hardly know how to do without it. It is the most fascinating paper or periodical that comes under my observation, and they come by the score." It is to the intelligent, rational class in every walk of life that THE JOURNAL appeals. It cannot pander to the whims and prejudices of those in whom the primitive superstitions of the race still persist.

THE Aurora Borealis as viewed from Chicago last Saturday night was very beautiful. The sky glowed with redness, which paled and flashed, with streaks of light shooting across the expanse. The moon in the east seemed dimmed by the gorgeous display and even obscured when flashes of light shot across the sky. At times light darted upward from the dark rim of the horizon like tongues of flame, and between the streaks the stars still twinkled, vainly endeavoring to keep their due prominence in the heavenly kaleidoscope. Again, no flashes of light would come, but all the sky seemed glowing—a dark red ground studded with stars that glistened as drops of water in a flowing stream gleam with reflections of the sun. It was a grand sight and one which caused busy people hurrying along the street to pause and to gaze with admiration.

A SAN FRANCISCO correspondent writing under date of February 10th, says: "Last Sunday Mrs. E. L. Watson inaugurated a three months' course of lectures at Irving Hall in this city, and notwithstanding the many attractions at other meetings she had a good house. The inspiration, consolation and incentives to noble living which come to one in listening to Mrs. Watson are marvelous in power."

STILL another reader of and occasional contributor to THE JOURNAL has joined the great majority. Elder Eads, the most noted Shaker in the country passed away on the 13th, from his home in Kentucky at the ripe age of seventy-five years. He was probably the ablest man of his sect. Though an ardent shaker, he was a broad gauge, progressive man, who aimed to keep abreast of the times.

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THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

TRUTH WEARS NO MASK, BOWS AT NO HUMAN SHRINE, SEEKS NEITHER PLACE NOR APPLAUSE: SHE ONLY ASKS A HEARING.

ESTABLISHED 1865.

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For Publisher's Announcements, Terms, Etc, See Page 16

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

WHITTIER writes to an English correspondent: I have never desired or hoped to found a school of poetry, nor even written with the definite object of influencing others to follow my example. I have only written as the spirit came and went, often unable to give utterance to the best poems that were in my heart, the utterance being holden; but it has been the crowning joy of a prolonged old age that my life has not been entirely valueless, and that I have been allowed to see the end of slavery in my country.

A FRIEND writes: At Grand Rapids, Mich., February 16th, Mr. W. F. Cooling, of the Chicago Single Tax Club, addressed the Unity Club on the "Single Tax." The speaker traced in the evolution of society the elimination of the primitive communal status and the development of private contract, and claimed that all socialistic or communistic schemes for the readjustment of society were opposed to the law of progress; that the single tax by abolishing private ownership of land values would give to all equal freedom of access to natural opportunities, thus expanding to the highest degree of efficiency the freedom of private contract, and putting an end to all monopolies, which, he said, arise, not, as many suppose, from the natural concentration of wealth and subdivision of labor, but from the facility by which some labor in the form of wealth is enabled to exclude other labor from productive enterprise by monopolizing the land. Thus labor forced out of employment becomes divided against itself, and, deprived of freedom, becomes a commodity subject to market quotations. The address was followed by other speeches. The single tax is evidently making much progress in Michigan.

THE governor of Pennsylvania has received letters of protest against the Reading, Lehigh Valley & Jersey Central deal. A. J. Cassatt, auditor of the Pennsylvania railroad, writes: "I call your attention to the fact that it is practically admitted that the power to fix the price of anthracite coal in Philadelphia and elsewhere will rest with one man, although the hope is certainly expressed that this power will be exercised in a beneficent way. I thought it right to collect and submit to you the above facts, which are all derived from public sources equally accessible to you that you may have the situation clearly before you and may take such action as you may deem proper and right, if the consolidation of these competing lines under one control with the avowed purpose of removing competition and of securing the power to regulate the production and fix the price of anthracite coal should seem to you to be contrary to public policy, or to be in violation of that provision of the Constitution which prohibits any transportation company from acquiring in any way the control of a competing line." This, with other letters, has been referred by the governor to Attorney-General Hensel, with instructions to take such action as will enforce the Constitution of the State and bring all who have violated it within its control. The result remains to be seen. The tendency of all combinations and trusts

is to take from the people every penny that they can be made to pay. An advance of 25 cents per ton on coal just at this time would raise a tremendous popular protest. But what if an increase of 5 or 10 cents is put on in summer when consumption is light, and held through another winter? That would be a different thing. It would not create an outcry. The man buying a ton of coal would not think it was an amount large enough to contend against as an oppression. Yet it would mean millions to the coal combination, and could be repeated the next year with additional security. The danger that such steps will be taken renders it imperative that all great combinations formed to monopolize the sale of necessary products should be subjected to rigidly restrictive legislation.

DR. THOMAS STERRY HUNT whose death, at the age of sixty-five, occurred in New York the other day, studied chemistry at Yale for two years, being an assistant in the laboratory to the elder Silliman. He was appointed chemist and mineralogist to the geological survey of Canada and continued in that office till 1872 when he became professor of geology in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He retired from teaching in 1878. He publishes many valuable papers on scientific subjects. His researches into the chemical and mineral composition were very extended, and his views found a wide recognition among his fellow-laborers in the field of science. The terms Laurentian and Huronian were given by him to the two divisions of the rocks of the Eozoic age, and he was the first to explain the true relations of gypsums and dolomites, as well as their origin. He was the first to call attention to the deposits of phosphates of lime in Canada and to call attention to their commercial value as fertilizers. He was associated with Douglass in the Hunt and Douglass process for the manufacture of copper, and was an authority upon the manufacture of that metal. He was made a fellow of the Royal Society of London in 1859. Cambridge University in England conferred upon him the degree of LL. D. in 1881.

"PROFESSOR" HARRY ARCHER like many another trickster has learned by sad experience the danger of plying his vocation too near THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL office. Prepared by the exposé made of this unconscionable rascal in THE JOURNAL of January 23rd, the newspaper people of Chicago have been on the alert for Archer, and last Sunday night he was captured together with his togger by reporters of the *Tribune*, aided by police officers, and locked up; no one of his previous admirers and defenders being found willing to go bail for him. When captured Archer was personating a materialized spirit and had on over his black trousers a long white nightshirt, a white veil of gossamer, and a wig of golden hair falling in heavy tresses on his shoulders. The cabinet was full of his paraphernalia it seems. Archer has been exhibiting illuminated spirits to the great delectation of Mr. Charles Howell, of Grand Rapids, and others commonly credited with average common sense before giving evidence of being deluded by the cheap and stale tricks of this penitentiary candidate. In the seizure on Sunday

evening the long illuminated robe worn by Archer when personating one of the "Magi" was secured. One Olney Richmond, formerly of Michigan and now of Chicago, has been working the "Magi" fake with success for some time, having secured for his official organ a fraud-promoting sheet published in this city. In a number of provincial towns and cities egotistical idiots have been aided by Richmond—for a consideration—in inspiring their simple-minded neighbors with awe by posing as members of the mysterious "Order of the Magi." Archer was quick to see the advantage of exhibiting some of the illustrious Magi and as it only cost a few shillings to prepare the outfit he was soon able to reinforce Richmond's fake with materialized magicians of the long ago.

PHOSPHOROUS, spectacles, twine, and the usual outfit of traveling materializers were found in Archer's possession. "I intended to quit this business months ago," exclaimed Archer as the door of the prison cell was about to close upon him. Then he resorted to the customary dodge of spiritistic black-legs and plead as an excuse that he needed money to provide for a sick wife, otherwise he would not have ventured to ply his foolery in a city where THE JOURNAL has educated the public, including officials, to discriminate between bogus and genuine phenomena, and to make short work of frauds.

THE Danvers Historical Society on February 18th, celebrated the 200th anniversary of the end of the witchcraft delusion in Massachusetts. A report says: A few of the lineal descendants of the witches hanged were present, and everybody congratulated everybody else that witches were locked up in story books and pretty girls' eyes. Among the speakers was Hon. Abner C. Goodell of Salem, Mass., who said, in substance: If our opinions of the judges are to be based solely on what the court files disclose, and we are content to look no further, we may see only motives of revenge, of fear and of malice. But they do not sufficiently account for the acts of the people of that period. The fact was that there were two principal conditions predisposing in the matter. The first of these conditions was the physical environments of the people of the village, and the second was the purely psychological consequence of their religious convictions. In worship they had nothing but the psalms to sing or the Bible to read. The orders of the General Court were most of them in accordance with the Pentateuch. To the mysteries of the Bible the clergy alone held the key, and stress was laid upon the abject deference paid to the clergy. It would appear that at the time of the witchcraft the personality of the devil was universally recognized and dreaded. The people were surrounded by forests. There were frequent hostile Indian attacks and alarms. There were no secular assemblies except those of the General Court. There were no communications between neighbors after dark in 1692. The people were not, however, unreasoning, self-sufficient fanatics, as they believed in the public schools and colleges. Mr. Goodell sketched the rise, progress and decline of this psychological epidemic and the differences that subsequently arose between the clergy and the court on the merits of the question.

RELIGIOUS SURVIVAL—ANCESTOR WORSHIP.

Beliefs, habits and customs once firmly fixed are by the force of habit carried on through successive generations into a state of society very different from that in which they originated. They remain so many vestiges of the older condition out of which the later one has slowly grown. Old thoughts and practices may be gradually changed in adjustment to changing conditions; they may survive as anomalous features of the newer social state; or, when they have been apparently outgrown, or linger only in nursery folklore, they may burst out afresh with marvelous vigor in the form of a revival, similarly as some characteristics of lower forms of life may reappear in more evolved varieties of the same species.

Superstitions continue to persist as survivals, and, when they have been merely passive in their nature, often reassert, over minds apparently emancipated from them, something like their ancient dominating power. The belief in witchcraft which prevailed in Europe from the thirteenth to the seventeenth centuries had been a passive survival for centuries, but the theological teachings in regard to satanic agency and diabolical possession, and the intellectual mood resulting largely therefrom, were favorable to such a revival, and the old superstition blazed into an intensity equal to that of the fires which men kindled all over Christendom to destroy the witches who, it was firmly believed, raised storms by magic rites, turned themselves into witch-cats and were-wolves, had intercourse with "incubi" and "succubi," caused disease and bewitched men, women and children by spells and by the evil eye. All these beliefs were survivals from remote antiquity, preceding by many centuries the Christian era.

One of the most common and at the same time pernicious superstitions which belong to uncivilized races is the belief in magic. Although regarded by all men of science as entitled to no consideration, except as a superstition, accompanied by willful fraud, it exists in every civilized country as a survival and to-day in all the great cities men and women who pretend to teach and practice magic find large numbers of credulous people who believe in the art and are ready to pay for instruction (?) in it. The language of the most advanced nations abounds in survivals from ages of ignorance. The saying "a hair of the dog that bit you," now a joke or metaphor was once believed to express a truth. "Dog's hair heals dog's bite," says the Scandinavian Edda. "The very word superstition, in what is, perhaps, its original sense of 'standing over' from old times, itself expresses the notion of survival," says Tylor. In the process of evolution, advance and relapse have both had their places, though fortunately the former has been primary and the latter secondary and incidental. The most enlightened communities bear traces of the condition of their rude ancestors, from which savage tribes represent the least advance and civilized men the greatest.

Among the survivals from the earlier ages of savagery is ancestor worship and the worship of departed heroes, priests and other prominent characters which persist to-day in vestigial form. Such worship is nearly universal now among the savage tribes and in nations like China, which are in a state of arrested civilization. Among the Fijians when a beloved parent dies it takes its place in the popular belief, as one of the family gods. Livingstone says the Bambira "pray to departed chiefs and relatives." Similar statements are made respecting most of the savage tribes of which accounts have been written. This worship of departed spirits, in some parts of the world "survives along with a nominal monotheism." Ancestor worship has prevailed and even now prevails in communities that have a considerable degree of culture, persisting side by side with more highly evolved forms of worship. It has been common in India for many centuries. In his "Religion of an Indian Province," A. C. Lyall points out that in India apotheosis is a normal process, being a regeneration from dead men. "So far as I have been able to trace back the origin of the best known minor provincial deities," says Lyall, "they are usually men of past generations

who have earned special promotion and brevet rank among disembodied ghosts by some peculiar acts or accidents of their lives or deaths. . . . Of the numerous local gods known to have been living men, by far the greater portion derive from the ordinary canonization of holy personages." Thus shrines, some of them temples, are being constantly raised to these persons "deceased in the odor of sanctity." The Mexican God, Quetzalcoatl, was a god who once resided on the earth and gave instruction in the art of government and in metals and agriculture. The New Zealanders believed that several higher chiefs became gods after death and that they punished men in this world for their misdeeds. The ancient Egyptian at religious festivals offered sacrifices to their dead and the Iranians in their prayer appealed to their forefathers. Æschylus represents Agamemnon's children appealing to the ghost of their father as to a God. Among the Chinese ancestor worship is common.

To-day wealthy Catholics erect chapels to their deceased parents, and in Catholic countries men and women are canonized by popular opinion and their intercession is asked in prayer. Among the ignorant peasants in Catholic countries, and even among Protestants are numerous survivals of the old ancestor worship and of the practice of ghost propitiation. The adored figure of a saint above his tomb corresponds to the effigy which the savage places on a grave, and with his uncritical and unspeculative mind thinks he can propitiate with petitions and sacrifices. The figure, to the mind incapable of abstraction, is invested with the qualities of the departed being. Here are the beginnings probably of idol worship.

Is it not true that in mere spiritism—belief in the agency of spirits unaccompanied by spirituality or intellectual development—there is a survival of pre-scientific notions, and primitive methods of thought? How many of the regular frequenters of materialization shows and other exhibitions of spirit agency look with awe upon the "forms" that appear, and invest them with characteristics which make them objects of reverence and adoration, to be approached only with fear and humiliation. Often the spirits are assumed to be so far above the mundane plane, that a questioning disposition or precautionary measure against error is regarded as sacrilegious. Doubt and investigation are deprecated. Unquestioning belief and acquiescence in what is communicated are, in most séances, essential conditions of successful manifestations. Taking advantage of this state of mind frauds impose upon the ignorant, the credulous and the superstitious in order to obtain money for the exercise of their "spiritual gifts." Thousands on the material plane are anxious to hear from their departed relatives who they imagine have become superior beings and address them as such, often in regard to petty, personal affairs. These invisible beings are imagined to know almost everything, and they are often addressed very much as savages address their gods. A miner wants information in regard to the location of rich leads of gold and silver; a merchant desires information as to the prospects in his line of business; a board of trade man asks for points respecting futures; the ordinary gambler wants to know whether he will win in games of chance; the young man and maiden ask in regard to matters of love, courtship and marriage, and so on to the end of the chapter. The assumptions are that some departed relative or friend is almost omniscient and keeps a general intelligence office, and that the condition of obtaining information is first, paying liberal sums to the medium-priest, and second, accepting in a reverent spirit whatever the invisible intelligence communicates. If the "information" prove to be falsehood, it must be assumed, as in the case of the ancient oracles, that the fault was in the questioner—in his misinterpretation of the message or in his improper mental condition when he made the inquiries. One of the contributors to THE JOURNAL, one of the oldest and most reliable mediums of to-day related recently in her "Reminiscences" that a richly-dressed and refined woman once called upon her and implored the spirits to bring about the death of a certain person, whose money she wished to inherit. Without spirit-

uality or morality—a murderess in motive and desire—she believed that some spirit was almost a god in power and that she could secure his aid in an act of murder, that she might thereby gain a few thousand dollars. No mere veneering of culture and appearance of respectability in civilized society actually separate such a person, morally and spiritually, from the savage who invokes the assistance of his gods in destroying his enemies and rivals. Belief in spiritism is no guarantee or test of intelligence or virtue. Between spiritism and Spiritualism there is a vast difference which THE JOURNAL has for years strongly emphasized and now one the less earnestly insists upon as one, the recognition of which is essential to intellectual and spiritual growth. The spiritual life is one of inward experience and growth, of aspiration and elevation of thought, of purity of heart. This state cannot be attained when the highest spiritual entertainment sought is such as is afforded by spirits, real or pretended, talking twaddle through tin horns, and claiming to be Socrates, Swedenborg, Lincoln, Grant, or some other celebrity, nor can it be attained by witnessing any performances, whether they be by spirits in the body or out of the body, which do not quicken the intellectual, moral and spiritual life.

SOCIALISM AND ART.

The *Atlantic* for January has an article from the pen of the distinguished artist, Walter Crane, on Socialism. Like his English friend, William Morris, who is not only a writer on Socialism, but one who puts into practice in a leading industry his socialistic views, he almost despairs of any outcome in this age for true art. This for the reason that the artist, like his humbler neighbor, the artisan, must fight in the race of the "survival of the fittest" for "bread." These sensitive souls cannot see that out of all this suffering, misery and discord there is slowly evolving the form which is to bring to all classes a higher enjoyment and expectancy in the development of life. Ideals cannot be realized at one bound. Progress is slow—often requiring a back turn to adjust forces which in the end make for the good of all. This life is for discipline in order that there may be outcome. The plutocrat reigns at present because perhaps his acquisitiveness is necessary to lay the foundations. He is the "mudsill" of society. He can do what the sensitive artist cannot do—make money that he may give to the artist work to sustain his body, and what is of more importance, to give his mind freedom from care.

"The choice presented to the modern artist," says Mr. Crane, "is really pretty much narrowed to that of being the flatterer and servant of the rich or a trade hack. If he has cherished dreams of great and sincere works he must put them away from him unless he can face starvation. Perhaps, in the end, he goes into some commercial mill of production, or sells his soul to the dealer, the modern high-priest of Pallas Athene. Then he finds that the practice of serving mammon has so hardened into habit as to make him forget the dreams and aspirations of his youth, and the so-called successful artist sinks into the cheerful and prosperous type of cynic of which our modern society appears to produce such abundant specimens."

This is all very unfortunate. But not only does the personal career of the artist lie between the Scylla of starvation and the Charybdis of sycophancy; art itself, the beauty and picturesqueness of life, is smothered under our social enormities, complains Mr. Crane.

"The blind gods of Cash and Comfort are enthroned on high and worshipped with ostentation, while there exist, as it were, on the very steps of their temples, masses of human beings who know not either, or, at the most, scarcely touch the hem of their garments. . . . The joy, the dignity, and the poetry of labor are being crushed out by long hours in factory or field and the overmastering machine, and the beauty of our country and city becomes more and more a rare accident."

In this unjust fabric of society, in this hurry and bustle and strain to reach, before one's fellows, the "blind gods," the artist-development has but small chance, thinks Mr. Crane. The creation of ideals

cannot, hardly the existence of them can, be expected. And the artist is, in his undebauched state, preëminently the fearless sayer of true things, the champion of the under side of freedom. Hence it is that he turns to the communal system, believing that it cannot be worse and hoping that it may be infinitely better than our present régime. Mr. Crane's hasty answers to some of the stock objections to socialism cannot be of great importance. His peroration is at least very pretty.

HAVE WE INNATE IDEAS?

In another column a correspondent under the caption "Have We Innate Ideas," refers to a suggested experiment to test the question whether man has an innate idea of a Supreme Being.

There is a difference between ideas and tendencies or aptitudes. No child comes into the world with ideas innate; it has to acquire all its ideas from impressions received. But it has at birth potential characteristics among which are mental tendencies, aptitudes or predispositions not acquired by itself, but as is commonly held by evolutionists, the result of accumulated ancestral experiences organized and transmitted as a part of the mental constitution of the descendant. One may have a natural aptitude for music, or mechanics, but to obtain ideas of either the one or the other, there must be an objective presentation to the senses. The idea of a Supreme Being is a very complex idea the possession of which without previous teaching and acquired knowledge, is impossible. The same is true of the soul. There is doubtless a tendency in the mind due to innumerable experiences registered in the race—to look for a cause or antecedent when an effect, a manifestation of force, is observed. There are also religious tendencies, strong in some, weak in others, as well as moral tendencies. But all conceptions of religion and morality have to be acquired, and the development of the tendencies even, depends upon experience in the objective world. Modern psychology based upon evolution, recognizes the truth of Locke's position that all knowledge is derived from experience, but it goes further and recognizes what Locke did not understand, that, although not born with innate ideas, man possesses at birth what he never acquired by experience, viz., inherited mental tendencies derived from experiences of preceding generations.

GOOD ADVICE.

In the January issue of the *Young Man*, an English periodical, there is a very interesting article from the pen of Prof. John Stuart Blakie, giving reminiscences of his youth. Like the claimed peculiarity of women's letters, the best part of the article is the postscript. The writer gives in condensed form the rules which have governed his life. Here may be found in these brief aphorisms the causes which have operated to make the professor one for whom every Englishman feels justly proud. We reproduce his "advice" in his own words:

"I. Never indulge the notion that you have any absolute right to choose the sphere or the circumstances in which you are to put forth your powers of social action; but let your daily wisdom of life be in making a good use of the opportunities given you.

"II. We live in a real, and a solid, and a truthful world. In such a world the only true, in the long run, can hope to prosper. Therefore avoid lies, mere show and sham and hollow superficiality of all kinds which is at the best a painted lie. Let whatever you are, and whatever you do, grow out of a firm root of truth and a strong soil of reality.

"III. The nobility of life is work. We live in a working world. The lazy and idle man does not count in the plan of campaign. 'My Father worketh hitherto, and I work.' Let that text be enough.

"IV. Never forget St. Paul's sentence, 'Love is the fulfilling of the law.' This is the steam of the social machine.

"V. But the steam requires regulation. It is regulated by intelligence and moderation. Healthy action is

always a balance of forces, and all extremes are dangerous; the excess of a good thing being often more dangerous in its social consequences than the excess of what is radically bad.

"VI. Do one thing well. 'Be a whole man,' as Chancellor Thurlow said. 'Do one thing at one time.' Make clean work and leave no tags. Allow no delays when you are at a thing; do it, and be done with it.

"VII. Avoid miscellaneous reading. Read nothing that you do not care to remember; and remember nothing you do not mean to see.

"VIII. Never desire to appear clever and make a show of your talents before men. Be honest, loving, kindly and sympathetic in all you say and do. Cleverness will flow from you naturally, if you have it; and applause will come to you unsought from those who know what to applaud; but the applause of fools is to be shunned.

"IX. Above all things avoid fault-finding and a habit of criticism. Let your rule in reference to your social sentiments be simply this: pray for the bad, pity the weak, enjoy the good, and reverence both the great and the small, as playing each his part aptly in the divine symphony of the universe."

THE controversy on "Compulsory Greek" in the universities has received a characteristic contribution from Mr. Labouchere, who says: "Once the late Mr. Peter Rylands hazarded a long Latin quotation in the house. I got up after him, when I said: 'My honorable friend evidently knows dead languages; I will therefore reply to his arguments in Greek—a language no doubt familiar to him.' Then I recited about the only line in the *Iliad* that I knew. No one (Mr. Gladstone was absent) liked to admit that he did not understand my Greek, and consequently accepted the fact that I had replied conclusively to Mr. Ryland's arguments. So much for the knowledge of the dead languages possessed by the members of the august assembly at Westminster." Mr. Labouchere was about as audacious and unscrupulous as that Welsh preacher who settled down among a congregation in a small town in the western states. A stranger, dropping into the meeting-house one Sunday, heard this preacher giving string after string of "the original Greek" of the passages bearing on this subject, all in pure and sonorous Welsh. The stranger, being a Welshman, was visibly amused, whereupon the preacher addressed him directly in Welsh, saying, "Don't give me away. They think it's Greek and it's just as good for them."—*Yorkshire Post*.

THE tribunal of Nivelles condemned a few months ago Dr. Carlier, the brothers Sylvain and Gustave Vandevor, the one a tailor, the other a shoemaker, each to eight months' imprisonment. The brothers Vandevor used to pass in the village as Spiritualists who had the power to diagnose disease. When a patient presented himself Gustave Vandevor after some magnetic passes would put Sylvain to sleep and then pass under his nose some bit of linen from the diseased person and immediately Sylvain would name the disease with which the patient was suffering. These consultations took place at the house of Dr. Carlier who according to the diagnosis of the brothers would direct his treatment. On appeal by the condemned, the court at Brussels, after a very animated discussion, acquitted the accused. The court decided that the employment of hypnotism by a physician, however questionable, was not a criminal act.

PREACHERS and lecturers who are so intensely self-conscious that they can only, before an audience, think of themselves and their manner of speaking, and who wonder why they fail to interest their hearers, would do well to heed the words of Wendell Phillips in regard to public speaking. Phillips was one of the greatest orators this country has produced, and some think that he is entitled to the distinction of being regarded as the greatest of all American orators. Yet he was always absorbed in his subject and he spoke as if without effort. His advice to public speakers is as follows: I think practice with all kinds of audiences

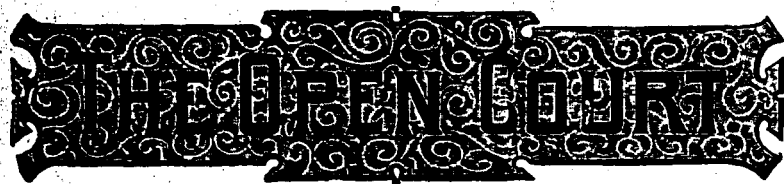
the best of teachers. Think out your subject carefully. Read all you can relative to the themes you touch. Fill your mind; and then talk simply and naturally. Forget altogether that you are to make a speech, or are making one. Absorb yourself into the idea that you are to strike a blow, carry out a purpose, effect an object, recommend a plan; then, having forgotten yourself, you will be likelier to do your best. Study the class of books your mind likes. When you go outside this rule, study those which give you facts on your chosen topics and which you find most suggestive. Remember to talk up to an audience, not down to it. The commonest audience can relish the best thing you can say if you can say it properly. Be simple; be earnest.

MRS. BOOLE, in her "Logic Taught by Love," suggests the following interesting idea: Get a wire twisted in an open spiral and hold it between a light and a piece of white paper, so that the shadow of a spiral shall appear as a circle. Then imagine that an individual (or race) is advancing along the spiral, and that his (or their) shadow also appears on the paper. Now try to regard what is seen on the paper as representing what comes into our consciousness, and what actually takes place on the spiral as being the truth of which our consciousness, (the former the phenomenon, the latter noumenon), does not take cognizance. It will be seen that the progress of the evolving entity seems on the paper to be a series of wanderings around a circle, going first from north to south, progress and retrogression alternating. But actually the progress is continuous and unbroken, at every succeeding point higher than at any preceding point; and what looks on the shadow as mere laborious overlapping again and again of the same ground is in the substance a constant progress along a gradually but infinitely ascending line.—*The World's Advance Thought*.

SAYS Lange, in the concluding chapter of his "History of Materialism": "We lay aside the pen of criticism at a moment when the 'Social Question' stirs all Europe,—a question on whose wide domain all the revolutionary elements of science, of religion, and of politics, seem to have found the battle-field for a great and decisive contest. Whether this battle remains a bloodless conflict of minds, or whether, like an earthquake, it throws down the ruins of a past epoch with thunder in the dust, and buries millions beneath the wreck, certain it is the new epoch will not conquer, unless it be under the banner of a great idea, which sweeps away egoism, and sets human perfection in human fellowship as a new aim in the place of restless toil, which looks only to the personal gain."

IN an article on "Great Speeches by Eminent Men," in *The Chautauquan* for March, Harold W. George relates the following incident, which occurred at the time of Webster's great oration in reply to Hayne. Clayton, who was Webster's intimate, went to him and after the greeting of courtesy whispered in his ear, "Are you well charged?" Without the change of a muscle, looking away with solemn glance as though he were living above that throng, Webster replied in a tone which though sepulchral had a hint of humor in it. "Seven fingers." Clayton knew well the meaning of that. Four fingers at that day was a heavy charge for a hunter's rifle; seven fingers,—that meant great game and the determination to bag it.

ACCORDING to the *Madras Law Journal* (of October, 1891) Mr. Justice Williams in dealing with an appeal from Chambers, stated that the result of his experience at the bar and upon the bench was that English witnesses who are not parties to the proceedings usually speak the truth, but that the litigants themselves do not, but generally swear to whatever they think will suit their case. He expressed that, in his opinion, the best remedy for this growing practice on the part of suitors was the infliction of very severe punishment whenever perjury was detected.



INDEPENDENT SLATE-WRITING A FACT IN NATURE.

BY PROFESSOR ELLIOTT COUES.

During the past six months in which, like an alchemist of old, I have sought the elixir of life in the crucible of a vital experiment, I have probably paid off the mortgage which my Nemesis held upon a jaded organism, and cheated the grave of one tenant for the present. It is perhaps only when the foundation of youth has ceased to ripple and sparkle that one may discern the philosopher's stone at the bottom; and he is fortunate indeed who also sees on the placid surface of the waters of life a reflection of the smiles of the Goddess Hygeia. That is a magic mirror which reveals a vista of future usefulness.

In the course of my sojourn in California I had many interesting experiences in psychical research, some of which I wish to make public in the columns of *THE JOURNAL*. I make my first narrative a circumstantial account of certain phenomena which may be justly characterized as astounding, since they appear to be contrary to the laws of nature as formulated by the science of our day. Nevertheless, I have repeatedly seen that which justifies the caption of this article. If I am to accept the evidence of my senses, independent slate-writing is a fact in nature, the verity of which I am prepared to affirm without qualification or reservation. If I am to accept the logical consequences of that fact, I must revise my ideas of the motions of which inanimate matter is capable under some circumstances. These are sufficiently momentous alternatives to confront any scientist, and my dilemma is perplexing enough, without any attempt to explain the occurrences of which I am a valid witness. I therefore for the present waive all explanation, and content myself with a statement of fact, as simple and straightforward as I can make it. I write not as a Spiritualist, not as a theosophist, not as a theorist of any sort; but simply as a man of science, of good ordinary powers of observation, who has made some experiments in psychical research which he desires to give an account of, but which he does not expect to account for.

That there is such a thing as genuine independent slate-writing I have long been willing to believe, on the testimony of others in whose good judgment and good faith I had confidence. But until lately I had seen nothing myself of the sort that was not either, first, a mere trick, or, second, something so obscure and baffling that it amounted to nothing satisfactory, and could not be put in evidence at all. I am also aware that the vast amount of fraud perpetrated in this particular matter, and the large number of intelligent persons who have been deceived, have together put the whole thing into bad shape and brought it into worse odor. The affirmation of independent slate-writing as a fact in nature therefore requires to be doubly guarded and fortified. Yet in face of all this, I am ready to declare that I have seen, in broad daylight, a few inches from my face, a piece of pencil rise and move, no one touching it, and write of its own motion legible and intelligible sentences which conveyed intelligent thought; and that this same phenomenon was witnessed at the same time, in the same manner, and to the same effect, by other persons besides myself, of equal if not superior eyesight.

What do we mean by "independent slate-writing"? I understand that term to signify the formation of legible letters and words on a slate by a pencil which no one touches while the writing is being done. If that definition be correct, then I know that independent slate-writing is a fact in nature. By the phrase "automatic writing" I understand to be meant the formation of legible writing when one holds the pen or pencil but is not consciously aware at the time of what is being written. That is another phase of the problem, to be kept clearly apart from the former

phase, and concerning which I have now nothing to say. I believe that the word "pneumatography" has been coined and used, somewhat loosely, to cover both of the above specified phenomena. It is also objectionable on the score of its etymological implication, namely, that "spirits" (whatever these may be) do the writing. So to call the phenomenon that I shall describe "spirit-writing" is to prejudge the case and assume a certain explanation. That is precisely what I do not wish to do at present, when my business is simply to state facts and narrate occurrences. So I call the thing independent slate-writing, and proceed with my story.

While in San Francisco in October, 1891, I had the pleasure of making the personal acquaintance of Mr. W. E. Coleman, well-known to readers of *THE JOURNAL*, whom I had also long known by correspondence, but had never met. At his suggestion arrangements were made for an experiment in independent slate-writing at the house of Mrs. Mena Francis, of 811 Geary street, whither I went by appointment, accompanied by my wife, on Friday, October 16, about noon. Mrs. Francis I understand to be a public or professional medium, who gives sittings for a fee; and a conscientious Spiritualist who fully believes that the writings obtained in the manner as I shall describe are done by disembodied spirits as messages from the other world. On entering her parlor we were met by a pleasant-faced elderly lady, in a simple unaffected manner, which rather prejudiced both my wife and myself in her favor. As soon as she had finished with a sitter who had preceded us, she invited us into a back room, facing south—or at any rate, the sun was shining brightly in at the only window, near which we took our seats. Mrs. Francis occupied a low easy rocker, my wife sat opposite, and I close between the two ladies, on Mrs. Francis's right, while before us was a small deal table with an ordinary cloth cover. On the table were a couple of thin "silicate" slates, frameless, perhaps four by six inches in size, a glass of water, and a wash-rag. Mrs. Francis invited us to examine the table and its accessories at our pleasure. We did so, and found them as just said. She took one of the slates, dropped on its open upper surface a bit of pencil perhaps a third of an inch long, and passed it quietly under the table, out of sight, holding it by one corner, with one hand, in the manner in which any one would naturally hold out a slate or similar object—her other hand being in view on the table. She rocked back and forth a few times, while two pair of eyes were upon the proceeding, and said, in a quiet voice:

"Will the dear spirits please write?" or words to that effect.

This gave my scientific conscience a twinge, for if there is anything I do not like, it is something just like that. However, I sat still, and in a few moments, tick, tick, tick, went something under the table, as if the pencil were writing. So it was in fact; and my astonishment may be judged when, whilst the ticking was still going on, Mrs. Francis slowly withdrew the slate from under the table, and then and there, in full view, a few inches from my face, I distinctly saw the pencil write "of itself," and finish the last word or two of a sentence which straggled over most of the slate! This my wife did not see, simply because the table intercepted her line of vision; but that I saw it, just as described, is simply true. To make a long story short, this sort of thing went on for an hour or more. Sentences were repeatedly written as said, a part of the actual writing of several of them being done under my wife's eyes as well as under my own, with no one touching the pencil. Several times Mrs. Francis varied the experiment by holding the slate high up in the air over the table, and placing upon it a handkerchief, or a book half opened, to make a sort of shield from the sun's rays. One variation was especially interesting. She desired Mrs. Coues to grasp her hand while she held the slate in the usual manner under the table. Mrs. Coues did so; and while the medium's hand was thus firmly grasped by my wife, the writing went on, we heard the sounds as before, and Mrs. Coues tells me she felt a singular sensation, a sort of throbbing, as if a pulsation, or a

regularly continuous set of impacts, were passing at once through her own hand, the medium's hand, and the slate.

I imagine that the last-mentioned circumstance may have an important if not conclusive bearing on the explanation of the phenomenon, or at least afford a clue to the rationale of the physical means by which independent slate-writing can be accomplished. But I am not now offering any theory or attempt at explanation. That I leave to those who think they know all about it, in the hope that what they think may be satisfactory, to themselves at least. Neither am I now concerned with the substance or intelligible content of the writing. The physical fact of the production of readable words that made sense is my whole present attestation. But I may state, without prejudice to the case in any particular, that the writing was certainly not at random, for it included intelligible and intelligent answers to various questions, and thus kept up, to some extent a continuous and rational conversation. The writing also referred in part to persons, places and things, respecting which Mrs. Francis must, humanly speaking, have been ignorant absolutely. The writing furthermore purported to be, ostensibly was, and was evidently believed by Mrs. Francis to be, a series of communications from the living spirits or souls of several different deceased persons, some of whom Mrs. Coues and I recognized as deceased persons whom we had known in this life, some of whom we know nothing about, two of whom bore suspiciously historical names, namely, Emanuel Swedenborg, the seer, and Sir Astley Cooper, the famous surgeon, each of which names was signed to certain of the writings.

I suppose that in all, during this sitting, some forty or fifty sentences were written more or less exactly in the manner described. The letters as a rule were very badly formed, and many of the words were illegible. In some such instances the illegible words were rubbed out by the medium, and the—shall I say spirit, or communicating intelligence, or stub of a pencil?—the whatever it was that was doing it, was politely requested to write more plainly, and as politely complied, sometimes underscoring the newly formed word. I should add that between each message the slate was cleansed of the former writing, with the wet rag, just as any one would rub out what had been written, to write something else on the same surface; and that I gave both slates a thorough cleansing myself at the beginning of the experiment. I kept one of the slates with the message from "Sir Astley Cooper," and have it yet.

At the end of this interview I took one of the slates, laid the pencil upon it, and occupied myself for several minutes in trying to make the pencil leave some mark. It was easy enough, holding the slate as Mrs. Francis did—or in any other way, in fact—and joggling it about, to make the pencil jump and wriggle all over the surface; but the weight of the bit of pencil was not enough to leave any perceptible trace of its movement,—to say nothing of forming a letter or a word in this way. Some force, unknown to me, had during the writing pressed the pencil hard enough against the slate to rub off some of its substance and thus leave the visible and legible trace of its movements. This "force" was also the means of transmitting an intelligent volition; and it was not the muscular force of Mrs. Francis or of any other living person known to me.

It is morally certain that Mrs. Francis did not know who her sitters were until we made ourselves known at or near the end of the experiment; but as I am not now analyzing the content of the writing, nor indeed raising any question of "spirit communication," it is immaterial to the point at issue whether she knew who we were or not. She accepted a very modest fee, and we parted.

Mrs. Coues and I went carefully over the whole interview, to find ourselves in substantial agreement in every material particular; so that if either of us were hallucinated, the other was also, and thus it becomes a case of "collective hallucination." Nevertheless, I must confess that for my part I was inclined to discredit the evidence of my senses. My only

other alternative was to discredit my life-long experiences of gravitation, inertia, momentum, and like attributes of the material of this physical world. In this embarrassing predicament I did probably a sensible thing in filing the apparently inexplicable occurrences for future reference. I left San Francisco, rusticated at Santa Cruz for several weeks, and returned to the city late in December. At my invitation Mrs. Francis came to my parlor at the Occidental Hotel, and at this second séance I arranged for Mr. Coleman to be present, with my wife and myself.

With much variation in detail, and especially in the content of the alleged messages, the result was the same as before. Mr. Coleman and I washed the slates, which were clean already, just to be able to say we had done so, for the benefit of a certain class of Thomases. We four sat about one of the ordinary center-tables that are found in hotel parlors. It was about noon of a bright day. We all simultaneously, at times, and each one of us successively, at other times, saw the bit of pencil move of itself, no one touching it, and write legible, intelligible sentences. It wrote rational and sensible replies to various questions, answered some mental interrogations with a pertinence at times startling, professed to be writing on the part of various deceased persons whose names were signed (none of whom I, for one, recognized), and otherwise conducted itself like a volitional intelligence, and not at all like a small lump of inanimate mineral. All this, too, under our very eyes and ears for much of the time, during which we distinctly traced by sight and sound the movements of the pencil as it straggled over the slate and left the scrawly letters in its wake; and for the rest of the time while Mrs. Francis held the slate by one corner, with one hand, just under the table, her other hand being in sight meanwhile. Some persons may not unnaturally cry out: "What did she put it under the table for? What is the use of hiding it at all?" To which I reply: "I do not know, and I wish I did"; for if I knew that, it would help me perhaps to explain the thing." But this is as absolutely certain as anything in the range of human experiences can be, namely, that Mrs. Francis's hand never touched the pencil during the writing. This I can assert most positively: and I am sure that both Mrs. Coues and Mr. Coleman stand ready to corroborate the assertion.

One more point, and I am done with a narrative already longer than I intended it to be, but which I have found myself unable to shorten without weakening. Once during this second sitting Mrs. Francis desired me to hold her hand, as she had desired Mrs. Coues to do on the first occasion. I did so, and with the same result as Mrs. Coues had before experienced. Mrs. Francis held out the slate before me, in full view; she had it by one corner, her fingers bent under it, and thumb over it, as one usually holds such an object; I grasped her hand firmly, partly in fact holding the slate myself; I felt a strong, peculiar, almost convulsive twitching of her flesh, and she seemed, both to my touch and to my eye, to be as it were clutching the slate, with a force in her clenched fingers that made the silicate bend a little; there was the pencil upon the surface, and then and there the pencil wrote, right under my eyes of its own motion.

Mrs. Francis declined to take any fee on this occasion, and seemed only anxious that I should be satisfied, by any means in her power, of the genuineness and verity of a phenomenon which to her at least is fraught with the deep significance of a message from the dead to the living. She was not very well in health, having a bad cold, was worried over a slight misunderstanding about the hour of our engagement, and besides all that had gotten out of breath by climbing several flights of stairs that did not lead to my room on the parlor floor. So altogether she was in bad order, either for a successful experiment in psychical science, or for a clever trick in sleight of hand. Knowing what I do about such things I think it remarkable that we got any result, in view of the medium's nervousness and fear of failure.

I hardly know what will be thought of this narrative; probably different persons who read it will

form different opinions of it and of its writer. But a little while ago, I could hardly have imagined myself as the author of such a recital. Yet I cannot be untrue to my convictions without violence to my mental integrity; and I cannot be silent in the face of such facts as I have narrated without conviction of moral cowardice. Let the facts speak for themselves; I am only responsible for the veracity and substantial accuracy of this article which though penned at one sitting, from memoranda taken at the dates of the experiments respectively, has been on my mind for several months, and is now worded with some care, after mature deliberation.

PRESCOTT, ARIZONA.

RELIGION.

II.

By B. F. UNDERWOOD.

Religion as a belief and the practice of devotional rights and ceremonies has been slowly acquired, with the development of reason and imagination, by man's contemplation of the power ever manifested to his senses, and which, invested with human qualities the greatest known or conceivable, has aroused fear, wonder, awe, admiration, gratitude and reverence. And the results of these thoughts and emotions repeated through countless generations have become established in the race as religious tendencies. We are now familiar with the definition, "Instinct is inherited habit." It is not in fact the habit that is inherited, but an aptitude, a predisposition to do as the parent did. There are islands having species of animals and birds which, tame when first discovered by man, have acquired an instinctive fear of him. This is shown by the young; they having inherited the results on the brain and nervous system and the corresponding mentality, through successive generations, of the fear excited by man's power over them and his cruelty to them. They have inherited no knowledge of man, but an instinct which, when it is seen, excites dread and impels them to flee. Thus, that which is learned, whether from personal teachers or by contact with nature, repeated through centuries, may produce states of mind which, by heredity, appear in the descendants in the form of predispositions. We all come into the world with organisms whose actions and reactions are largely determined by the form and quality of structure, including all those results of generations of experience which appear in us as aptitudes and intuitions.

Systems of religion are maintained, it is true, largely by organized effort, including a vast amount of scheming and craft; but, everywhere, they have the advantages of the accumulated results of ages of religious belief and devotion, organized in the race, making it easy for men to feel and think in religious matters, as in others, as their ancestors thought and felt in olden time.

Here we have plainly a hint of the difficulty in opposing error and superstition not always sufficiently considered. He who assails the superstitions of his day encounters not only the living, but, in their stubborn opposition,—stubborn because of this fact,—the combined ignorance and bigotry, intolerance and perversity, of millions on millions who are dead, whose bodies are dust, but the effect of whose thoughts and deeds persist, with slowly diminishing influence, as the later and more enlightened ages neutralize by their teachings and influences the inheritances from earlier, from less civilized periods. Often, acquired beliefs and inherited tendencies are in conflict; and the results are inconsistency of conduct, discontent, instability and various intellectual and moral anomalies.

A good illustration of this is seen in the life of Carlyle, as recorded by Froude. A prominent religious paper, with the usual superficiality of such journals, quotes from Carlyle, "My life here these three years has been sere and stern, almost frightful," and ascribed the absence of joy in his whole life, by implication, if not directly, to his rejection of the religion of Jesus Christ. It fails to see that, among the causes that made this great life "sere and stern, almost

frightful," most powerful was that Christian theology, the sad effect of which on Scotch character is described by Buckle, and the influence of which (chiefly by inheritance, but partly by education) affected profoundly the entire life of Carlyle. He outgrew belief in it as a system, but he could not outgrow the effects of generations of ancestral belief and the mood induced thereby.

It is doubtless true that his life would have been more harmonious and happy, could he have remained in that belief. Much that was anomalous, incongruous, and discordant in his disposition was due to an intellectual development involving the extinction of this faith, and the persistence of traits and tendencies which through many generations had been largely formed and fostered by it, and which in his strong nature, severed from their source of renewal and in conflict with his positive convictions, made him continually at war with himself as well as in antagonism to others.

We have all outgrown, intellectually, beliefs the inherited results of which still powerfully affect us, especially when our emotional nature is strongly excited. Asked whether she believed in ghosts, Madame de Stael replied, "No; but I am afraid of them." And so it is with all men who, having outgrown superstitions, so far as their intellect is concerned, are yet more or less subject to them in times of illness, depression or danger, when reason is impaired and the old tendencies assert themselves, much to the mortification of their possessor, when the unimpassioned light of the understanding is no longer dimmed by the revived ignorance and fear of the past.

Many who reject the popular theology are so much under its influence and so little appreciative of the thought and methods of men of science that declamation, dogmatism and indiscriminate denunciation with them are more popular than the careful reasonings and judicial fairness of the great men whose names they have learned to speak. Saturated with the influence of theology, these minds do not become liberal in any true sense of the word by dissenting merely from one and assenting to another class of views.

THE SCOTTISH LANGUAGE.

The Scotch trilling of the r, the deepening of the sound of the vowels, and several other things will not be well attained by us on this side of the Atlantic, and yet a sufficient familiarity with Scottish pronunciation and idioms to enable one to sing an easy Scotch song or relate a Scotch anecdote, is a qualification to which many a one would like to aspire, writes Rev. Wm. Wye Smith in the *Chautauquan*.

We must first get right with the a and the o. If the reader will carefully practice the sound, he will find that the long sound of o in English is a compound sound. It begins with o and ends with oo. The long o in Scotch, is a simple sound. It does not end in oo. There is no movement of the mouth during the sounding of it. There is some advantage in having the English sound; it widens the scope of our pronunciation. An average Scotchman cannot make (to our ears, and usually not to his own) any distinction between the sound of clock and cloak. He learns the English o; but seldom after he is grown up.

Then the long a. Here again, the English is a compound sound; it begins with a, and ends with e: a-e. The Scotch is a simple sound; a without the e; no moving of the vocal organs while pronouncing it. Having mastered these two sounds, the reader has made a good point in trying to pronounce Scotch.

The elisions require care. In a', ba', fa', etc., the vowel is pronounced exactly as if the consonant were not dropped; all, ball, etc. The ringing sound at the end of words ending in ing, is not much heard in Scotch. Feeling becomes feelin'; only the i sounds to us like ee. Try to keep the accent on the first syllable, and say feeleen. Such would be the Scotch sound. In relating a Scotch anecdote, people sometimes write and speak the word minister as meenister. In this case it is the wrong i that is changed into ee. Preserve the accent on the first syllable and say men-ee-ster. You have still the last syllable wrong. You call it stur. The er there, and almost every-

where in Scotch, has the pure sound of the short e, as found in merry.

One word about gutturals. "These have all been discarded from the English language," so everybody says. I am a Scotchman, and I beg to dissent. You say "Pooh!" and when you pronounce it you don't say "poo." You add the guttural sound. Now try the beautiful Scotch word *sough*, "the *sough* o' the sea." It is a perfect rhyme for pooh. All words ending in *igh* or *ich*, *ight* or *icht*, are gutturals. Any one learning German will soon acquire the sound.

These, with a little attention to the French sound of the *u*, in a large class of words, such as *guid*, *bluid*, *cuit*, *schule*, etc., will do much to take off the awkwardness of having to read a page of Burns or Scott or venturing on a little Scottish song.

DOROTHY SPURGERON'S LEGACY.*

By M. G. B.

CHAPTER II.

FAMILY RECORDS.

It was the last night of the following December. The clock, in all its gloomy beauty and sphinx-like silence, had stood some weeks in Miss Dorothy's parlor. She had selected certain pieces of furniture as appropriate to bear it company. A table and two arm-chairs of mahogany, handsomely carved, evidently by the same hand that had adorned the clock. A quaint secretary, in appearance a chest of drawers of which the upper half front dropped forward and became the desk, exposing various inner drawers and pigeon-holes. Outside it was beautifully carved while the writing-board within was inlaid in gold and silver tracery mingled with designs in mother-of-pearl, as was the top of the table. On the night in question this table was drawn before the fire, and upon it were placed a lamp and tea-tray. Miss Dorothy in her neatly-fitting black gown and white collar, with her curls falling in glossy beauty from behind her ears, sat in one of the high-backed chairs beside the table. She was evidently expecting company; for there was an air of mild excitement in the half-listening attitude.

There was a ring at the door and she looked quickly up into the mantel mirror, and brought her plump hands down either side of her head from parting to ears. The rippling bands did not need this extra burnishing; it was a youthful habit that she had retained along with her youthful looks. Presently there was ushered in Col. Brieflet, a tall, thin man with a high forehead and wearing a look of legal dignity that well became him.

"Ah! Good evening, Miss Dorothy," said he, shaking hands. "Pleasant evening, though rather cold,—and snowing some," continued he, placing his back to the fire and his hands in his pockets. He listened gravely while she assented to his assertions, hoped that the snow would not long continue to fall, it being so very undesirable to housekeepers.

"H-m, yes; and now I suppose you are ready to go over those papers of which you spoke."

"Yes, Mr. Brieflet, I found, on opening the clock, a number of papers within it. I wish you to examine them with me and decide as to their importance." She took up a key from the table and approached the clock. Brieflet followed with the lamp and held it near, narrowly inspecting the carving.

"Can you decipher the story in the design?" he asked.

"I think that panel represents the story of Joseph. It is oriental; and this," going around to the other side, "is evidently from Esau and Jacob," she answered.

"Yes, I see; and on the door in front?"

"That is a castle on a wooded hill that rises from the bank of a stream."

Brieflet examined it with the eye of a connoisseur.

"See the tower," said Dorothy, "how perfect it is, every stone, and the ivy creeping upon it. In this window there is a face that seems to be looking out with longing eyes, as if it would bring its body out. I wonder who could have done it, and when!"

"We may find out by examining the papers within," suggested Brieflet. She unlocked the door and took up the papers, while he examined the reverse side of it, inlaid like the desk with a tracery of gold and silver and pearl design.

"It seems appropriate," said Brieflet, as he seated himself in one of the high-backed chairs, "to examine these papers of an extinct family using the table and chairs owned, and possibly made, by a dead and gone ancestor of it. What a comment on man! Insensate wood and metal enduring and bearing the record of intellect, the impress of genius, when the very family

that produced that genius has disappeared from the face of the earth."

"It is precisely to find, if possible, whether there can be one of them living who is being defrauded of his right of inheritance that I have asked you to examine these," explained she, laying her hand on the papers.

"H-m, we shall see, we shall see," and Brieflet adjusted a pair of spectacles and attacked the papers. Silence with a rustling of papers continued for several minutes.

"There, they are now arranged in the order of dates. Now, Miss Dorothy, will you take notes while I go through them? Ready?" She nodded assent.

"This first one," taking up a parchment yellow with age, whose writing was faded and almost illegible with time, "this first one is written in Old German and bears date of December, 1687." He read silently, glancing quickly down the page. "Eh!" said he, "this is a most remarkable document! Listen; I give a free translation:

"December 20, 1687.

"Schranksburgh Castle Tower.

"This day I have finished the great clock that for thirty years I have given my constant employ. The other ten years that I have been also kept in this tower, by will of my brother Heindrick, I gave to the carving and inlaying of the other furniture of my apartment. I feel now the approach of the death. In less than a half-year I shall pass. I give my time now to pray and I work no more at all. The clock, I give it to my brother and to his heirs, and I enjoin them to keep it always. I have put into it my life, much, and it is, that while the family last, from generation to generation, and for every member of the same, it will the truth tell of the death within the hour. It will begin with me, and when I stop to breathe it will stop to run, and I enjoin all men from the trial to make it run. There will none understand its intricate mechanism, but it will be for the beauty of its work and I make it, by my power, the Prophet of Death, in this family. If any member of it own my clock and part from it, to him I will appear, until he regain it. When you cross the seas to live, to dwell, you will take it ever. To each one who hears the death-call I enjoin him that he write the same in proper order, of time and place, that he add thereto the full name and age, with the names of the father and mother, the grandfather and grandmother of him who dies. If any fail so to do, I shall of a certitude appear to him until he do it.

"I have said, so will I do.

"OTHO VAN DOERMELL.

"Whose father he was Carl Deidrich Van Doermell; whose mother she was Fredrica Zofhaur Van Doermell; whose grandfather he was Baron Wilhelm Van Doermell; whose grandmother she was Otlie Van Doermell."

Miss Dorothy had clasped her hands together on the table before her and listened attentively to the reading. Leaning back in her chair at its close she chanced to raise her eyes to a portrait that hung on the wall directly behind the chair of Col. Brieflet. It was that of one of the ancient Van Doermells which she had selected because it resembled strongly her lost Otho, and seemed appropriate to the position above the old secretary. Was it imagination, or a shadow of the flickering firelight, or did the face in the portrait gently close its left eye in an expressive wink to her? She thought it did, anyway, and felt a queer little cold chill creep down her back.

"This is certainly a remarkable document, Miss Dorothy," said the lawyer. "Do you happen to know if this wonderful clock did foretell or indicate the demise of any member of this family?"

"You saw the note written by Madam Vandoermell, Col. Brieflet," she replied.

"Yes," he assented hesitatingly, looking over his spectacles sharply at her.

"Y-e-s, but—you will pardon me—but your close connection with the family gave you exceptional opportunity of really knowing about it."

"You know that Deborah claimed to have heard the clock strike in Madam Vandoermell's case."

Under his keen, steady look a slow flush mantled her face, receded and left her colorless. He quietly marked it and when her eyes had sunk under his look, rejoined:

"Then you never heard it yourself? There have been other deaths since your connection with the family." Miss Dorothy felt in a measure compelled to reply.

"Yes, Col. Brieflet, I heard it once."

"May I ask when?"

"The day following the battle of Lookout Mountain. You know they were both killed there, the father outright and the son died the next day at about 2 o'clock. Madam Vandoermell heard the first bell the day of the battle, and together we heard the second one, as I have told."

"H-em, a strange coincidence," said he, slowly.

"Coincidence or not, it was foretold and intended by the man who made the clock, if we may believe

the document you hold in your hand, colonel," retorted Miss Dorothy. Chancing to glance up as she said this she felt a thrill of surprise. The pictured face up there seemed to have become rounded out and detached from the canvas, and this time gave not only a decided wink, but a perceptible nod also. Not that she believed for a moment in the reality of the action, but the shadows were certainly playing fantastic antics about the face, and the likeness to her long-dead lover was close enough to surprise her.

"Before we proceed I will trouble you for a cup of tea," said the measured tones of Brieflet, and she failed to note that he had ignored her last remark. For hours he worked steadily on, separating the papers into systematic piles as he finished them. Occasionally interrupting himself to ask for a cup of tea or to dictate a memorandum, he offered no further comment until the last paper, written by Madam Vandoermell on the death of her husband and son, was read and laid aside. He tied up the packages separately, then took up the dictated notes.

"Well," said he, "we have come to the end, Miss Dorothy, and this is the result. This record proves that the family has run in two straight lines through seven generations. The line beginning with Heindrick Vandoermell has been seven succeeding sons, eldest son following eldest son. When there has been brothers or sisters born to them they have died young or without issue, and thus prevented the spread and growth of the family. The line descending from his brother, Otho Vandoermell, has likewise run through seven generations, but all girls except the last who was born from a junction of the two lines and was Otho Vandoermell son of Marah Vandoermell, who died in October last, and Heinrich Vandoermell, who was killed in battle, as was the son Otho. It is to be noted that the record declares that in every case this wonderful clock has foretold or announced the death within an hour, and that whether the person was absent from or present with it. Further, if this record is as complete as it appears to be, the family has absolutely become extinct with the demise of old lady Vandoermell, and your fears of defrauding any possible living heir are groundless. By the way, there is no record there of the last death. I will write it and you may get Deborah's mark affixed as the only living witness that the clock struck for her as for the others. Give me the note that madam wrote you and I will put it with the others."

"That completes the record," he remarked presently, as he leaned back in his chair and contemplated the neatly bundled papers, "and I unhesitatingly say that it is the most remarkable story I ever heard."

Miss Dorothy leaned back in her chair and gazed thoughtfully into the fire.

"That clock must have been a horror to its owners," she finally said.

"Why so?"

"I can fancy that they would come to be always listening for that note of doom."

"Not so, madam. You forget he of the third generation when about to go from his castle gate to battle, comforts his family by saying: 'The old clock has not struck. I shall win the battle and return unharmed,' and so it proved. There are few things from which man will extract some good, Miss Dorothy."

"But," she persisted, "how dreadful must have been their feelings when it struck twice in time of health and peace."

"Do you refer to the burning of the castle in 1800?"

"Yes, when it was struck by lightning and consumed, except the tower that held that uncanny clock. Fancy them standing out in the storm and darkness, with two of their number burned in the building, and, standing thus, see the very elements interfere, the rain extinguish the flames before that prophet of disaster was reached."

"And yet," said Col. Brieflet, smiling, "they one and all seem to have held it in veneration."

"Madam Vandoermell certainly regarded it as the choicest of her possessions," declared Dorothy; "but I, myself, shall be perfectly content if it will do no striking while I possess it."

They both arose as she spoke. She replaced the papers in the clock and accompanied him to the door. As he passed down the steps she held the light high above his head, and noted that the snow was still falling smartly and lay in an unbroken surface on the walk. As she closed and bolted the door the village clock struck 11.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INTUITIONAL PROGNOSIS.

The following article by W. C. Dodge, M. D., of Mount Dora, Florida, a graduate of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, of the class of 1864, is copied from the *Medical Journal* for February, 1892:

I am not superstitious and do not believe in modern spiritism, visions or dreams; neither do I profess to

see farther into the future than any fellow practitioner; but a certain phenomenon has occurred in my professional life which may be of interest to the readers of *The Medical World*, that care anything about the anomalies that occur in the healing art.

To prognosticate the determination of a disease, either in health or in death, without drawing somewhat upon our past experience, medical knowledge, or even common sense, would look like foolishness in the extreme; and so it would be were we to advocate such a procedure in all cases. Nevertheless, I can recall, during a practice of nearly thirty years, from fifty to one hundred cases, where my prognosis has been determined in this manner.

This intuitive knowledge does not come at my bidding, but in an instant and when least expected, and is usually contrary to my better judgment, if I may so speak. That you may the better understand me I will give a few typical cases, without saying anything about diagnosis or treatment, which, you will readily understand, do not have any bearing upon the subject.

About twenty-five years ago I had a partner much older and more experienced than myself. He was away on a visit, when a young man belonging to one of his families was taken ill, and I was sent for to attend him. He went from bad to worse and at the end of the week did not think that he could live another day. The old doctor returned, and we were both summoned to the patient's bed-side. As I opened the door to his room, I saw the patient (in a vision) sitting up by the side of the bed, looking quite well. This vision brought a perfect confidence to my mind, as it has in all such cases, that the disease would terminate as indicated in the vision; and I immediately told the mother that her son would recover. The old doctor, not being a religious man, carried with him a vocabulary of words usually associated with pirates, and as we reached the next room, he rehearsed them to me quite freely, winding up with the statement that "any fool would know that the young man was dying." He made a rapid recovery and I saw him in a few days, sitting by his bed-side, quite well.

Was called to attend a boy eight years old, stranger, living in a distant part of Chicago. As I entered his room, I saw him a corpse. Examined him and did not consider him much out of health. Told the mother that her son was dangerously ill and that she had better send for her family physician. He was sent for and came. After this very polite doctor had informed the parents that Dr. Dodge did not understand his business, and said the boy would be all right in a few days, I had nothing more to do with the case until the seventh day, when I was called in to see him die.

Was called to see an old man seventy-three years of age (if my memory serves me correctly). After giving him a thorough examination, looked upon his case as desperate. Told his son to send for counsel; two physicians came about ten a. m. Prognosis, death within a week, or, as they expressed it, "there will be a funeral in this house within a week." Went back to my patient about four o'clock in the afternoon and found him worse. As I sat by his side I looked up to the door leading to his sitting-room, and in he walked, smiling and in good health. Three or four weeks after this I was called to see my patient's wife who was sick in the same room. In a few minutes I looked up to the door and in the old man walked, not in a vision this time but in reality.

Had an old friend in Chicago who had been ailing, as he expressed it, for several days, as there was a Homo. man called in to see him. This doctor said he would be well in a few days. Did not improve at all, and I was sent for. Sat by his side laughing and talking when I looked upon the bed and saw him apparently cold in death. I then examined him and told him that I did not understand his case and would not attend him unless he got the best counsel he could find in Chicago, as I considered his case serious. Told his wife and children that he would die. The counsel came and gave the family hopes of his recovery. He died in about a week.

Was called about one o'clock a. m. into the country to another doctor's patient, to see a lady that was dying. Arrived and as I entered the room saw several grown up children crying, at the foot of the bed. As I adjusted the optics of my second eye sight upon the dying woman she appeared in tolerable good health, and the whole scene seemed so ridiculous, that I laughed aloud. Now those who know me the best have realized that I have not lived a life of hilarity, and do not give such utterances of pleasure very often; and particularly when I am called in the presence of the dying. This came very near being a dear laugh, for the husband, who was a large strong man, said he came near kicking me out of doors. She made a rapid recovery.

An old friend of mine had been running down for a year, I could do him no good. Had counsel but he gradually grew worse. Became unconscious and apparently morbid. As I watched over him and tried to count his flickering pulse, saw him sitting up in another part of the room in his sick chair looking quite

well. Got up and went out in the next room where his grown up daughters were and told them their father would get up again. He did get up and lived for several years in comparative health.

The next and last case I will record is somewhat different from all the rest and unique in itself.

Stranger came into my office to see, as he expressed it, if I could tell him what ailed him, whether I could cure him. Diagnosis obscure. Told him if he would follow my prescription for two weeks could tell him whether I could do him any good. Sent for me to come to his home in two weeks, and demanded that I should tell him whether or not I could cure him, and if not how long he was to live. Sometimes our patients are so exacting about such things that we have to refer them, after we have exhausted our own skill above for further information. But not so in this case. I was in a deep study trying to conjure up something to say, when I dimly saw the man in a coffin. In some respects the man had improved during the two weeks of my treatment; but my prognosis had been foreshadowed, and I no longer wanted the case. I said "I can do nothing for you, and it is my opinion no one else can. I do not think you will live four months." He sent for another physician, and I lost track of him for between one and two months. At the expiration of this time I went into a grocery store to do some trading, where I found him apparently improved in health. As I went in he pointed me out to a half-dozen standing around as the doctor who did not know everything. He went on with his tirade about doctors in general and me in particular, until I could stand it no longer, I said—"Gentlemen, I did say that Mr. D. would not live four months, and I want you to write down what I now say. Mr. D. will not live six weeks from to-day." About a month after this he sent for me and apologized for what he had said in the store, and in a few days died.

I have simply stated facts and shall defer giving any explanation of the whys and wherefores until scientists tell us what life and matter are, and their proper relationship with each other, which will be in the far distant sweet bye and bye.

ELECTRIC LIGHTS AT SEA.

In olden times the galleys or war-ships used by the Romans and the Carthaginians were driven along by oars and sails, write J. O. Davidson in *St. Nicholas*. They had neither guns, steam-power, nor the compass, and so must be steered cautiously from point to point of the coast on the way to their distant battleground (if the scene of a naval engagement can be so called.)

Steering from one well-known headland to another by day was not so hard; but when storms arose, and the ship was blown out of sight of land, and the darkness of night fell on the sea, the mariner had many an anxious moment until daylight revealed once more some well-known landmark, as the first sight of land at sea is called by sailors.

The whereabouts of harbors in those times was shown at night by fires kept constantly burning on the nearest headland, or, when the coast was low, on a high tower near the entrance of the port, and sometimes on light-ships anchored off shore. Occasionally, if the port was a wealthy one, they built an immense stone tower called a "pharos," on the top of which wood-fires were kept burning day and night. These lights were visible a great distance at sea; and the coasts at that time must have been pretty with these twinkling lights, the flaming pharos, and the lights upon passing ships.

As science taught the modern world to light its coasts with other and stronger lights of great power, these were used almost entirely by light-houses; and war-ships, through all ages and down to within a few years, still used oil-lamps and common candles or "dips." Even the great Nelson, as he walked the quarter-deck of the "Victory," did so by the light of lanterns. These were placed at the stern of the ship, and were very large; but, as far as giving light is concerned, they were not so good as the open wood-fires carried by the ancient Roman galleys. Some of the stern-lanterns used by the French and Spanish fleets which fought with Nelson were large enough to hold several men, and were of very elegant design and finish.

At length, however, electric lighting was invented. The maritime world, till then content with the old methods of lighting, soon blossomed and flashed with the radiance of electricity. Now, no first-class modern ship, whether a man-of-war or a passenger-steamer, is complete without its sets of inside lamps and outside search-lights, and the modern voyager has his own pharos, not only to warn others from his path, but to discover by night the rocky cape or wandering iceberg.

The electric search-light is so mounted that its rays can be swept for miles around the horizon, spread out over a vast expanse of water, or narrowed to a thread-

like beam of light, revealing with blinding intensity everything within its range, and bringing up objects out of darkness, with a silvery sheen beautiful to behold.

A fine exhibition of its splendid equipment of electric lights was recently given by the "White Squadron" on the Hudson river, near New York city; and some of those who paid taxes to build these vessels had an opportunity to see what our Navy Department had accomplished. It is safe to say that all who saw that wonderful display were convinced that no enemy could steal up undiscovered to attack those ships by night.

ALL DUE TO A DREAM.

April 6, 1890, there died in this city, says a San Francisco paper, an honest, hard-working machinist by the name of Patrick Shine, who, having accumulated some little wealth and knowing that his end was near, a few weeks previous to his death, deeded all of his property to his faithful wife, Ellen, their union never having been blessed with children. The loss of her life companion prostrated the widow, and her grief was so great that just three months later, on June 6, 1890, Ellen Shine, no longer able to bear up under her load of sorrow, quietly breathed her last to join her husband in another world.

Ellen Shine died intestate and her property was taken charge of by Public-Administrator James C. Pennie, who at once advertised and otherwise searched for any unknown heirs, so that if they existed they could have an opportunity to present their claims.

Among the people who knew Ellen Shine was Mrs. Mary Anne Johnson, of 140 Fell street, and wife of a mechanic. Mrs. Shine and Mrs. Johnson were both of them natives of County Cork, Ireland, and whenever they met they used to exchange reminiscences of the days of their youth. When Mrs. Johnson learned through the newspapers that her old friend had died, and that the public administrator had charge of her property for the lack of legal claimants, she was greatly distressed, and the matter worried her for many weeks. In vain the good woman cudgelled her brains in an endeavor to remember whether she had ever heard of any one related to Ellen Shine. She could recollect no one.

The matter occupied her mind so much that it is not at all surprising that one night (Aug. 31, 1891), after retiring, still much perturbed over the fact that all that money should go to strangers, Mrs. Johnson had her peaceful slumbers disturbed by a dream. She dreamed of Ellen Shine as a young girl, home in Ireland, surrounded by a host of relatives, and conspicuous in that visionary picture from dreamland was the figure of the old parish priest, the Rev. Father James, well known to the dreamer.

When Mrs. Johnson awoke next morning she remembered her dream and thought it strange that in it Father James should be mixed up with the youthful days of her late friend. The more she pondered over this, to her, inexplicable fact the more she became convinced that the proper person to apply to for information concerning the relatives of Ellen Shine was the old parish priest, and she resolved at once to write to him.

Her surmise proved correct. In due time she received a letter from the Rev. Father James, now known as Canon Hegarty, in which he said that he knew Ellen Shine well when she was still in her Irish home; that her maiden name was Ellen Dooley, and that her nearest relative living was a nephew by the name of Joseph Cotter, residing in a village near Cork called Carrignaver. The canon also advised Mrs. Johnson to turn the case over to some attorney at once.

Judge Levy gave satisfactory judgment, without more than the delay necessary for the purpose of obtaining proofs of Cotter's claim from Ireland, and a few days ago the young Irish lad was officially notified that he was sole owner of a house and lot on Garden street and another lot in the O'Neill and Healy tract, all left to him by an aunt whom he had never known, by the assistance of the beneficent fairies of dreamland.

Dr. LENZ says that when he went to Fez, one of the capitals of Morocco, he found a most unlooked-for custom among the women. Mohammedans are not supposed to drink spirituous liquors, but Dr. Lenz says that the women in Morocco are universally addicted to the practice. Brandy is made, for which the customers are almost exclusively Moorish women. While the men are strict prohibitionists, the women drink brandy in large quantities. Women who came to Dr. Lenz's house to see his Moorish servants never failed to ask him for a glass of wine or cognac, and he was surprised to see the quantities they could drink.



LITTLE THINGS.

I threw a pebble out into the lake;
The pebble was small,
The lake was wide,
But the circling waves by that pebble made,
Pictured a lesson that will not fade
While men on this earth abide.

I gave of my love to a sorrowing world;
The world was feeble,
The world was wide,
But the love wave met with the sinking bark
Of one who was dying alone in the dark,
And a pean rolled in with the tide.

I reached to heaven for a sinning soul;
My prayer was weak,
But God was strong,
And sins like scarlet were washed and white,
For the soul that groveled sprang up to the light
And the weeping became a song.

—E. H. CHASE in Good Housekeeping.

MOTHER.

I hold before me, in weak, trembling hands,
The fading portrait of a woman's face:
A picture not of youth and girlish grace,
But one upon whose sacred head the sands
Of time had dripped until the gleaming strands
Shone wan with drifted white. A band of lace
Circles the wrinkled throat in fond embrace,
Even as these boyish arms, years gone, their hands
Of love clasped round the then fair neck of her,
As softly rained her lullaby upon
The drowsy ear in dreamland's tinkling drips:
And as I scan that face now thro' the blur
Of manhood's tears, I hear a voice, long gone,
Soft crooning thro' the portals of lost lips.

—KIMBALL CHASE TAPLEY in Judge.

Blessed is the woman who can put her hand on a thing when she wants it! writes Birch Arnold in the Chicago *Herald*. Some day when I have written something combining all the qualities of Howells, James, Zola, Wallace, Shakespeare, Calvin, Riley, Wesley, Milton and a few other widely dissimilar immortals and thereby, of course, made my everlasting fortune, I am going to own a desk that is presided over by a perfect arsenal, and woe betide the individual who dares to tamper with a single paper beneath that frowning howitzer. Just in that pigeon hole at the right hand I was sure reposed a symposium of my own great thoughts which I felt confident could not fail to stir an apathetic world into a frenzy of enthusiasm, and now they are hopelessly gone. I have a faint recollection of a pair of soft lips on my cheek last night, and a gentle pleading in my ear, "Just a scrap, please, dearest, for the language lesson," and—well—thus is my future greatness doing duty as a "scrap" in the busy hum of the school-room! But perhaps there was a happy destiny in the seeming contretemps. Perhaps I have been saved a great many bitter tears because the world didn't become frenzied with enthusiasm. Even so do our misfortunes work together for our good. But what an envious woman is that perfectly systematic housekeeper who can keep everything exactly in its place and be always morally sure that no restless little fingers will displace it. Unless, indeed, there are no little fingers! That is a possibility I can never contemplate without a sob. What is the greatness of a Shakespeare, the riches of Golconda, the system of La Place beside the hurly-burly of those noisy feet, the bearlike hugs of those strong little arms, the tender pressure of those red and dewy lips, and the chorus of confusion in which high-pitched voices reign supreme? Good-by, the hypothetical greatness, if once you try to displace those magnetic little fingers which hold the reins of my heart, as you can never hope to do!

Among the particular advantages desirable for a boy, Edward Everett Hale enumerated the daily performance of some disagreeable task. It need not be essentially disagreeable, but something apt to be distasteful to the boy, such as filling the wood-box or hoeing for a stated time in the garden. The need for such discipline does not disappear with boyhood, but in later life is generally more rigidly enforced by circumstances than it was in youth by the parental will. And we who laugh at the boy's restiveness under his task, rebel in like manner against the constantly recurring distasteful duties in our own lot and concentrate our dislike in the

term "drudgery." The debt we owe to these habit-forming tasks, the momentum gained which gives us the possibility of self-control, has been well set forth in a charming series of papers entitled "Blessed Be Drudgery," of which the following is the opening paragraph: "Of every two men probably one thinks he is a drudge, and every second woman at times is sure she is. Either we are not doing the thing we would like to do in life, or in what we do and like we find so much to dislike that the rut tires, even when the road runs on the whole a pleasant way. I am going to speak of the culture that comes through this very drudgery. Our prime elementals are due to our drudgery. I mean that literally. The fundamentals that underlie all fineness, and without which no other culture worth the winning is even possible. These, for instance—and what names more familiar?—power of attention, power of industry, promptitude in beginning work, method and accuracy and dispatch in doing work, perseverance, courage before difficulties, cheer under straining burdens, self-control and self-denial and temperance. For drudgery is the doing of one thing, one thing, one thing, long after it ceases to be amusing, and it is this one thing I do that gathers me together from my chaos, that concentrates me from possibilities to powers, and turns powers into achievements."

THE *Ladies' Home Journal* gives these suggestions as to what to teach a daughter: That work is worthy always when it is well done. That the value of money is just the good it will do in life, but that she ought to know and appreciate this value. That the man who wishes to marry her is the one who tells her so and is willing to work for her, and not the one who whispers silly love speeches and forgets that men cease to be men when they have no object in life. Teach her to think well before she says no or yes, but to mean it when she does. Teach her to avoid men who speak lightly of any of the great duties of life. Teach her that her own room is her nest, and that to make it sweet and attractive is a duty as well as a pleasure. Teach her to be a woman—self-respecting, honest, loving and kind, and then you will have a daughter who will be a pleasure to you always, and whose days will be long and joyous in the land which the Lord hath given her.

The Kirkland Association, of Chicago, have opened a lunch-room for working girls at 5 and 6 Washington street. Such things as tea, coffee, milk, sandwiches, etc., are served at low prices, or those who wish to do so may bring their luncheon from home. A membership fee of ten cents per month entitles a girl to the use of the luncheon tables, the reading-room and the toilet-room.

Harriet Hosmer expects to make a full exhibit of her work at the World's Fair. She is now in Spain at work on some famous bronzes.

PETER'S TRANCE.

By JUDGE JAMES B. BELFORD.

Mankind in its weary march has acknowledged the sovereignty of numerous religions. But few of the many remain, and those that do have undergone certain changes, and doubtless for the better. Natural religion never could muster any considerable following for the reason that it carried with it no promise of eternal life. Man only looked to other shores when allured by the hope of a brighter day. The Jewish religion after a fashion revealed God to man, while that of the Greek revealed man to himself, taught him to reverence the divinity that was in himself and also the divinity that lurked in everything of grace and beauty. Had the Jews accepted the messianic character of Jesus the civilization of the world would have been entirely different. Jerusalem and not Rome would have become the religious capital; and as the old Jewish law abhorred idolatry and forbade the making of graven images or likenesses, sculpture and the fine arts, which played so important a part in the taming of the fierce natured barbarians that overran the Roman empire, would never have been encouraged nor permitted to grow to the height they have attained. It was the spectacular display together with the ravishing music and the softening and attractive ceremonials, that the church

offered in the fourth and fifth centuries that caught the eyes and captured the ears of the marauding hordes of Goths and Germans and led to their civilization and acceptance of Christianity. The persuasive powers were native to Rome but foreign to Jerusalem. With Jerusalem as the capital the religion of James and his synod of strict constructionists would have prevailed and the Christian religion would have gone down as it afterwards did in Asia and Africa. With Rome as the capital the world accepted the broad views of Paul which contained the announcement that after the fullness of the Gentiles then Israel should be saved. It was only by spiritual intervention that Peter was made to see that other than Jews were included in the plan of salvation, and because he associated with the Gentiles he was soundly belabored by his colleagues. In the eleventh chapter of the Acts we are told. "And the apostles and brethren that were in Judea heard that the Gentiles had also received the word of God, and when Peter was come up to Jerusalem they that were of the circumcision contended with him, saying, thou wentest in to men uncircumcised and did eat with them. But Peter rehearsed the matter from the beginning and expounded it by order unto them, saying, I was in the city of Joppa praying, and in a trance, I saw a vision—a certain vessel descend as it had been a great sheet let down from heaven by four corners; and it came even to me. Upon the which when I had fastened my eyes I considered and saw four-footed beasts and creeping things and fowls of the air, and I heard a voice saying unto me, arise, Peter, slay and eat; but I said not so Lord for nothing common or unclean, hath at any time entered my mouth; but the voice answered me again from heaven, what God hath cleansed that call thou not common, and this was done three times and all drawn up into heaven. And behold, immediately there were three men already come unto the house where I was, sent from Caesarea, unto me; and the spirit made me go with them, nothing doubting. Moreover, these six brethren accompanied me and we entered into the man's house; and he showed us how he had seen an angel in his house which stood and said unto him, send men to Joppa and call for Simon whose surname is Peter.

I have quoted enough of this chapter to show that Peter was put into a trance.

Second—That while entranced he received a communication from the spiritual world.

Third—That the communication was made through the symboling of a vessel containing various strange things.

Fourth—That this symbol was designed to teach him that the gentiles were as much entitled to the benefits of Christ's teachings as the Jews. That such a method should have been devised and employed by the God of this universe to communicate a simple message to a poor mortal may seem strange, but strange as it may appear, it was God's method, and Peter regarded it as such. Who sent the three men from Caesarea to Peter? What kind of a spirit sent Peter with these three men? And what kind of an angel was it that stood before the man in the house and told him to send for Peter? I know nothing about these matters. I find them recorded in a book whose authority is vouched for by the church. If false, pray what part of these records are we to accept? The intelligent portion of the world has ceased to believe that the Almighty took more pains to convince a wicked and perverse generation that existed 2,000 years ago of his overruling care and guidance than he is taking to-day with a people who are not hostile to light, but who are seeking for truth along every line where promise of its discovery furnishes the least gleam of hope. People of to-day care very little about fallen angels that were imported into Judea from Persia, but what they desire is to see a ladder fashioned after that seen by Jacob, whose rounds are pressed by the feet of messengers equipped and qualified to teach us something of the country whose borders we are shortly to cross. The only excuse that any church can give for its existence is the good that it does or seeks to do. Instead of closing the blinds and shutting out the light, it should hoist the windows and let it in. There is a vast volume of wisdom in the expression of Jesus to his disciples when they complained that some people were working miracles in his name, and he answered: "He that is not against us is on our part." By some we are told that none but fallen angels and wicked spirits are permitted to visit the earth. This statement, by whomsoever uttered, is a libel on God.

Much of the history of every religion is found in the growth of the language in which men have undertaken to express their ideas. It can be safely affirmed that eternal and spiritual truths must first be clearly perceived by the religious temperament before they can be embodied in any determined phrases. Man's first step was the perception of the divinity in nature; his second the perception of the divinity in himself; these things having been learned he endeavored to account for it, and in so doing he evolved the religious systems to which he accorded his allegiance.

Max Muller, in a recent article, says:

"The belief in soul exactly like the belief in gods, and at last in one God, can only be looked upon as the outcome of a long historical growth. It must be studied in the annals of language, in those ancient words which meaning originally something quite tangible and visible came in time to mean something semi-tangible, something intangible, something infinite in man. The soul is to man what God is to the universe. When we remember what is now a fact doubted by no one, that every word in every language had originally a material meaning, we shall easily understand why that which at the dissolution of the body seemed to have departed, and which we consider the most immaterial of all things, should have been called at first by the name of something material, namely, the air breath. This was the first step in human psychology. The next step was to use the word "breath," not only for the breath which had left the body, but likewise for all that formerly existed in the body—the feelings, the perceptions, the conceptions, and that wonderful network of feelings and thoughts which constituted the man, such as he was in life. For all this depended on the breath. If the breath, with all that belonged to it, had departed then it must exist somewhere after its departure, and that somewhere, though utterly unknown and unknowable was soon painted in all the colors that love, fear and hope could supply," and then he adds: "The belief in the continued existence of the soul after death and in its liability to rewards and punishments seems as irresistible to-day as in the days of Plato. Man, if left to himself, has everywhere arrived at the conclusion that there is something in man, or of man, besides the material body. This was a lesson taught not so much by life as by death; besides the body, besides the heart, besides the blood there was the breath. Man was struck by that, and when the breath left the body at death he simply stated the fact that the breath, or the psyche, had departed. All the speculations concerning the true nature of that psyche belong to the domain of psychology."

Man's existence is the result of God's affection, and as that is eternal, so must be its product. The desires that animate us, the loves that thrill us, are not born of the earth any more than the love of the plant for the sunlight is born of the soil that covers its roots. These aspirations have their nourishment in unseen fountains, whose waters are fed from far-off hillsides, where the celestial dews are shed. It is not that Jesus led a spotless life that alone draws thousands of hearts toward him, but it is the conviction that an aroma of the supernatural was about him as the beauty is about the lily or the fragrance about the rose. There is a penetrating power in his name which reaches the depths of feeling unplummeted by the name of any other baptized by woman. In all the legends and gospel narratives and traditional lore that filled the first century and half the second, he stands forth as the pre-eminent healer of the world, healer of the hurts of the body and the sorrows of the soul, and as the connecting and never-to-be-broken link that coupled earth and heaven together. If the doors of the spiritual world for one reason or another had been temporarily closed—he threw them ajar never more to be shut. Of the means whereby spirits of the unseen world communicate we may be ignorant, but there is an open way by which they reach all the children of earth. There is not a soul to which a message of love and help and hope does not pulse downward from above. Every yearning and hunger for better and higher things but opens wider the spiritual gates, through which visions of light and swells of music float out. No soul, however scarred with conflicts, burdened with sorrows or stung with troubles, is disowned in the distribution of the celestial influence which, consciously or unconsciously to the recipient, is extended by the common Father to the children he has made, for his love, like his rain, falls alike on those who seek as on those who forbear.



HAVE WE INNATE IDEAS?

TO THE EDITOR: In THE JOURNAL of January 30th last is an article under the head of "Soul Testing," in which a gentleman suggests an experiment for the purpose of ascertaining "whether unaided by any extraneous suggestions a child that is blind, deaf and dumb will manifest an instinctive impulse towards religion or develop an innate idea of a Supreme Being." Two cases are cited in "Upham's Mental Philosophy," abridged edition, page 22, which throws some light on the subject, the first of which is as follows: "Of these extraordinary instances to which we alluded as having thrown some light on the history of our intellectual acquisitions is the account which is given in the 'Memoirs of the French Academy of Sciences' for the year 1703, of a deaf and dumb young man in the city of Chartres. At the age of three-and-twenty it so happened, to the great surprise of the whole town, that he was suddenly restored to the sense of hearing, and in a short time he acquired the use of language. Deprived for so long a period of a sense which, in importance, ranks with the sight and the touch, unable to hold communion with his fellow-beings by means of oral or written language, and not particularly compelled, as he had every care taken of him by his friends and relations, to bring his faculties into exercise, the powers of his mind remained without having opportunity to unfold themselves. Being examined by some men of discernment, it was found that he had no idea of a God, of a soul, of the moral merit or demerit of human actions, and, what might seem to be yet more remarkable, he knew not what it was to die; the agonies of dissolution, the grief of friends, and the ceremonies of interment being to him inexplicable mysteries." John Locke in his "Essays on the Human Understanding" champions the negative of the above proposition although he was attacked furiously by dogmatic philosophers. Such cases as the one given above would seem to strengthen Locke's ground. C.

WANTS R. B. WESTBROOK'S STATEMENTS VERIFIED.

TO THE EDITOR: A correspondent in THE JOURNAL of January 23rd says: "It is a well-known fact that many early Christian sects absolutely denied the existence of Christ in the flesh, regarding him as a phantom. It is very difficult to decide whether the apostle Paul believed in a real or an ideal Christ." Prior to making these remarkable statements, he asks the correspondent whom he is criticising whether he ever heard of the Gnostics, whom Gibbon calls "the most polite, the most learned and the most wealthy of the Christian name." We have heard of the Gnostics and we do not believe the testimony of Gibbon concerning them. It was merely an unwarranted assertion, not sustained by any contemporaneous evidence.

The Gnostic sects were of Gentile and anti-Jewish origin. They were not known until about the year 140, during or subsequent to the Jewish revolt under the Emperor Hadrian. Valentinus was the leader of the Alexandrine sect and Marcion that of Asia Minor. Both maintained that the Jewish God was not the God of the Christians. They insisted that he was a different being from the God who sent Christ. They held that self-existent matter was evil, and that the Jewish God who made the world was imperfect. On many other points they were widely divergent. The Valentinians had interwoven into their system the theory of seven heavens and the pleroma where the Supreme Being dwelt. The Marcionites had but three heavens in their system. The Valentinians were the most extravagant of idealists. The Marcionites were plain, blunt and direct in their utterances, accommodating their teachings to the simplest minds. They were ascetics, even to the renunciation of the marriage relation. The Valentinians "regarded a man as to be pitied who could pass through life without loving and marrying some woman." As has been said the Gnostics were a Gentile anti-Jewish sect which came into existence as a result of a war of races at the time of the Jewish revolt under the Emperor Hadrian. Your correspondent quotes Gerald Massey as saying the Essenes

and the Nazarenes were Gnostics. Of course there is not a particle of evidence on which to base such an assertion. If Gerald Massey has ventured such an opinion, all the worse for Gerald Massey. The Jews were not Gnostics.

Your correspondent thinks "it is very difficult to decide whether the apostle Paul believed in a real or an ideal Christ." Yet he said: "I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and him crucified." "We preach Christ crucified unto Jews a stumbling block and unto Gentiles foolishness." Again: "We have known Christ after the flesh, yet now we know him so no more." And again he says: "Had the rulers known and understood the wisdom not of this world, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory." And yet again he says: "He was crucified through weakness, yet he liveth through the power of God." Finally he speaks of the fellowship of his sufferings. Surely, it does not seem very difficult for us to decide whether Paul believed in "a real or an ideal Christ." But let us return to the Gnostics. Your correspondent says: "This sect described Jesus as an aion or spiritual principle and considered the crucifixion as metaphorical and not a literal event." To this we answer: Notwithstanding all the wild vagaries of the Gnostic sects, the crucifixion was as literal an event and just as much a matter of history as under more common theories. The generality of the theosophic Gnostics admitted the reality of the body of Jesus and in a certain sense his nativity.

Andrews Norton gives the following Gnostic theory from Irenaeus: "The Aeon Savior (who it is to be remembered was also called Christ) descended from the Pleroma into the Messiah of the Creator, the seeming man Jesus, at the baptism of the latter, and through him announced the unknown God. In speaking of this complex being, the Aeon seems to have been commonly called Christ; the man, Jesus. Jesus having been intended by the Creator for his Messiah, his body had been prepared, in a wonderful manner, of the psychical substance, so as to be freed from all impurities of matter. His soul was derived from the Creator; but there was a spiritual principle within him, (a spirit) furnished by Achamoth. As regards his nativity, he passed through Mary, his mother, as water through a conduit, without receiving anything from her substance. When taken before Pilate the Aeon Christ left him. The spirit furnished by Achamoth likewise left him at his crucifixion; and only the psychical part of the complex Savior, the body and soul of Jesus suffered."

"The opinion of the theosophic Gnostics concerning the body of Christ, as not a proper human body, though one capable of suffering, was an hypothesis in no way affecting the historical accounts of him."

"Marcion denied the nativity of Jesus, and rejected in consequence the first three chapters of Luke's Gospel, the only Gospel which he used. But he did not call in question the actions, miracles and apparent sufferings of Christ as recorded by the evangelist. He viewed those accounts as a true narrative of what appeared to the senses of men." So it is not true, as stated by your correspondent, that according to the Gnostic view, the crucifixion was "metaphorical and not a literal event." They did not deny the real history and crucifixion of the man Jesus. And now in conclusion, we deny that it is a well-known fact that "many early Christian sects absolutely denied the existence of Christ in the flesh, regarding him as a phantom." If it is a well-known fact, then it will be easy to give a few of the "many." Even Marcion, who denied the nativity, did not deny the acts of Christ's ministry or his crucifixion and resurrection. Tertullian, in his discussion of Marcion, said: According to Marcion "the nativity of Christ is dishonorable to God and unworthy of the Son of God and foolish. Clearly (he says) there are other things as foolish, relating to the contumely and sufferings endured by the divine nature. Or shall I call it agreeable to reason that a divine being should be crucified? Expunge this too Marcion: or rather expunge this in the first place. For which is most worthy of a divine being; which is more shameful, to be born or to die? to bear about flesh or to bear a cross? to be circumcised or to be pierced with nails? to be brought forth or to be buried? to be laid in a manger or in a tomb?"

It is said "the Docetæ (or illusionists) held that Jesus was symbolic, an idea." This is, to say the least, a misleading statement. The "Docetæ" admitted the appearance, the body of Christ to the senses, but denied on philosophical grounds,

its reality. They regarded matter as evil, and therefore objected to the revelation of Deity through sensible objects, declaring that everything corporeal in Christ was only in appearance and for the manifestation of the spirit. Its teachers, among whom were Valentinus, Cassianus and Bardesanes, sought to reconcile the narrative of the gospels with what they conceived to be the respect due to the Deity; maintaining that his sufferings were only apparent. Now we submit the very position of the Gnostic sects confirms the historical existence of Jesus. None of them call in question his life, ministry and crucifixion, so far as appearance might confirm them to the human senses. The very fact that they found it necessary a century after the crucifixion to reconcile as far as possible their philosophical speculations with the gospel narrative, is an indirect testimony to the authenticity and genuineness of that narrative. Your learned correspondent says: Gerald Massey says the Suttites and the Mandrites were Gnostics and that Hippolytus said that Elkasia said the Christ born of a virgin was Aeonian. Well what of it? If there were early Christian sects called Suttites, Mandrites and Elkesites, they must have been very obscure and not very numerous. They certainly do not figure conspicuously in any contemporaneous record. If it really is a well-known fact that many early Christian sects absolutely denied the existence of Christ in the flesh, why don't your correspondent refer to some of them known to early church history? The Gnostic sects, as has been seen, confirm the historical Christ. F. H. BEMIS.

FRENCH SCHOOL GIRL'S LIFE.

In regard to French schoolgirls' life Henrietta Channing Dana writes interestingly in the February number of the *Atlantic Monthly*: Before we consider the subjects studied in a French private school, she says, there are two things to be borne in mind. First, the element of stability in a schoolgirl's life. She enters at five years of age, sometimes at four, the school where she will remain till her education is finished. Her teachers know her from earliest childhood; they watch her character develop and her mind unfold. They understand her capacities. Perhaps her mother has been trained in the same school before her, or she may have relatives among the nuns. At any rate, she and their child; they know and love her, and they lay the foundations of her education well, for they are responsible for the whole structure. They have the end in view from the beginning. They lead her up gradually from one thing to another. They calmly lay out for her courses of study embracing five, six, ten, and even twelve years. There is always plenty of time and no hurry. Things are taken quietly and gone into deeply. The school terms are longer and school life is less broken into by vacations than with us. The girls study more hours in the week and more weeks in the year than we do. School opens the last week in September, and does not close till the second week in August. There are no spring or winter vacations and no Saturday holidays. Six weeks in the late summer, a few days each at New Year and Easter, all Sundays and the principal church holidays, and usually a half holiday on Thursday are all the breaks made in school life, which goes on almost uninterrupted in slow, healthful regularity for ten months and a half out of the twelve.

Another element in French school life is concentration. A girl's time is less brokered into by outside interests than with us, and there is less strain upon nerves and imagination. Not till her growth is attained, her school life over, and her mind and character are fairly formed is she allowed to read novels, to go to parties and dances, to attend the theatre, or to indulge in any of the distractions and dissipations so frequently permitted to growing schoolgirls in America. No matter how wealthy and aristocratic her parents, she is inured to early hours, simple food, plain surroundings, and regular occupations; and her dress is the quiet dark uniform, without ribbon or ornament, which is customary in day-schools as well as boarding-schools. In my experience of private schools in both countries, it has seemed to me that the French girl is more simple and childlike, on the one hand, and more serious-minded, more capable of sustained work and thought, on the other, than the average American girl of the same age. From the fact of not having frivolous amusements, and sentimental vagaries to disturb her mind and work on her nerves, and being

better disciplined from infancy to obedience, regularity, and self-control, she throws her youthful energy and enthusiasm more wholly into the interests of her school work and her family life; and as a consequence she is less nervous than her American sister, less subject to backaches and headaches, works with less fatigue, is more active and merry at play, more simple in her tastes, more easily amused and contented with everyday life and labors, and perhaps more frank, loyal, and affectionate in her family relations and school friendships.

INSANITY AND GENIUS.

A good deal of comment has been excited by the publication in English of Professor Lombroso's work on "Insanity and Genius." It is a work in which the author claims that genius is the evidence of a degenerative taint, and is, in fact, an "epileptoid degenerative psychosis." We trust that our readers will not be made to feel a sense of apprehension concerning their own mental soundness by Professor Lombroso's thesis. It is one that has been worked at before by Moreau de Tours and a good many others, and neither the world in general nor the medical profession in particular has been seriously impressed by it. Men of genius have not, as a rule, been mad, except with an insanity of a scientific and scholastic kind, such as the world really needs more of. The eccentricities, monomanias, and emotional exaltations of genius have been incidental, and were not the basis of their character and temperament. Insanity is essentially a non-productive condition. No insane man has ever made a great discovery and originated great thoughts, or, by his own laborious efforts, changed the tide of human events. Insanity is a condition in which the power of adjusting one's self and one's conduct to the environment is lost. Surely there is no loss of this kind shown in the work or conduct of men of genius. Contemporaneous science has dealt somewhat kindly with Lombroso for the valuable work he has done and the new fields of study he has opened. But the *Medical Record* thinks that when he makes out Newton and Luther insane, and Christ a paranoiac, one must think that the professor himself has neither sanity nor genius.—*Scientific American*.

A CURIOUS DREAM.

SIR,—A friend of mine, Mr. W—, has just related to me a curious dream he has had within the week, which may interest the readers of *Light*.

Mr. W— and his wife have been staying for a few days with a friend, Mr. C—, at R—. One evening at dinner the conversation turned on old times and old acquaintances, and Mr. W— asked his host if he knew what had become of L—, of whom he himself had lost sight for some years past. Mr. C— replied that when he had last heard of L— he was well and living at S— (two or three hours' journey from R—), upon which Mr. W—, on a sudden impulse, said he should go to S— next morning to look up their old friend, returning the same evening.

That night Mr. W— dreamed that he saw L— standing by his bedside, as distinctly as he had ever seen him, and that L— said to him: "Do not go to S—, I have gone away; I am dead." The dream was very vivid, and Mr. W— put his hand out to grasp his friend's—an act observed by his wife, who happened to be awake.

Next morning at breakfast Mr. W— related his dream, and said that he was sufficiently impressed by it not to go to S— as arranged, until he had obtained further news of L—. This he bethought himself he could probably gain by telegraphing to the London club to which both he and L— belonged. He telegraphed accordingly for "the latest intelligence of Mr. L—." The reply swiftly came: "Mr. L— was buried last Wednesday."—*Light*. M. B.

A VERY bright remark has been credited to the late Earl of Beaconsfield. When quite young he heard a clever woman compliment an ignorant man on his good sense. "I don't wonder," said young Disraeli, quick as a flash, "at his possessing a large stock of good sense; he never spends any."

"MARRIAGE has not changed him much," said Mrs. Potts. "Before we were married he would not let me carry the lightest bundle—and he does not now. He lets me lug the heavy ones."

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

The Brethern of Mount Atlas; Being the First Part of an African Theosophical Story. By Hugh E. M. Stutfield, London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1891, pp. 313; price, \$1.50, (Chicago, A. C. McClurg & Co.)

After careful reading it is difficult to decide whether the author is a believer in theosophic theories, or one who feels called upon to make evident by ridicule—sometimes of a very flippant sort—the short comings and inadequateness of that philosophy in its present development; there is such a blending of cheap wit, and earnest consideration of all psychical phenomena that we know not just where the author stands. Three young Englishmen of means, some culture, and sporting proclivities—one of them "a dreamer of dreams" having heard of a community of mahatmas established at the foot of a mountain on an oasis of the great African desert, eager also for the hunting adventures possible on their way thitherwards, organize a small expedition to find the Theosophic community. More than one-half of the 313 pages of the book is devoted to rehearsal of adventures, travel through Arabian villages, the great desert, etc., with a characteristic following of Moors, Arabians, Berbers and others. The author is evidently familiar with the scenes which he portrays so graphically; exciting hunting scenes with lions, wild goats, etc., are given in detail in vigorous pictures. At last they reach the desert oasis at the foot of Mount Atlas, where the theosophical brotherhood abide. It is depicted as a sensible, modern paradise and the beginnings of the most essential part of a story just here are brought in. Beside the chela's, and the mahatmas who figure as lovely, but mystic characters in this part of the book, a female college of women students of occult science is here discovered and the mother superior of the sect, a lovely girl niece of a mahatma, is found to be the counterpart, according to the Oliphent theory, of one of the party. The outcome is tragic yet fascinating.

The Choice of Books. By Charles F. Richardson. New York: John B. Alden. pp. 208. Price, 36 cents.

This little volume is a cheap yet handsomely bound edition of a work that is full of valuable advice and suggestions as to the choice of reading—what books to read, how much to read, the habit of reading, the art of skipping and thus economizing time, the art of remembering what is read, the use of notebooks, the value and use of libraries, reading clubs, etc., are all discussed in a way to entertain and at the same time to instruct readers of books. Many middle-aged and elderly people who read this book will regret that they did not have the benefit of the author's knowledge and suggestions when they were young.

"Indian Idyls," by an "Idle Exile," is a volume by one who knows India quite as well as does Mr. Kipling, and who also appreciates its value as furnishing material for the romancer as well as he. These "Idyls" are not at all imitative of Mr. Kipling; they are entirely original and have much more of a sentimental interest than his, which will recommend them to women readers. The stories are clever, witty, and have a crispness that is all their own. The book will be published by the Cassell Publishing Company.

MAGAZINES.

The *Westminster Review* for February is a lively and entertaining number. Rev. Walter Lloyd contributes a pungent paper on "Bibliolatry." J. Jessop Teague makes a comparison between Savonarola in history and in fiction. William Robertson has a careful study of China, treating of what he calls a "Far Eastern Question." Janet Newton Robinson has a careful and discriminating "Study of Mr. Thomas Hardy." J. Spencer Hill takes up the subject of a "Teaching University for London." R. Seymour Long reviews Lord Roseberry's recent "Life of Pitt," and Joseph J. Davies has a valuable discussion on the question "Is Compulsory Education a Failure?" The number concludes with the usual valuable and timely reviews of current books, a special feature of the *Westminster* and an invaluable guide to the general reader. New York: Leonard Scott Publication Co.

The Season for March is filled with seasonable and pretty designs for ladies' and children's dresses. On plate 916 will be

found very handsome party dresses for young ladies. Fig. 1 is especially beautiful in the arrangement of the ribbon-laced bodice; while the design is new, it has the charm of simplicity and beauty. On plate 917 is a ball toilette. To give anything like a general description of the many handsome toilettes displayed, would cover more space than we can devote to it; we merely glance over, and say a word here and there in praise of its beauty, while we find nothing to condemn. Morning gowns, street, dinner, evening and carriage toilettes are well worth a thorough examination. Yearly subscription, \$3.50. Single copies, 30 cents.

THE leading article of the February *Forum* is "Perils of Our National Elections," by ex-Senator Edmunds. The other articles are: "The Choice of Presidential Electors," by the Hon. E. J. Phelps; "The Nicaragua Canal and Commerce," by the Hon. Warner Miller; "The Nicaragua Canal: Its Political Aspects," by Captain W. L. Merry, late President San Francisco Chamber of Commerce; "Our Lake Commerce and Ways to the Sea," by Senator C. K. Davis, of Minnesota; "A Great Domain by Irrigation," by Governor John N. Irwin, of Arizona.

"Vick's Floral Guide" for 1892 is a beauty. It is as usual full of information concerning flowers and vegetables, with numerous rich illustrations, and directions how to select seeds, etc. James Vick's Sons, Rochester, N. Y.

Dr. Andrew D. White will open the March *Popular Science Monthly* with a chapter on "Astronomy" in his "Warfare of Science" series. The strenuous exertions made by both the Catholic and the Protestant clergy to suppress the teachings of Copernicus and Galileo are set forth in this article with such strong evidence as to admit of no denial or shifting of responsibility.

The illustrations to accompany Mr. Henry Van Brunt's authoritative paper in *The Century*, on the architecture of the World's Fair at Chicago, are being prepared with the greatest care, and with the advice and assistance of the architects who are helping in this great work. It is now fully evident that in its housing the coming Fair will be, certainly, the most remarkable ever seen. Mr. Van Brunt's papers will be written from the point of view of the architects, and will describe in a popular way these very striking and interesting buildings.

What will be the issues of the Presidential campaign? They are forecast in the forthcoming (March) number of the *North American Review* by Senator James McMillan of Michigan, Representative Benton McMillan of Tennessee, Senator Frank Hiscock of New York, Representative R. P. Bland of Missouri, Senator Eugene Hale of Maine, Representative W. C. P. Breckinridge of Kentucky and His Excellency, W. R. Merriam, Governor of Minnesota.

The next issue in Cassell's Unknown Library will be "Through The Red-Litten Window and the Old River House," both stories by Theodor Hertz-Garten and both stories of absorbing interest.

Mr. Hamlin Garland, whose book, "Main Traveled Roads," is now attracting wide attention, is the author of a novelette, "Ol' Pap's Flaxen," which will begin in the March *Century* and continue through three numbers. It is a story of the first settlers of Dakota.

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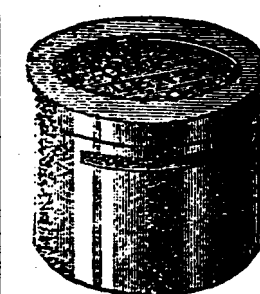
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Till backward, like a flash of light there came This saying, that somewhere, somewhere, I must have read, in years long since gone by, Ere yet the world had brought to me a care— These were the words, their truth I could not doubt—

"In every life something gets crowded out."

Yes, something, surely; yet a mighty truth Lies back of this; that we, ourselves may choose

In greater part the work that we must do, And whether we the best or worst refuse, Determines everything; on this must rest The life, the character by each possessed.

Yet, much is crowded out of every life— Strive as we will, some things are still undone; A friend lies ill; "We'll go to-day," we think; "We'll go before the setting of the sun." Night comes; 'tis unfulfilled; and morning light Takes her forever from our mortal sight.

And distant friends we hold in memory dear, You send no word of greeting; every hour Is full, it seems, so full of work, we feel We have no time to write. And thus the flower Of friendship oft is blighted; hearts grow sad, Because we have no time to make them glad.

Deep longings lie within the inmost heart— We feel a hidden power to do, to be What lies beyond our grasp; we try in vain To quell the longing, hoping still to see The day when Fortune's wheel shall turn about, And these shall be no longer crowded out.

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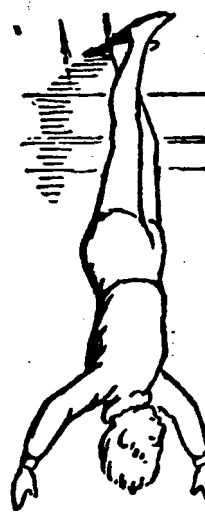
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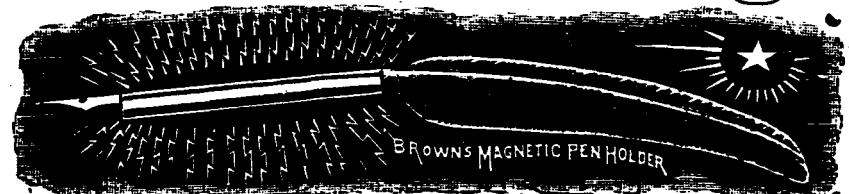
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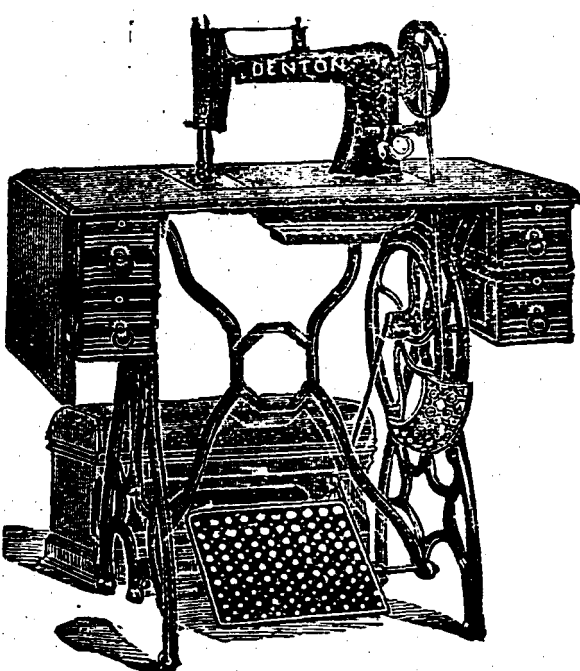
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THE SCREWED SLATES TRICK.

A considerable number of correspondents have requested an explanation of the method by which writing can be produced on the inner surface of one of two slates which are screwed together at each end. The trick can be exemplified orally with neatness and dispatch where the accessories of table, slates, etc., are at hand, but not so easily on paper; however we will try.

First, let it be assumed that one Kolbe, a person who holds himself out to the public as a medium for independent slate-writing, is in town. His fame has preceded him. By many he is looked upon as a wonderful medium, others denounce him as a trickster, still others are in doubt as to his claims. He poses as a sincere and much abused medium and does not vouchsafe an explanation of his methods. His séance room is provided with a plain table covered with a spread, though this drape is not very essential and in no case must it fall too far over the sides. The table is placed so as to prevent callers conducting their observations from behind Kolbe's chair or to the right of the edge of the table next to him. All this is done in a way not to attract attention. A plain chair for Kolbe, another on the opposite side of table for the

investigator, and possibly several more scattered about the room but facing the table, complete the furnishing.

Now let us presume that Professor Jollbear accompanied by his friend Rabbi Spindler and bent on witnessing for himself some of the wonderful phenomena which friends tell him occur in Kolbe's presence, repairs to the séance room armed with a fee to pay the expense and a pair of slates. He has taken the precaution to wipe them clean and screw them together at each end with honest screws whose threads have been carefully scrutinized before using. He has taken the further precaution to write his name on a bit of paper, tear it in two, and with good hot red wax seal a half of that autograph to the head of each screw. He explains his fraud-proof device to Rabbi Spindler and Mrs. Flouherallyn, who has been met on the way and induced to make one of the company; and all conclude it is indeed a truly crucial thing. Professor Jollbear and party on arriving find their mutual friend Mr. Chaplet there and about to have a séance, but he kindly yields precedence to the college man and his screwed slates, begging only to be permitted the felicity of witnessing the experiment. Medium Kolbe throws in a few pious comments,—he was once a Baptist revivalist—and seats himself for the spirits to draw from. His right side is close to the table. Professor Jollbear sits opposite, and to his rear Rabbi S. and Mrs. F. The medium now enacts the conventional role, asks Prof. J. if it is certain the slates are secure, tells him the "forces are very strong to-day" and then directs him to pass the slates under the table. This done, they are taken by the medium with his right hand and rubbed and slammed against the under side of the table. Immediately Kolbe begins to see and describe spirits, to talk about the large band of invisibles accompanying the party, etc., anything to hold the attention of his visitors. In the meantime his right arm is pressed close to the table. His shoulder remains immovable, but his right hand is busy. It is assisted by the forearm which can swing from the elbow-joint freely and without visible disturbance of the upper arm and shoulder. The faithful right hand brings the slates down to the chair, where by slightly raising and crooking his right leg Kolbe secures them by one corner between his thigh and chair, with the left edges of the frames near the outer corner pressing against the calf of his leg. If need be his right hand can now rub the under side of the table to keep up the illusion, but such is the wrapt attention of his visitors to his descriptions and spirit impressions that his hand is left to its more important task, and takes from a specially made pocket in his trowsers a wooden wedge about four or five inches long and inserts it between the slate frames. (Care has been taken not to have this wedge of a kind that will splinter or indent the slate frames.) Having sprung the frames apart sufficient for the purpose, the hand goes back to the pocket and secures a small but stiff metal tube, in the end of which a pencil is firmly secured. This he readily inserts between the slates and making some extra demonstration with his left hand or tongue to further divert attention he writes on the under slate:

"Universalism is true.

"JOHN MURRAY."

Quickly returning wedge and pencil to pocket, Kolbe grasps the slates, brings them up and in contact again with under side of table. Then something like the following conversation ensues:

Kolbe.—"Have you observed with what unceasing persistence the spirits have kept rubbing the slates against the table? You may think I do it, but I don't. I can't hold my hand still."

Prof. J.—Yes, I have noticed they keep moving. I don't see when there is to be a chance to write. I fear we may not secure any writing."

Mrs. Flouherallyn.—"Yes, Rabbi Spindler and I were just commenting upon the continued disorderly conduct of the forces, I do hope we may succeed yet."

Kolbe.—"Have patience friends. Of course I can promise nothing, but my guide has just told me you bring such a tremendous influence with you that it is hard for him to prepare the machinery so it can be used by any of the illustrious spirits. Why, the room seems full of ministers and learned men of past generations. Now my dear Hokopoko,—that's my guide's name—do try and make it possible for one of—why they are writing now, don't you hear it? Any way it sounds like writing."

Whereupon all listen and hear a grating sound like writing with a pencil, and meanwhile Kolbe's finger nail is very busy. The medium now announces that the influences have departed. He is greatly exhausted by this crucial experiment and doesn't know or care whether there is any writing between the slates. Any way they must not open them on his premises, for to do so would raise a suspicion in the American Phyzze Society when the case was reported.

Professor Jollbear, Rabbi Spindler and Madam Flouherallyn hasten to a convenient place, where Prof. J. with care removes his seals, examines them with a glass, then takes out the screws and weighs them on jewellers' scales. Having convinced himself and his co-researchers that the seals and screws have not been tampered with or changed, they all resolve that if there is writing inside it was done independent of physical contact on the part of the medium. Then with trembling hand and intense expectancy the final act is performed, and the message stands forth. With feelings in which awe, joy and self-satisfaction are mixed in equal proportions they forthwith resolve to send medium Kolbe a garland of rare flowers, and herald the success of their experiment to the savages and skeptics of the outside world and even to allow Spiritualist papers to spread the astounding feat before their readers.

With various modifications and adaptations suited to the personnel and circumstances of the séance the foregoing contains the secret of the way the trick is worked. A little practice, supported by audacity and ready wit will enable one to perform the feat free from danger of detection by the average observer whose suspicions have not been keenly aroused. Even when suspicion creates a doubt of the *bona fides* of the exhibit, the method of its performance will still remain a mystery.

The lesson we desire to emphasize is this: (1.) A phenomenon that can be rationally accounted for by physical agencies should not be ascribed to psychical. (2.) Investigators and Spiritualists should be very cautious in affirming and publishing results of experiments or experiences. (3.) Some so-called Spiritualists are constantly decrying faith, exalting knowledge and ridiculing as myths the claims of various sects. Let them be thoroughly consistent, asking no one—not even those of their own school—to take their assertions on faith, or to believe in a particular medium because they do. (4.) In the study of psychical manifestations and the phenomena of Spiritualism, hold rigidly to the same poise of mind and alertness of intellect that usually characterizes the every-day pursuits of this world. (5.) Physical phenomena can be cognized only by the exercise of the physical senses, hence these senses should have full sweep and every advantage in the investigation; and in so far as they do not have free play,

to that extent is the testimony weakened in its evidential value.

That writing on slates, paper and other surfaces by intelligences not embodied in mortal form and independent of contact with the medium has often occurred we have no doubt. We have had personal experiences which reinforce the competent evidence of others.

PSYCHICAL NOT PSYCHIC.

To avoid confusion it would be much better to use the word psychical only as a noun, never as an adjective. Psychical is often used to designate a sensitive or a medium. Before the finer distinctions required at the present day the word psychic and psychical were put down in dictionaries only as adjectives, and synonymous. They are not now synonymous and should not be loosely and carelessly made so. Psychical science is slowly evolving a nomenclature of its own and those who write or investigate in this field should help in the work of perfecting its terminology.

A CANDID PAPER.

We take pleasure in speaking of *THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL*, by John C. Bundy, 92 LaSalle street, Chicago, as an able, candid paper. It is usually called a Spiritualist publication, yet no paper is more unrelenting in the exposition of mediumistic humbugs, and all that sort of thing, than Col. Bundy.

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